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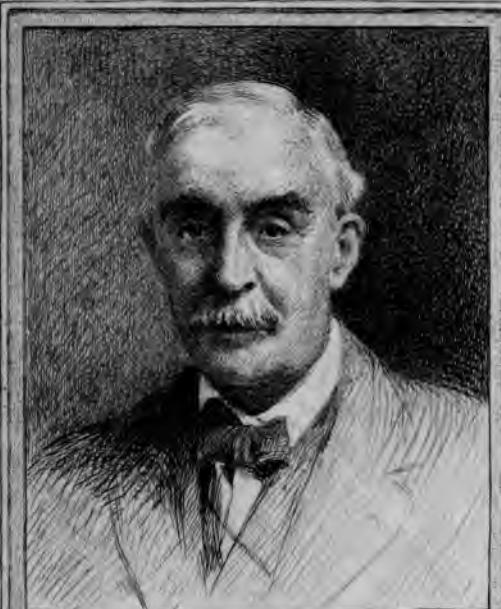
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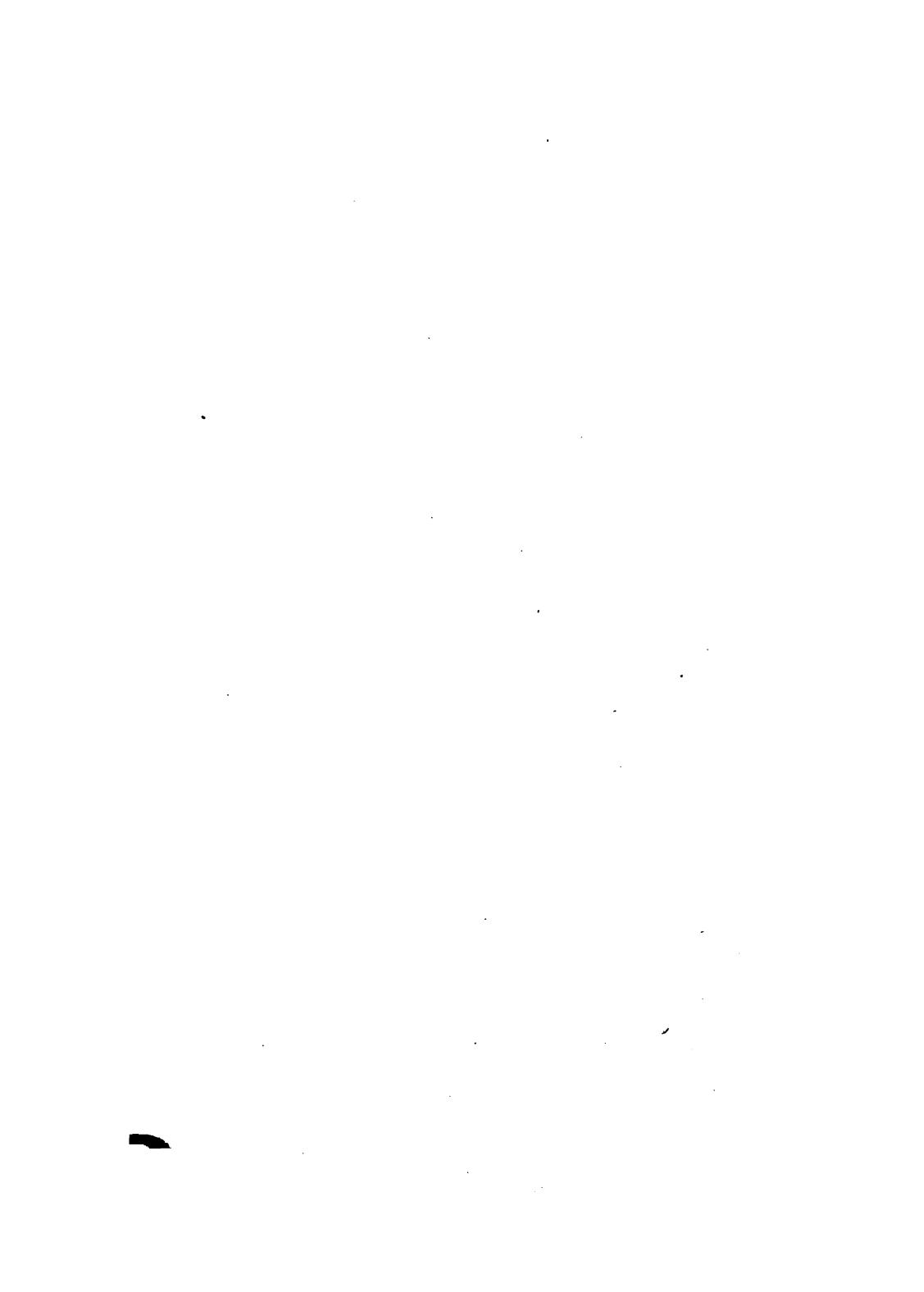
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JOHNSON:

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND APHORISMS.

“I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narration ; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made.”
—JOHNSON.

“The greatest compliment that can be paid an author is to quote him. His merit may pass without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miscellany of life.”—JOHNSON.

“Many useful and valuable books lie buried in shops and libraries unknown and unexamined, unless some lucky compiler opens them by chance, and finds an easy spoil of wit and learning.”—JOHNSON.

“Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.”—JOHNSON.

JOHNSON:

HIS

Characteristics and Aphorisms.

BY

minister of Kirn

JAMES HAY,

MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF KIRN.

SECOND EDITION.

London:

ALEXANDER GARDNER
12 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1884.



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P R E F A C E .

“PAINT me as I am,” said Cromwell to Lely ;
“if you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not
pay you a shilling.”

Thus it is we purpose to portray JOHNSON, intellectually and socially ; to reproduce him exactly as he was in the study, in the street, in the club, and at the dinner-table ; which, with all due respect to his innumerable biographers, has never yet been done. If Boswell, the prince of biographers, has over-rated him, Lord Macaulay, on the other hand, has under-rated him, as was natural for an enthusiastic Whig to do in writing the life of an inveterate Tory.

As JOHNSON himself said, “No man can write the life of another unless he has lived in social intercourse with him.” Conscious of this truth, our work is that of the artistic photographer, who,

having selected the point at which the angle of the rays of light fall, so that the whole picture may be seen at its best, uncovers the lens, stands aside, and allows the sun to paint the picture. We too shall stand aside and allow Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, Boswell, the Thrales, and others who lived in social intercourse with him, combinedly to paint for us a faithful intellectual portrait of him who, for a quarter of a century, was the intellectual dictator of the British nation. Whether we have succeeded in our endeavour, the public must judge.

Considering that JOHNSON'S works are now almost forgotten, and that it is a century ago this very year since the grave closed over all that was mortal of this immortal man, we venture to think that this centenary memorial is not inappropriate.

KIRN,
10th June, 1884.

L I F E.



L I F E .

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in the Cathedral City of Lichfield, in the year 1709. His father was Michael Johnson, a magistrate and bookseller in that city, and like many booksellers of the present day, a man of culture and learning. Of his mother we know but little ; JOHNSON says of her, "that like the children of other poor parents, he loved, but did not respect her."

Young SAMUEL was the subject of king's evil—the secret cause of a stream of tendency in society, which makes for drink and crime, insanity and suicide. To get deliverance from this affliction, his parents were superstitious enough to take the child to London, to be prayed over by the Court chaplain, and touched by the royal hand. The



JOHNSON:

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND APHORISMS.

head master was a Mr. Wentworth, whom JOHNSON describes as an able, but idle man ; very severe, but who taught him a great deal. He entered Oxford in 1728, from which he was driven in 1731, by the bankruptcy of his father, and the faithlessness of a friend, to whom he had looked for pecuniary help.

At School and College he was the dictator among his companions, as in after years he became the dictator of the literary world. A controversy has arisen as to the length of JOHNSON'S stay at Oxford. Croker affirms that he only remained there fourteen months. Boswell, however, who had access to the best sources of information, such as Dr. Adams, JOHNSON'S Tutor at Oxford, and Taylor, and Edwards, both college chums of JOHNSON, positively asserts that he was there three years. In a letter of Professor Chandlers, quoted in a recent publication, statistics are given from the Battels of Pembroke College, which prove conclusively that JOHNSON'S residence extended through three years. These statistics show that though the entries that refer to JOHNSON are not

weekly, yet they occur, if not at regular, yet at frequent intervals throughout that period. A celebrated writer is greatly exercised with the question, how JOHNSON was in residence and subsisted for a week on five penny worth of Battels, and during the two following weeks was not charged for anything. His answer is that either a friend or the college supplied or paid for his rations. This we think is inconsistent with JOHNSON'S well known independent spirit, and venture to think that JOHNSON'S poverty compelled him to the exceptional method of catering for his own larder.

His three years' residence is further confirmed by the deep interest which in after years he took in his college. He always spoke of it with rapturous fondness.

When Miss Hannah More and JOHNSON visited Oxford, she says that after dinner with the Master of Pembroke, "he begged to conduct me to see the College ;" he would let no one show me but himself. "This was my room ; this Shenstone's." Then after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his college, "In short," said he,

"we were a nest of singing birds. Here we walked, there we played at cricket." Now it is hardly possible that JOHNSON could have formed such an ardent attachment to his college by a residence there of only fourteen months.

In 1772 we see how deeply interested Boswell himself was as to the length of JOHNSON'S residence at Oxford. We hear him interrogating JOHNSON as to "when he came to Oxford." It is not at all likely that Boswell, the Prince of Interviewers, would be foiled in his endeavour to get this information which he deemed so important; and when he asked when he began residence in Oxford, he would also ask when he left it.

From these considerations, we venture to think that Boswell and Hawkins are right, and that Croker and others are entirely in the wrong, when they assert that he was there little longer than a year.

During the latter part of his college career JOHNSON was in deep poverty. One can never recollect "the story of the shoes" without deep emotion. One day a generous hearted student—

would that we knew his name—had with pity seen in the college quadrangle JOHNSON'S tattered shoes, with his naked toes, like their young master, impatient of control and asserting their liberty. Next morning kindness, if not considerateness, had placed a new pair at his room door, which JOHNSON finding, took up with indignation, and flung away. By that act what a lesson he read to the world of sturdy independence! He prefers his own ragged shoes to the presented shoes of another man, no matter how fine soever they may be. The same year that he left Oxford his father died, and he was thrown upon the world to shift for himself, with only twenty pounds of patrimony. His was a hard struggle for existence, but through it all he maintained a noble spirit of independence. His own words near the close of his life were: "No man who ever lived by literature has lived more independently than I have done." These words are true. Regarding the disorder of his father's affairs at this time, a deeply affecting story was told by himself when on a visit to his birthplace, after he became the great literary dictator. One

morning he was missed from the breakfast table. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest ; just as supper was announced the door opened, and the Doctor entered ; a brief but solemn silence ensued, no one daring to ask the cause of his absence, when he thus addressed the lady of the house : “ Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father had been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall there for the sale of his books. Confined by indisposition, he desired me that day to go and attend the stall in his place. My pride prevented me ; I gave my father a refusal. And now to-day I have been at Uttoxeter ; I went into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare for an hour, on the spot where my father’s stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory.”

Brave old Philosopher! Beautiful, sentimental superstition, over which we weep ; but alas ! alas ! no regrets can avail to alter the results of the past ; and the logic of stern fact exhorts us never to repent, except in the sense of learning wisdom by experience.

At the age of twenty-six, being poor and miserable, he married. He began by courting Miss Lucy Porter, and ended by marrying her mother.

Of Mrs. Johnson we know but little, except what is told us by Garrick, who speaks of her as a vain, conceited person, full of affectation, who reddened her cheeks by paints and cordials ; but surely, as JOHNSON himself would say, it was better that she should be “reddening her own cheeks than blackening other people’s characters.” Not only was she vain and conceited, but, according to Garrick, positively ugly ; yet JOHNSON loved her, and called her fondly his “dear Tetty.” Had Garrick forgotten that there is no perfect standard of beauty ? or that at certain angles, to artistic minds, ugliness itself is positively beautiful ? or that JOHNSON might imagine that beauty was in the mind,

and not in the object? Poor Garrick did not know that the Philosophy of Love is founded on animal magnetism. "The ponderables" agree, and there is attachment. Be this as it may, JOHNSON married her, and said that it was a love match on both sides, and continued faithful and true to her until God separated them by death. It would seem that JOHNSON found the marriage state what the great majority find it, a bearable, sometimes an enjoyable condition, although not one of angelic rapture.

David Garrick, the young rogue, when a boarder at the academy, used to watch their awkward love-making; and a generation after, when he became the great actor, was wont to mimic the courting of the comical pair, to the infinite merriment of aristocratic circles. Mrs. Johnson had judgment sufficient to discriminate the worth of him to whom she was betrothed, for she said to a friend: "He is the most sensible man that I ever met." She could not only appreciate the man, but also his writings. After a few numbers of "The Rambler" had come out she said to him, "I thought very

well of you before ; but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this." "Distant praise," says JOHNSON, "from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man loves and esteems. Her approbation may be said to come home to his bosom, and being so near its effect is most sensible and permanent."

Mrs. Johnson had not only discriminating judgment, but also a fortune of eight hundred pounds : a considerable sum in those days, especially to the needy adventurer. But money can be too dearly purchased ; she was a widow, and Boswell quotes JOHNSON as having said, that to marry a widow when one might have a maid is a very foolish thing.

JOHNSON shortly after his marriage opened an academy, or, in the language of Lord Auchinleck, "*he keeped a schule and caauld it an academy.*" However, like Goldsmith and Carlyle, he did not find the work of dominie a congenial one, and quickly betook himself to London in order that he might better his fortune. After one or two fruitless attempts to find literary employment, one publisher to whom he applied advised, after scann-

ing him from head to foot, that he had better look out for two knots and be a porter. He at last waited upon Cave, a little oily, cautious, but kindly man, publisher of the "Gentleman's Magazine," who engaged him to write the Parliamentary Reports for his magazine, a most difficult and delicate task, as the reports did not contain what was really spoken, for they were not allowed to publish these outside the walls of St. Stephen's. From scanty notes Johnson had to imagine what was said by speakers on *both* sides of the House, under assumed, but well-known names. How well he did this work may be inferred from the fact, that one evening at the dinner-table of Foote (of whom he once said, "Foote is quite impartial, for he tells lies of everybody"), a gentleman present, of no mean authority, said that a certain speech of Mr. Pitt's was the finest he had ever read; better than anything in Demosthenes. JOHNSON, who was present, in his own blunt way said, "Sir, I wrote that speech in a garret." When the company praised his impartiality he replied, "That is not quite true; I saved appearances tolerably well,

but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it."

About this time JOHNSON made the acquaintance-
ship of Savage, the reputed son of Lord Rivers,
who had seen society in all its phases, from the
highest to the lowest. He had eaten turtle
and drunk champagne with the Premier of Eng-
land, and listened to his indecent jokes. He had
consorted with thieves and vagabonds, and with
them feasted on the crust and drank of the spring.
JOHNSON and Savage formed an ardent attach-
ment for each other. Both were poor, both
were outcasts, both were struggling hard for a
bare existence, and when their combined purses
were unable to purchase them a lodging, they
would walk together the lonely city streets,
without bed, but, as Carlyle says, not without
friendly converse, and such converse as was not
producible in the proudest drawing-room of Lon-
don. Shortly after poor Savage died in the debtors'
prison of Bristol there appeared an anonymous
biography of him which startled the literary world—
the ablest biography of that or any other age. It

was written by JOHNSON in thirty-six hours. About this time he was miserably poor, living in a garret in that great city which one day was to be filled with his fame : "The greatest soul," as Carlyle says, "in all England, and provision made for it of fourpence halfpenny a day." The problem which he had now to solve was how he could raise himself above Grub Street, and being a drudge and literary hack. He had indeed come up to the great Metropolis from the city of his birth with a tragedy in his pocket, but, for the present at least, it had no chance of publication. After the publication of the life of his friend Savage, however, things seem to have brightened for him. He was still very poor ; not indeed living on fourpence halfpenny a day, as he had done with Savage, yet thinking that he had dined, and dined well, on six-pence worth of meat and a pennyworth of bread, in one of the pot houses in Drury Lane.

Meanwhile was published his poem "London," in May, 1738. It has been said that JOHNSON offered it to several booksellers, none of whom had taste or judgment sufficient to recognise its trans-

endant merits. To this fact Derrick alludes in these words :—

“ Will no kind patron JOHNSON own ?
Shall JOHNSON friendless range the town ?
And every publisher refuse
The offspring of his happy Muse ? ”

Dodsley at last had taste and courage enough to purchase it, the purchase price being the mighty sum of ten guineas. It at once gave its author a name and a standing in the world of literature. It had the good fortune to attract the notice of Pope, then the great literary magnate. After reading the anonymous poem he said, “ This man will soon be *déterré*. It also attracted the notice of General Oglethorpe, who became a friend of JOHNSON'S for life. A second edition of the poem was called for in a week.

One cannot help a sigh who reads his bitter but eloquent denunciations of a city life, as one of corruption and wickedness, of insincerity and oppression, especially on reading that line so sadly true in his own case, and which he wrote in capitals, “ Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed.” It is

curious at this stage to hear him extol with fervour the innocence and rapture of a country life. Alas, the young author had only seen London from a Grub Street garret. A generation after this when he became the great literary dictator, how differently he speaks. "Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

His poem at once gave him a name and a standing in the literary world. He had now no need of printer Cave, but to the end of his life he ever spoke of him with the greatest kindness. JOHNSON had now set his foot firmly on the first step of the ladder of fame. About this time a club of prominent London booksellers proposed that he should write a Dictionary of the English Language, and offered him a fee of fifteen hundred guineas. The offer was accepted. Out of this sum he had to pay a staff of amanuenses. Criticising the Dictionary, Lord Macaulay says that JOHNSON seems not to be conversant with certain dramatists, which he names, of the Eliza-

bethan age, as he has not quoted from them in his great Dictionary.

May there not be another reason than that which is alleged by Macaulay? May England's greatest moralist not have abstained from doing so on high principles? We are informed by Mrs. Thrale that he rejected every authority for a word in his Dictionary, that could only be gleaned from writers dangerous to religion or morality. "I would not," he said to her, "send people to look for words in a book that, by such a casual seizure of the mind, might chance to mislead it for ever." No wonder that the learned Mrs. Montague said, "That were an angel to give the imprimatur, Dr. JOHNSON'S works were among the very few which would not be lessened by a line." JOHNSON commenced this great work in the year 1747, and ended it in 1755. When the messenger who had carried the last sheet to Miller the bookseller returned, JOHNSON asked him, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God, I am done with him!'" "I am glad," replied JOHN-

SON with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

How nobly he did his work, the two huge folio volumes will testify to the latest ages, volumes over which the scholar can often linger for an hour or two, with rapturous pleasure. Carlyle says: "Had JOHNSON left nothing but his Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition and general solidity, honesty, insight, and successful method, it may be called the best of all dictionaries." Garrick's famous epigram was, that one Englishman had beaten forty Frenchmen in the contest for philological honours, forty being the number in the French Academy appointed to settle the language. It was looked upon as a national triumph, and still stands as the "Mount Atlas" of English literature.

In the preface, JOHNSON makes a touching and memorable allusion to the difficulties with which he had to contend. "Though no book," he says, "was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence

proceeded the faults of that which it condemns ; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great ; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow ; and it may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that, if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed.” Says Macaulay : “ Horne Tooke, the ablest and most implacable enemy to JOHNSON’S fame, could never read these words without shedding tears.”

During the progress of his gigantic work the first great sorrow of his life befell him. Mrs. Johnson, who had inspired him in his arduous undertaking with the thought that she would enjoy with him the profits and honours of his Dictionary, died. Her death seems to have put an end to the “Rambler.” He erected a

tombstone, on which he placed a Latin inscription commemorating her worth and beauty. From his diary it is evident that he remembered her with peculiar affection. The world is thoroughly conversant with his peculiar prayers for her, from the day of her death until that of his own. In his diary we find this strange entry: "Easter-day, 22nd April, 1764: Thought on Tetty, poor dear Tetty, with my eyes full. Went to church."

He makes a pathetic allusion to her death at the close of his preface. "I may surely," he says, "be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and mis-carriage are alike empty sounds."

"It pleased God," says Boswell, "to grant him almost thirty years of life after this time; and once when he was in a placid frame of mind he was obliged to own to me that he had enjoyed happier days and had had more friends since that gloomy hour than before."

When JOHNSON had completed his great work, and was receiving the acclamations of the nation and the congratulations of the literary world, Chesterfield, who was at the head of fashionable society, and who also aspired to be at the head of literary circles, began to pay JOHNSON homage by scribbling to his praise in the *World*, the most fashionable paper of the day, anticipating that, by this courtly method of applause, he would have the gratification and eclat of having the Dictionary dedicated to himself, as the polite patron of literature.

JOHNSON, however, who, when a needy, ill-clad, awkward scholar, had paid court to Lord Chesterfield, but had been repulsed from his door, said to Garrick, "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English language, and does he now send out two cockboats to tow me into harbour?" We also find him saying in the last number of "The Rambler": "Having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication." Such being his sentiments, JOHNSON was not to be

bribed by his lordship's flattery. He scornfully declined to accept the proffered homage, in a letter dated 7th February, 1755, which, for manly dignity and pathos, has never found a parallel.

“MY LORD.—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

“When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself, *le vainquer du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I have done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“Seven years, my lord, have now passed away since I waited in your outward rooms, and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have

been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, and one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

“The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

“Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“Having carried on my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation.

“My Lord, Your Lordship’s most humble, most obedient servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

There were the origins of which is in the British Museum, says the least evil of Patronage in literature is the whole range of English literature we know of nothing so great, dignified and judicious as the letter to Chesterfield, and the preface is his Dictionary.

Regarding JOHNSON's fame, Carlyle says, "To JOHNSON, as to a humble-minded man, the fantastic article, which is given under the title of Fame, had little or no value but its intrinsic one. He prized it as the means of getting him employment and good wages, scarcely as anything more. We reckon it a striking fact in JOHNSON's history this carelessness of his to fame." Carlyle is not quite correct in his estimate of JOHNSON in this respect. He was not insensible to fame. He says in the "Rambler," "The love of fame is a passion natural and universal, which no man, however, high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise." It must surely have escaped the remembrance of Carlyle, that JOHNSON in a literary circle one evening, exclaimed with evident rapture, "Oh gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The

Emperor of Russia has ordered the “Rambler” to be translated into the Russian language, so that I shall be read on the banks of the Volga.” Says Boswell, “I have since heard that the report was not well founded; but the elation discovered by JOHNSON in the belief that it was true, showed a noble ardour for literary fame.” On another occasion JOHNSON remarked to Boswell that, “Men have a solicitude about fame; and the greater share they have of it, the more afraid they are of losing it.” Says Boswell, “I silently asked myself: Is it possible that the great SAMUEL JOHNSON really entertains any such apprehension, and is not confident that his exalted fame is established upon a foundation never to be shaken?” We are informed by Tom Tyers, as JOHNSON always called him during a friendship of thirty years, and whose literary qualifications are so ably and so humorously described in the 48th number of the “Idler” as Tom Restless, that JOHNSON declared to him that he wrote the “Rambler” by way of relief from his application to the Dictionary, and for the reward. JOHNSON “was a good man by nature,

a great man by genius," but an author by compulsion. He had selected authorship as a profession, and was compelled by the bayonet of poverty at his back to write. Had it not been for poverty, "he might have knocked down an Osborne, but not with a folio of his own writings." JOHNSON "wrote to live, and luckily for mankind, he lived a good many years to write." Truly, as a great writer says, "JOHNSON was fond of fame, and he *was* famous." His Dictionary work, after paying his amanuensis, only yielded him a revenue of fifty shillings a week. Lord Macaulay has compared JOHNSON'S "Rambler" with Addison's "Spectator," and given the preference to the latter, but he has neglected to tell his readers that Addison had learned leisure: JOHNSON had not. Addison had help; JOHNSON had none. Out of his two hundred and eight "Ramblers" only half-a-dozen were written by others, while of the five hundred and fifty-five "Spectators," Addison wrote two hundred and forty. Addison was rich; JOHNSON steeped in poverty. Addison need write only when he felt the inspiration of genius,

and send his manuscript to the press when it pleased his taste; JOHNSON had to send his on stated days. Addison wrote his "Spectator" in gaiety; JOHNSON wrote his "Rambler" in the gloom of melancholy, amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. He tells his readers in bidding them farewell, "That to the task of writing his "Rambler," when the stated day came round, he had often to bring an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease." Who can read these words without deep emotion?

To a man thus circumstanced, pressed down so with the load of life, is it any wonder that he should not write in the gay, easy, manner by which Addison, who, flushed with past success, and elated by the prospect of a Secretaryship of State, so charmed his readers?

No one can be a student of JOHNSON'S works without knowing that he was master of two distinct styles. In the "Rambler" he assumed the position, of which he has held ever since, as England's

moralist, and as such, it was becoming that he should adopt a solid, grave, and sententious style.

We are informed by Boswell, that the "Rambler" was meant to contain only a series of papers on grave and moral subjects. He objects to the title of "Rambler," on the ground that it was ill suited to a series of grave and moral discourses ; and on the additional ground that the name of its Italian translation was "Il'Vagabando," and that the name was also borne by a licentious magazine of the day. Objections, which it must be confessed, are frivolous enough.

Macaulay criticises the pomposity of his style, very much in the spirit of that other critic who said that the hard words in the "Rambler" were used by the author to render his Dictionary absolutely necessary. JOHNSON'S own words are a sufficient reply to all such criticisms : "Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning." No man ever lived who had a greater fund of wit and humour, of keen satire and brilliant retort. Under happier

circumstances than when he wrote his “Rambler” he could, and did use these, as witness his papers in the “Idler.” Be that as it may, perhaps no book was ever so pirated as the “Rambler.” Indeed it was through pirating of the “Rambler” that Arthur Murphy, who afterwards became JOHNSON’s biographer and editor of his works in 12 volumes, was introduced to him. The story, as told by Mrs. Piozzi, is as follows:—“Mr. Murphy being engaged in a periodical paper, the ‘Gray’s-Inn Journal,’ was at a friend’s house in the country, and, not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, wished to content his publisher by some un-studied essay. He therefore took up a French Journal *Littéraire*, and, translating something he liked, sent it away to town. Time, however, discovered that he translated from the French a ‘Rambler,’ which had been taken from the English without acknowledgment. Upon this discovery Mr. Murphy thought it right to make his excuses to DR. JOHNSON. He went next day, and found him covered with soot, like a chimney-sweeper, in a little room, as if he had been acting

Lungs in the 'Alchymist,' making ether. This being told by Mr. Murphy in company, 'Come, come,' said DR. JOHNSON, 'the story is black enough; but it was a happy day that brought you first to my house.' Even Goldsmith himself has acknowledged his indebtedness. He admits that the character of *Crocker* in the "Good NATURED MAN" is borrowed from "An Account of Suspirius, the human Screech Owl," ("Rambler," 59.)

Dickens in his "Old Curiosity Shop" is doubtless indebted also to the "Rambler." He acknowledges that the thought of Nell's Grandfather wandering about after her death, as if looking for her, was suggested to him by these beautiful lines of Roger, "And long thou mightst have seen an old man wandering as if in quest of something he could not find; he knew not what." Perhaps Dickens did not know that Rogers had not only borrowed the thought, but almost the very words, from the allegorical history of Rest and Labour, "Rambler," No. 33, where JOHNSON says, "Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes,

wandering about they knew not whither, in quest of they knew not what."

Lord Macaulay in his essay on JOHNSON, has laboured in a strongly marked antithetical sentence to show that the influence of JOHNSON lay not in his literature but in his personality ; yet it is rather significant, that the literary form of that sentence is borrowed almost bodily, from JOHNSON himself. Says Macaulay, "The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works, but the memory of JOHNSON keeps many of his works alive." Will it be believed that this famous sentence has almost its exact prototype in the writings of the man who is so indulgently patronised ? JOHNSON in his "Lives of the Poets," treating of Granville, speaking of personality in authorship, says, "Writers commonly derive their reputation from their works ; but there are works which owe their reputation to the character of the writer."

"Modern writers," says JOHNSON, "are the moons of literature ; they shine with reflected light, with light borrowed from the Ancients." That aphorism is true ; in fact, we all borrow

consciously or unconsciously less or more, from one another. Indeed, JOHNSON himself has given a very good illustration of the truth of his aphorism, when he said of Lord Chesterfield, “ He is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits.” Had he forgotten that Pope had written, “ A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.” Perhaps neither of them remembered that Quintillian, ages ago, had said, “ *Qui stultis eruditi videri volunt eruditis stulti videntur.*”*

We shall conclude our observations on the “Rambler” by a quotation from Dr. Nathan Drake, a contemporary of DR. JOHNSON, and of no mean authority in literature: “ The publication of the ‘Rambler,’ ” he says, “ produced a very rapid revolution in the tone of English composition,—an elevation and dignity, a harmony and energy, a precision and force of style, previously unknown in the history of our literature, speedily became objects of daily emulation ; that it soon embraced

* We do not ourselves pretend to be immaculate as to this, and once for all beg to say, that in the course of this book, there may have crept in expressions of others, unconsciously to ourselves.

the greater part of the rising literary characters of the day, and was consequently founded on such a basis as will not easily be shaken by succeeding modes."

After the gigantic labours of his great "Dictionary," he seems to have rested from all literary work for a couple of years, with the exception of writing some Reviews for the *Literary Magazine*. In 1756, he negotiated with the booksellers, money being the motive power, for a new edition of Shakespeare, but through JOHNSON'S procrastination, it was not published until 1765. In 1758, he commenced the "Idler," which Macaulay says was "livelier, and weaker than the 'Rambler.'" The character of *Sober* in the "Idler" JOHNSON intended as a delineation of himself. The portrait which he has drawn is faithful and without flattery, "a result not common in autobiography." The "Idler" only continued two years—the last number being issued in the spring of 1760, the profits from this periodical, and the subscriptions for the new edition of Shakespeare, being the only means of his support for two or three years.

Nichols related the following story regarding the subscription list to JOHNSON'S *Shakespeare*. "In the year 1763 a young bookseller, who was an apprentice to Mr. Whiston, waited on him with a subscription to his *Shakespeare*; and observing that the doctor made no entry in any book of the subscriber's name, ventured diffidently to ask whether he would please to have the gentleman's address, that it might be properly inserted in the printed list of subscribers? 'I shall print no list of subscribers,' said JOHNSON, with great abruptness; but almost immediately recollecting himself, added, very complacently, 'Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers; —one, that I have lost all the names,—the other, that I have spent all the money.'" Macaulay says that the Preface added nothing to JOHNSON's fame, and criticises it rather severely. Others again, such as the learned Dr. Parr, who was as great a critic in his age as Macaulay was in ours, and an infinitely greater scholar, speaks of it with unmeasured approbation. Perhaps the truth lies midway between their opinions. It is not our pro-

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vince to enter upon a criticism of the Preface ; but we cannot help remarking that many passages combine true criticism with great eloquence. How sublimely true is the following sentence : “ The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.”

In 1759 another great sorrow of his life befell him. His mother died. He was unable to go to see her. Perhaps it was the want of money ? This we know at least for certain, that not long before this he was in monetary difficulties ; that his friend Richardson became surety ; and actually lent the great Lexicographer a few guineas to deliver him from arrest ; that he borrowed a few guineas from his printer to send to his dying mother, and that with them he sent this last sad farewell pathetic letter :—

“ Dear Honoured Mother,

“ Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your

indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit.

“I am, dear, dear Mother,
“Your dutiful Son,
“SAMUEL JOHNSON.”

To defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and pay some small debts of hers, during the evenings of a week he wrote a book which he sold to the publishers for an hundred pounds. Doubtless the rapidity with which JOHNSON wrote the story of “Rasselas” must be accounted for by the fact that many of the subjects “which are eagerly discussed, are known to have greatly interested, and even to have agitated” his own mind for many years. “The Efficacy of Pilgrimage ; The state of Departed Souls ; The Probability of the Reappearance of the Dead, and the Danger of Insanity.” The last indeed, was an apprehension which haunted his whole life.

He writes thus : “Of the uncertainties in our

present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason." It is all but certain that JOHNSON's dread of insanity gave rise to the character of the mad Astronomer in "Ras-salas." Indeed, JOHNSON believed in the universality of insanity. He says: "If we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity."

He ascribes the mental derangement of the Astronomer, to the indulgence of the imagination in the shades of solitude. In that sentence there is much reason to believe that JOHNSON was describing what he had himself experienced, and we believe this to be the reason why he hated solitude and loved society, why he hated what he called "the gloomy calm of idle vacancy."

His next work of any literary importance was his "Journey to the Western Isles," which appeared in the beginning of 1775. The book was anticipated with great curiosity by the English nation, who looked upon Scotland as a semi-savage country. Indeed, it is only within the last half-

century that Scotland appeared to the well-to-do Englishman otherwise than as a sporting field, where he came annually to grouse shooting and deer stalking. In Scotland itself the book was looked forward to with much anxiety, as Scotchmen knew his prejudice against their country. How was he to treat their nation? What was he to say of Presbyterianism, and Ossian, of Highland superstition, and of Highland scenery? After great expectations the book at last appeared —a very unpretentious little volume, ably and eloquently written, but withal disappointing. He had little new to tell. He had gone to the Western Islands a quarter of a century too late to see an antiquated and patriarchal people. The last remnant of feudal times had passed with the battle of Culloden, and JOHNSON himself says— “We came thither too late to see what we expected, a people of peculiar appearance, and a system of antiquated life.” “The Highlanders are fast losing their distinction, and hastening to mingle with the general community.” He was greatly struck, however, with their piety, virtue, and hospitality. The

book was read with great avidity. As many as four thousand copies were sold during the first week, and set agoing an innumerable number of tongues and pens, from the Highland chieftain to the London hack. The book gave an immense impetus to the cultivation of the soil, and to the planting of trees throughout the Highlands.

His next great work, which had a considerable effect on the literary world, was “The Lives of the Poets,” published in 1777. Until “The Lives of the Poets” appeared, biography was, with few exceptions, confined to warriors and statesmen. But JOHNSON maintained that a nation received its chief glory from her men of letters, and therefore held that literature had a right to a place in history: “Not to name the school or the masters of men of literature is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished.”

His “Lives” caused much discussion and research as to the merits of our national poets. Of all JOHNSON’S works, this perhaps is the best, and that by which he is best known to posterity. His three best “Lives” are Milton, Dryden, and

Waller, although he himself thought most of Cowley. He hated Milton for his blank verse and his politics, yet upon the whole he did him justice, although he always insisted on saying that if Milton had not written "Paradise Lost" he would have ranked among the minor poets. If Pope's words be true—

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well,"—

then JOHNSON assuredly had a right to exercise his censorial powers on poetical merit. Says Boswell—"The 'English Poets,' for which he was to write Prefaces and Lives, was not an undertaking directed by him ; but he was to furnish a Preface and Life to any poet the booksellers pleased. I asked him if he would do this to any dunce's works, if they asked him. JOHNSON : 'Yes, sir, and *say* he was a dunce.' " Byron, in speaking of the "Lives of the Poets," says it is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight. The opinion of that great man, whom it is the fashion at present

to decry, will ever be received with that deference which time will restore to him from all. The “Lives of the Poets” has led the way to several subsequent editions on an improved and extended scale.

Lord Macaulay, criticising JOHNSON’S Life of Savage, says: “JOHNSON reprinted it nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that life, will turn to the other lives, will be struck by the difference of style. Since JOHNSON had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and had talked much. When, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition, was less perceptible than formerly, and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it formerly wanted. The improvement that may be discerned by a skilful critic in the ‘Journey to the Hebrides,’ and in the ‘Lives of the Poets’ is so obvious, that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader.”

With all due deference to Macaulay, we cannot

but think that he has not given the true cause of the difference of JOHNSON'S style. His mode of living might partially affect his style ; but that will not account for the difference of his style between the publication of his "Journey to the Western Islands," which was published at the beginning of 1777, and the "Lives of the Poets," the first four volumes of which he published in the summer of 1777. The change spoken of by Macaulay is a marked one, for that which could only be detected in the "Journey to the Hebrides" by a skilful critic, in the "Lives of the Poets" is so obvious, that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader. The reason he assigns is quite inadequate to cause the result effected. We opine the true explanation is this, that JOHNSON was always master of two widely different styles. This will be manifest if any one of our readers takes the trouble to compare his Life of Drake with the parliamentary reports, both of which were written by him at the same time. We are convinced that his style was influenced not by his manner of living so much as by the nature of the subject about

which he was writing. When he wrote the "Rambler" he used a didactic style, as became a grave and serious moralist. His own words are—"Difference of thought will produce difference of language." Again, JOHNSON not merely considered the nature of the subject, but also the importance of it. Well he knew that the publication of his "Journey" would set agoing the pens of innumerable critics, and that the literary world in general was waiting to hear his observations on men and manners of a primitive nation, against which he had such a prejudice, therefore he used an important style, which he did not use in the "Lives." His original intention was only to write a few pages of preface to each poet, and therefore he used a more easy and playful style, which undoubtedly was his best. If he had written the "Rambler" at three score and ten, it would have been exactly in the same style, and if he had written the "Lives" at the time he wrote the "Rambler," the style would have been exactly as it is now.

It is sad to note that JOHNSON received only three hundred guineas for that great work, out of which,

as Malone informs us, the publishers cleared about six thousand pounds. The profession of author is at all times a precarious occupation ; but it was peculiarly so in JOHNSON'S time. Private patronage in literature was passing away ; indeed, as we said before, JOHNSON himself rang its death knell, but as yet it was in a transition state. With him hard was the struggle, but his was the victory.

In the year 1762, shortly after George III. had ascended the throne, his counsellors, who, like Caiphas of old, were men of expediency, thought it wise and prudent to open up brighter prospects for men of literary merit. This recommendation of the Bute Government was speedily put into effect by a pension of three hundred pounds a year being given to JOHNSON, then the most eminent literary man in Europe.

Sometimes Judgeships and Secretaryships are given to stop the eloquent mouth, and to paralyze the fluent pen ; but to the honour of JOHNSON be it known, that although poor and needy, he would not touch his country's gold until Lord

Bute made it distinct and clear that the gift came without conditions ; that it was given for what he had already done, not for anything they expected him to do. No doubt Government knew that should occasion arise the mighty pen of JOHNSON, “the last of the Tories,” would be wielded on the side of loyalty and authority, as afterwards it really was. Says Carlyle: “If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French Revolution ; and may yet in virtue of this delay, and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new era, let SAMUEL JOHNSON, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise for it.”

JOHNSON has now reached a new epoch in his life. He is no longer to live as Roger Ascham says the wits do, “Men know not how, and at last die obscurely, men mark not where.” He now stands before us the JOHNSON of history, past his prime ; almost done with his literary work ; rich in purse and rich in friends. In further delineating JOHNSON’S character, we shall now consider him, in connection with some of his more illustrious friends,

who played such a prominent part with him in his twenty years of literary dictatorship.

The first friend that we shall mention is Garrick. They were both natives of the same Cathedral City, "whose inhabitants," said JOHNSON, "were more orthodox in their religion, more pure in their language, and more polite in their manners, than any other town in the kingdom." Garrick was a pupil of JOHNSON in the days of his pedagogacy. When he came to London JOHNSON helped him. He encouraged him in his dark days of struggle, and restrained him in his bright days of triumph, when he was receiving the acclamations of the populace. They had much that attracted each other, and they had much that repelled each other, and were jocularly known as "the Bear and the Monkey."

JOHNSON, says Reynolds, looked upon Garrick as his own private property, and would allow no one to praise or blame him without contradiction. In his less amiable moments JOHNSON seems to have been a little envious of the fame and fortune of Garrick, and sometimes spoke slightly of him

and his profession. Indeed, he despised the profession of an actor. When Boswell, knowing his prejudice against actors, ventured to say that “we ought to respect a great player.” “What, sir,” said JOHNSON, “a fellow that claps a *hump* upon his back, and a lump upon his leg, and cries, ‘I am Richard the Third!’ Nay, sir, a ballad singer is a higher man, for he does two things : he speaks and he sings, there is both recitation and music in his performance ; the player only recites. I look upon players as no better than dancing dogs.” “But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others ?” “Yes, sir, as some dogs dance better than others.”

One evening at a dinner party Mrs. Thrale said, “Nothing is so fatiguing as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know ; for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others.” “David, madam,” said the Doctor, “looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man’s. It is never at rest. When he speaks one

minute he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half-an-hour together in the whole course of his life. And such a perpetual play of muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time."

Garrick, who was ever fond of a practical joke, one day desired Reynolds to paint his portrait. When sitting for it, he changed his countenance so steadily and imperceptibly every moment, that it was impossible to catch the expression of his features, even under the keen glance of Sir Joshua, who tried again and again to do so, but in vain. At last disgusted, he threw down the brush, remarking that "it would be easier to paint a portrait of the devil himself." There is a witty satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. "You may be surprised," said he, "that I allow him to be so near my gold ; but, you will observe, he has no hands."

In spite, however, of these sarcastic remarks, JOHNSON and Garrick were good friends. Indeed, to see JOHNSON at his best you must see him with

Garrick, who could trot him out splendidly in conversation. Says Garrick to him one day, "Why did you not make me a Tory when we lived so much together?" "Why," says JOHNSON, pulling a heap of half-pence from his pocket, "did not the king make these guineas." They had now and again, however, slight misunderstandings, as all true friends have. When JOHNSON was writing the preface to Shakspeare, he seems to have thought that Garrick had acted unfriendly in not offering to send to his house his set of rare old plays. JOHNSON took his revenge by not mentioning Garrick's name in the preface. "When I asked him," says Boswell, "why he did not mention him in the preface to his Shakspeare, he said, 'Garrick has been liberally paid for anything he has done for Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much more praise the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakspeare better known; he cannot illustrate Shakspeare: so I have reasons enough against mentioning him, were reasons necessary. There should be reasons for it.' We have no doubt, whatever, that Garrick's refusal to place his books at JOHNSON'S

disposal in Bolt Court, was not out of disrespect to his friend, but out of respect for his books. Garrick could not have forgotten how, when on one occasion he showed him his magnificent library of elegantly bound books, the doctor began running over the volumes in his usual rough style, which was opening the book so wide as to break the back of it, and then pitching it on the floor. "Zounds," said Garrick, "why, what are you about, you will spoil all my books." "No sir," replied JOHNSON, "I have done nothing, but treat a pack of silly plays in fops' dresses just as they deserve; but I see no books." Again, when Garrick thought of joining the literary club, he had said incautiously to a member of it, "I'll be one of you." This being reported to "Lexaphanes," he said, "How dare he speak so? The first Duke in England has no right to use such language: how does he know that we will allow him?" And to Mr. Thrale he said, "if Garrick apply I will blackball him." "Who, sir? Mr. Garrick, your friend, your companion? Blackball him!" JOHNSON replied: "Why, sir, I love my little David

dearly, better than all or any of his flatterers do ; but surely one ought to be able to sit in a society like ours, unelbowed by a gamester pimp or player." A few years later, however, Garrick was admitted a member of the club, very much through JOHNSON's influence.

After his death, JOHNSON proposed that the Club should have a year's widowhood, which it had, Garrick, dying in January, 1779, and the Bishop of St. Asaph's being elected in November, 1780. "The exquisite, sensitive vanity of Garrick," says Macaulay, "was galled by the thought that while all the rest of the world was applauding him, he could obtain from one morose cynic, whose opinion it was impossible to despise, scarcely any compliment not acidulated with scorn." That statement is only partially correct. Says Stockdale, "when Garrick was one day mentioning to me Dr. JOHNSON's illiberal treatment of him on different occasions ; 'I question,' said he, 'whether in his calmest and most dispassionate moments, he would allow me the high theatrical merit which the public have been so generous as to attribute to me.' I

told him that I would take an early opportunity to make the trial, which I did. I began a conversation, which naturally led to the mention of Garrick. I said something particular on his excellence as an actor ; and I added, 'But pray, DR. JOHNSON, do you really think that he deserves that illustrious theatrical character, and that prodigious fame he has acquired?' 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'he deserves everything that he has acquired, for having seized the very soul of Shakspeare ; for having embodied it in himself ; and for having extended its glory "over the world." ' I was not slow in communicating to Garrick the answer of the Delphic Oracle. The tear started in his eye, 'Oh Stockdale,' said he, 'such praise from such a man—this atones for all that has passed.'

JOHNSON'S encomiums on Garrick are often very high. "For sprightly conversation," he said, "Garrick was the first man in the world." Indeed, he thought him, "less to be envied on the stage, than at the head of a table." Another time he said of him, "Garrick never enters a room but he regards himself as the object of

general attention, from whom the entertainment of the company is expected. And true it is that he seldom disappoints that expectation ; for he has infinite humour, a very just proportion of wit, and more convivial pleasantry than almost any man living.” And we find that JOHNSON paid Garrick the high compliment of quoting him twice in his Dictionary.

“ Our bard’s a fabulist and deals in fiction.”

“ I know you all expect from seeing me some formal lecture spoke with prudish face.”

But the greatest compliment he ever paid him was after his death, in the “ Lives of the Poets.” “ His death has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasures,” he wrote. “ Why nations, sir ? ” asked Boswell, who never liked Garrick. “ Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation ? ” “ Why, sir,” answered JOHNSON, “ some exaggeration must be allowed. Besides, we may say *nations*, if we allow the Scotch to be a nation, and to have gaiety—which they have not.” “ Garrick was followed to

the Abbey," says Cumberland, "by a long extended train of friends, distinguished for their rank and genius. I saw old SAMUEL JOHNSON standing beside his grave at the foot of Shakspeare's monument bathed in tears."

The next of his friends that we shall speak of is (2) Reynolds, the famous painter. JOHNSON and he met at a house of fashion, a Miss Coterill's. A lady who was present remarked that she was grieved at the death of a friend to whom she owed many obligations. Reynolds replied, "You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from a burden of gratitude." JOHNSON liked the remark, and took to Reynolds, and went with him that evening to supper, and ever after they became boon companions. JOHNSON used to laugh and tell an incident with glee that took place in his house, in the presence of the Duchess of Argyll and Lady Fitzroy. He was greatly offended that Miss Coterill had not introduced him to the ladies, and still more so for her seeming to pay more attention to them than to him. After sitting some time silent, meditating how to take her down, he addressed

himself to Mr. Reynolds, who sat next him, and with a loud voice said, “I wonder which of us two could get most money at his trade in one week, were we to work hard at it from morning to night?” Mr. Reynolds, who relates this story, says that the ladies, rising soon after, went away without knowing what trade they were of.

His ardent attachment to Reynolds is somewhat marvellous, when, as Burke says, “JOHNSON neither understood nor desired to understand anything of painting, and had no distinct idea of its nomenclature, even in those parts which had got most into use in common life.” “Indeed,” says Mrs. Thrale, “Dr. JOHNSON’S utter scorn of painting was such that I have heard him say that he should sit very quietly in a room hung round with the works of the greatest masters, and never feel the slightest disposition to turn them if their backs were outermost, unless it might be for the sake of telling Sir Joshua that he had turned them.” This can be understood when we consider his defective eyesight. And yet now and again he could give an original idea to Sir Joshua, which helped him in

his profession. One day Reynolds mentioned some picture as excellent. "It has often grieved me, sir," said JOHNSON, "to see so much mind as as the science of painting requires, laid out upon such perishable materials. Why do you not make use of copper? I could wish your superiority in the art you profess to be preserved in stuff more durable than canvas." At the close of his famous Discourses, Sir Joshua nobly acknowledges his indebtedness to JOHNSON in these words—"The very discourses which I have had the honour of delivering from this place, whatever merit they have, must be imputed in a great measure to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. JOHNSON." And again he says—"The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to our art; with what success others must judge." Bennet Langton rather spitefully remarked, on JOHNSON's death, to Sir John Hawkins—"We shall now know whether he has or has not assisted Sir Joshua in his Discourses." But he who never varied from the truth of fact, "had assured

Sir Joshua that his assistance had never exceeded the substitution of a word or two in preference to what Sir Joshua had written."

His estimate of Reynolds was very high. Says Mr. Humphry—"I asked Dr. JOHNSON if he had seen Mr. Reynolds' pictures lately. 'No, sir.' 'He has painted many fine ones.' 'I know he has,' he said, 'as I hear he has been fully employed of late.' I told him that I imagined Mr. Reynolds was not much pleased to be overlooked by the Court, as he must be conscious of his superior talent. 'Not at all displeased,' he said; 'Mr. Reynolds has too much good sense to be affected by it. When he was younger, he believed it would have been agreeable; but now, he does not want their favour. It has ever been more profitable to be popular among the people than favoured by the King; it is no reflection on Mr. Reynolds not to be employed by them; but it will be a reflection for ever on the Court not to have employed him. The King perhaps knows nothing but that he employs the best painters, and as for the Queen, I don't imagine she has any other idea of a picture

but that it is a thing composed of many colours.' " Although such friends they had, as all true friends have, slight altercations. Everybody knows the incident at which Boswell says JOHNSON blushed. "Sir, I will not argue any more with you, you are too far gone." "I should have thought so too," said Reynolds, "if I had made that speech." In 1755 Reynolds painted the famous and now historical portrait of JOHNSON, which represents him as reading and near-sighted, with the appearance of a labouring working mind, and "an indolent reposing body." The Doctor, when he saw it, was greatly displeased, and sharply reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." Reynolds' motive, however, was to paint his friend as Cromwell desired to be painted by Lely—"with every wart and blemish delineated, as characterising the person, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait."

Although JOHNSON never liked the portrait himself, and expressed his opinion of it to Sir Joshua,

he would allow no one else to find fault with it. One day when Dr. Walcot, speaking of this very portrait, remarked to him "that it was not sufficiently dignified," he flatly contradicted him, replying, with a kind of bull-dog growl, "No sir, the pencil of Reynolds never wanted dignity, nor the graces." In spite of little tiffs, JOHNSON and Reynolds remained fast friends until death.

(3) Another illustrious friend of Dr. JOHNSON was Edmund Burke, one of the greatest orators that ever entered Parliament, and the most philosophical political writer of his age. He was a Whig. A "bottomless Whig" was the application given to him by JOHNSON, and his idea was that Whiggism was the negation of all principle. To Arnold, of St. John's College, he said, "Sir, you are a young man, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and take it upon my word and experience, that wherever you see a Whig you see a Rascal. Sir, the first Whig was the Devil." But in his calm reflective moments, when he was not talking for victory, he said, "A wise Tory and a wise Whig will, I believe, agree. Their principles are the same,

though their modes of thinking are different." On another occasion, speaking of Whig and Tory, "To bind oneself," said he, "to one set of men, who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow, without any general preference of system, I must disapprove. I would not give half-a-guinea to live under one form of government more than another. There is a remedy if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system. We need not, therefore, be at all surprised, that spite of the difference of their political opinions, JOHNSON and Burke were staunch friends. JOHNSON named him "Mund," as he called Beauclerc, Beau ; Langton, Lankey ; Goldsmith, Goldy ; Boswell, Bozzy ; and Reynolds, Romulus. They were known by these names not only in the literary club, but in literary circles generally.

JOHNSON had the greatest respect for Burke's conversational powers. He used to say that to Lord Thurlow, he always spoke his best, but next to him came Burke. Indeed, he acknowledges that the force and brilliancy

of Burke's conversation fairly taxed his own powers to the utmost. When some one was criticising unfavourably Burke's appearances as an orator in the House of Commons, and as a conversationalist, JOHNSON instantly replied, "Sir, a man who is accustomed playing for thousands, when he is playing for coppers, will not be at the trouble of counting his dice." When JOHNSON died, Burke applied to him these beautiful words from Cicero, "Intentum enim animum quasi arcum habebat, nec languescens succumbebat senectute." And when some one censured JOHNSON'S general rudeness in society, Burke replied, "It is well, when a man comes to die, if he has nothing worse to accuse himself of than some harshness in conversation."

(4) Another of JOHNSON'S illustrious friends was Goldsmith, "The Inspired Idiot," an Irishman of great genius, simple, vain, and envious. JOHNSON was ever kind to him. When he came first to London, an Irish adventurer, he helped him; and ever after in all his difficulties, he applied to JOHNSON. One evening when he was seated at the dinner-table of Thrale he received

from Goldsmith a note of distress. He instantly sent him a guinea, and shortly followed after it himself. He found that Goldsmith had been arrested by his landlady for debt ; and before him sat a bottle of Madeira, for which he had changed the guinea. JOHNSON, in his own quick decisive way, corked the bottle, and as the result of a brief consultation as to the getting of the wherewithal to relieve him out of his present difficulties, a manuscript was produced over which JOHNSON glanced, took it to a bookseller, recommended it, and received for it sixty pounds. The purchaser had reason to be pleased with his bargain, for the book was the "Vicar of Wakefield."

JOHNSON often used to laugh when Goldy, as he called him, showed his simplicity of character, but was always angry at him when he showed his envy. "No man," said JOHNSON, "should allow his envy to boil over, if he has it, let him keep it to himself." On one occasion JOHNSON gave him a stinging answer, when he showed his envy and vanity at the success of Beattie's "Essay on Truth." "Here's such a stir," said Goldsmith, "about a

fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah, doctor," says his friend, "There go two and forty sixpences you know to one guinea." From sensitive vanity Goldsmith seemed always to be in mortal terror that JOHNSON would detract from his dignity in the presence of great people ; and doubtless he suffered many mortifications in his presence. A gentleman one evening sitting at dinner between them, said he had a bad time of it between Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

One evening at the dinner-table of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a German gentleman to whom Goldsmith was talking his best, stopped him in the midst of his eloquence with, "Hush ! hush ! Toctor JOHNSON is going to say something." On another occasion Graham of Eton, author of "Telemachus a Mark," got so hazy in the company of JOHNSON and Goldsmith, as not to be able to distinguish the one from the other, except by the tone of their voice. Unconsciously looking in the direction of Goldsmith, he said, "Doctor, I shall be glad of a visit from you at Eton." "Thanks," said Goldsmith ; "I shall be delighted to do so." "Nay,

hold, Dr. *Minor*,” said Graham, “I didn’t invite *you*; it was Doctor *Major* that I invited.”

Many such mortifications rose in the course of their intimacy, but few more laughable, says Mrs. Thrale, than when the newspaper had tacked them together as the Pedant and his flatterer in “Love’s Labour Lost.” Dr. Goldsmith came to his friend fretting and foaming, and vowing vengeance on the printer, till JOHNSON, tired of the bustle and desirous to think of something else, cried out at last, “Why, what would you then have, dear Doctor; who the plague is hurt with all this nonsense, and how is a man worse, I wonder, in his health, purse, or character, for being called Holofernes?” “I do not know,” replied the other, “how you may relish being called Holofernes, but I do not like at least to play Goodman dull.”

Sometimes when in good humour, JOHNSON would enjoy a joke at the expense of his friend. In a large party one evening Miss Reynolds was called upon to give a toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew, and she immediately named Dr. Gold-

smith ; on which a lady on the other side of the table rose up and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with her, it being the first time they had met. On which Dr. JOHNSON said, "Thus the ancients on the commencement of their friendship used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them." But however playful JOHNSON might be on Goldsmith, or even permit others to be, he would not for a moment tolerate anything said against his friend that was malevolent, or that reflected on his works, which he esteemed very highly.

At an evening party a gentleman, in the presence of JOHNSON, ventured to criticise rather slightly some of Goldsmith's works for want of originality. JOHNSON growled out something not distinctly audible, and at last rose and faced him boldly, and said sternly, "If none were allowed to accuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors." "Yielding to the united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow," Goldsmith passed away at the age of forty-five. The day before he

died his physician asked, "Is your mind at ease?" He answered, "No, it is not." These were the last words that he ever uttered. His death for a time put a stop to JOHNSON'S pen, Reynolds' brush, Garrick's acting, and Burke's eloquence, that they might mingle together in one common sorrow. JOHNSON'S epitaph on Goldsmith was that "He touched nothing which he did not adorn." "Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith," says JOHNSON, "there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?"

We must not, in the list of JOHNSON'S friends, omit to mention the Thrales. They added nothing to his fame, but by their careful nursing of him they added to his life. Mr. Thrale was a good type of an English gentleman: kindly, hospitable, social, and intelligent. "Pray, Doctor," said a

gentleman to him, “is Mr. Thrale a man of conversation; or is he only wise and silent?” “Why, sir, his conversation does not show the minute hand, but he strikes the hours very correctly.” Mrs. Thrale was a beauty, a scholar, a wit, and a Tory, all of which greatly pleased JOHNSON. Their marriage had been one of convenience, not of love. Accordingly, Thrale confined his attention to his good-going brewery at Southwark, and to keeping a luxurious table at Streatham, to which at last he fell a martyr. JOHNSON repeatedly, and with all the warmth of earnest friendship, “assured him he was *nimis edax rerum*, and that such unlimited indulgence of his palate would precipitate his end ;” but it was of no avail. After JOHNSON went to live with them, there gathered around Streatham dinner-table many men of literature, who, by their refined and varied conversation, raised the mind of “solid-feeding” Thrale above the animal operation of eating. JOHNSON had now doffed his old habiliments of Bolt Court, out of respect to the Thrales, for more fashionable attire, even to the wig, which was changed by the butler in the hall,

as he passed to the dinner-table. JOHNSON had great contempt for fine clothes, which he said, "are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect." Yet he could be a critic of dress when in the humour. To Mrs. Thrale, one day speaking of dress, "Learn," he said, "that there is propriety or impropriety in everything how slight however, and get at the general principles of dress and of behaviour." And on another occasion he said, "You little creatures should never wear those sort of clothes, however ; they are unsuitable in every way. What ! have not all insects gay colours ? "

Mrs. Thrale paid him incessant homage from morning to night ; and he praised her with peculiar delight and paternal fondness. Although JOHNSON had the highest praise of "my mistress," as he often playfully called her, yet he was not blind to her faults ; and was fearlessly honest in correcting them. One day when Mrs. Thrale was speaking with exaggerated praise of Mr. Dudley Long, JOHNSON said, "Nay, my dear lady, don't talk so. Mr. Long's character is very short. It is

nothing. He fills a chair. He is a man of genteel appearance, and that is all. I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do : for whenever there is exaggerated praise, everybody is set against a character. By the same principle, your malice defeats itself ; for your censure is too violent. And yet," looking to her with a leering smile, "she is the first woman in the world, could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers : she would be the only woman, could she but command that little whirligig."

But not only did she give exaggerated praise and censure, but she had the knack of setting people by the ears. One day, when JOHNSON had spoken slightly of some gentleman, Mrs. Thrale said, " You think so of him, sir, because he is quiet, and does not exert himself with force. You'll be saying the same thing of Mr. —— there, who sits as quiet—" This was not well bred ; and JOHNSON did not let it pass without correction. " Nay, madam, what right have you to talk thus ? Both Mr. —— and I have reason to take it ill. You may talk so of Mr. —— ; but why do you make me

do it? Have I said anything against Mr. —— ? You have set him that I might shoot him ; but I have not shot him." Mrs. Thrale was also given to canting, which JOHNSON abhorred. On one occasion she said in jest to the Doctor, that his morality was easily contented, and spoke as if the wickedness of the world gave her much concern. JOHNSON cried aloud against her canting, and protested that there was very little gross wickedness in the world, and still less of extraordinary virtue.

"I mentioned," said Mrs. Thrale, "an event which if it had happened would greatly have injured Mr. Thrale and his family. And then, 'dear sir,' said I, 'how sorry you would have been?' 'I hope,' replied he after a long pause, 'I should have been very sorry ; but remember Rochefoucauld's maxim : 'In the misfortunes of our best friends we always find something to please us.'" Again, when an acquaintance of Mrs. Thrale lost the almost certain hope of a good estate that had long been expected, "such an one will grieve," said she, "at her friend's disappointment." "She

will suffer as much, perhaps," said the Doctor, "as your horse did when your cow miscarried."

Mrs. Thrale, however, had a worse fault than any of these, which greatly vexed the soul of JOHNSON,—a fault which, alas! is too common at the present day—a laxity in narration and inattention to truth. Many a gentle rebuke as to this she received from JOHNSON. Speaking of this subject to Boswell, he said, "It is amazing, sir, what deviations there are from precise truth, in the account which is given of almost everything. I told Mrs. Thrale, 'You have so little anxiety about truth, that you never tax your memory with the exact thing.' I am as much vexed at the ease with which she hears it mentioned to her as at the thing itself. I told her, 'Madam, you are contented to hear every day said to you, what the highest of mankind have died for, rather than bear.' You know, the highest of mankind have died rather than bear to be told they have uttered a falsehood. Do talk to her of it: I am weary."

On the death of his friend Thrale, JOHNSON was in the house, and thus mentions the event: "I felt

almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity." The death of Thrale soon dissolved the friendship. It would seem from his diary that between the widow and him there was a formal leave-taking. We read "April fifth, 1783, I took leave of Mrs. Thrale ; I was much moved, I had some expostulations with her, she said that she was likewise affected." He then went into the library which he had purchased and arranged for Thrale, took down the Greek Testament and read a chapter, then knelt down in fervent prayer and commended the Thrales with great good will to God. The old man then rose from his knees and left that house for ever, where he had found a home for seventeen years.

Says Mrs. Thrale, "I never saw him do a wrong thing. I should as much have expected injustice from Socrates or impiety from Pascal, as the slightest deviation from truth and goodness in any transaction one might be engaged in with SAMUEL JOHNSON."

The final rupture between the two was not just yet. She still professed to cling to him as "guide, philosopher, and friend." He travelled with her to Brighton and other places ; but she must have felt his presence irksome, as she knew that he could not approve of her choice of Piozzi, the "Italian fiddler," as her future husband. After JOHNSON had reached his London home he received from her a letter, the contents of which we can only guess from his reply, which is as follows:—

"Madam, if I interpret your letter rightly, you are ignominiously married. If it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness. If you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I, who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you—I who long thought you the first of womankind—entreat that before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In her reply she resents his interference with

her choice of the Italian singer. At last when JOHNSON was informed of her marriage with Piozzi, he was struck dumb with excitement. In a few moments he recovered himself and uttered these words with deep emotion:—"Varium et mutabile semper femina."

He then resolved to blot out her name from his memory, and banish her memorials from his sight. Gathering her gifts together which he had long treasured and highly valued, he now flung them into the flames. The last letter of Mrs. Piozzi, in which she says that she took an affectionate farewell of him, but which no eye ever saw but JOHNSON'S, was doubtless burnt with them.

They had parted never to meet again. Mrs. Piozzi was in Italy enjoying a gay Christmas dinner-party, when the news reached her that JOHNSON was dead.

We have now reached the last, but not the least illustrious of JOHNSON'S friends; indeed, the recording Boswell has given immortality to all of them. He is the best known and the best abused

man in the literary world. Everybody who can buy a book, buys a Boswell, and nobody reads it without admiring and abusing him. Goldsmith, when asked "Who is this Scotch cur at JOHNSON'S heels?" replied, "He is not a Scotch cur, he is only a *burr*. Tom Davies flung him at JOHNSON in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." This same Tom Davies laughingly introduced Boswell to JOHNSON as a young Scotchman. "I do indeed come from Scotland," said Boswell, "but I cannot help it." "That, sir," retorted JOHNSON, "is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help." Says Boswell, "This stroke stunned me a good deal." He then addressed himself to Davies, "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings."* "Eager," says Boswell, "to take any opening to get into conversation with

* Whatever was the cause of Garrick's refusal on this particular occasion, it was not meanness, as shortly before this, at the request of JOHNSON, he had given Miss Williams a benefit, which amounted to the handsome sum of nearly three hundred pounds.

him, I ventured to say, 'Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.'" "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right that you have to talk to me on the subject." Says Boswell, "Perhaps I deserved this check ; but I felt myself much mortified and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted." Such is Boswell's own graphic account of his introduction to JOHNSON.

He retained, however, sufficient presence of mind to remember one of JOHNSON'S remarks to Davies. "Sir," said he, "when a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has in fact no uneasy feeling." When Boswell rose to go, Davies accompanied him to the door, and when Boswell complained of the hard blows which the great man had given him, Davies kindly replied, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well." When Colley Cibber heard of this, he remarked that he "could not imagine a more humiliating position than to be 'clapt' on the back by

Tom Davies." Alluding doubtless to the fact that Davies had been so stupidly sensitive as to quit the stage on account of a satirical line of Churchill's, "He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone." When JOHNSON heard of this he remarked, "What a silly fellow, to be sure, is Davies, to be driven from the stage by a line, and that written by a blockhead ; why, sir, another line would drive him from his shop." Yet had it not been for the encouragement of Davies, at whom Cibber sneers, Boswell, after his rough handling, had never ventured near the den of the intellectual giant, and the world would have lost the instruction and entertainment which it has received from "Boswell's Life of Johnson." About a week after this interview, on the advice of Davies, Boswell waited on JOHNSON at his Chambers in the Temple, and was most courteously received. Another visit or two by Boswell, and we hear JOHNSON saying, "Give me your hand, sir, I have taken a liking to you." Soon after this we actually see the great literary dictator at the dinner table of the young man who was destined to give him immortality.

Boswell's life-dream is now realized ; he is henceforth not merely to be a friend, but with Goldsmith and Garrick, to be JOHNSON'S own property, whom "he will allow no one to praise or blame without *cl* contradiction."

Let us consider one or two marks of JOHNSON'S favour and esteem which he bestowed on Boswell. He would allow Boswell to interrogate him in a way which no other man could dare to do. Many of Boswell's questions are deeply philosophical, over which for hours we have pondered with intense pleasure ; but others are absurdly ludicrous. We hear him, for instance, saying to JOHNSON, "Sir, might a person drop in of an evening to the house of an intimate friend, knowing that there is a party there, to which he has not been invited ?" JOHNSON : "No, sir (laughing), they may have been invited on purpose to abuse you." Boswell : "What would you do, sir, were you shut up in a tower with a baby?" JOHNSON : "Sir, I should not much like my company." Boswell : "Would you educate it, sir?" JOHNSON : "Not much, sir." Boswell : "Sir, would

you wash it with cold water?" JOHNSON: "No, sir." Boswell: "Have you ever been accustomed, sir, to wear a night-cap?" JOHNSON: "No, sir." Boswell: "Sir, is it best not to wear one?" At last Boswell has "come within the whiff and wind of his fell sword." JOHNSON, sternly: "Sir, nobody before was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes, you see, of being a little wrong-headed."

As a rule, Boswell could interrogate him with impunity, but not at the hour of dinner. JOHNSON liked good eating, and feeding time was a serious business with him; when at dinner he did not like to be too much troubled with talk. Somewhat like that old epicure, who one day had a talkative friend at dinner, who persisted in talking. The old gentleman was at turtle soup, and his talkative friend had made some observation that called his attention from the business of the moment; the old gentleman, laying down his spoon and wiping his mouth, said, "Now, there, by your talking you have made me swallow an exquisite piece of green turtle without ever knowing it. Sir, learn never to

speak to a man at dinner when he is at turtle soup." JOHNSON at dinner, one evening, was somewhat in the mood of this epicure: a gentleman ventured to interrogate him, and asked many questions, as, "What did you do, sir?" "What did you say, sir?" The old lion at last grew enraged, and said, "I will not be put to the question. Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why*; what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?" The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said, "Why, sir, you are so good, that I venture to trouble you." JOHNSON: "Sir, my being so *good* is no reason why you should be so *ill*." But even Boswell could not at times question him with impunity. On one occasion Boswell had, in company, injudiciously asked him some question about his past life. JOHNSON was angry. "Sir," said he sternly, "you have but two subjects, yourself and me, and I am sick of both." Doubtless Boswell sometimes punctured his great friend sorely, to get at what he wanted. In perfect fair-

ness to Boswell, however, it should be stated that his interrogations were not out of selfish curiosity to get knowledge, but in company to show at their best JOHNSON'S conversational powers ; and in private, to draw him out of himself, in order that he might for a time forget his miseries.

Another special mark of JOHNSON'S favour to Boswell was his admission into the literary club—to be elected to which was considered in certain circles, as great an honour as to be elected a member of Parliament. When Boswell was proposed Burke and other members were indignant, and thought that Boswell was not fit to be admitted. The dictator, however, said that he was—that was enough, he was omnipotent.

Boswell was at Lady Beauclerk's at dinner when news came of his election, and that his presence was requested without delay. Accordingly, in a tumult of excitement, he left Lady Beauclerk and the other guests, and hurried to the club. As he entered the club room, JOHNSON, the president, rose and placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned, as from a pulpit, and in a formal manner

delivered to Boswell a charge, laying down rules for his guidance, stating what they expected from him as a loyal member of the club. What these hints were, we have now no means of knowing ; we may surmise one—not to retail club talk ; this at least is significant, that Boswell is judiciously silent regarding club conversation. Boswell not merely proved a most clubable man, but soon became one of the most popular members of it.

Another special mark of JOHNSON'S great regard for Boswell, was his journey with him through the Highlands of Scotland. What an influence Boswell must have exercised to drag the intellectual giant from his literary den in London, to the wilds of Scotland, to survey a nation and people against whom, it was popularly believed, he had such an unaccountable prejudice ! JOHNSON arrived in Edinburgh on the 14th August, 1773, and took up his residence with Boswell. Thinking that he was going to a savage nation, he had provided himself with a pistol, which Boswell judiciously advised him to leave behind, which he did in a drawer in his room, with a manuscript, which Boswell after-

wards discovered to be notes of his life. He was sorry, on his return, to find that Mrs. Boswell had not had that female curiosity of her sisterhood to inspect the mysterious drawer, and transcribe the autobiography—a theft which, being committed *pro bono publico*, might have been forgiven. Boswell, although objecting to take a pistol with them on their tour, suggested that they should provide themselves with lemons, of which JOHNSON was so fond, as these would not readily be found in the Highland homes where they had been invited to sojourn for a time. JOHNSON was indignant. “Sir,” said he, “I do not wish to be thought an old man who cannot do without lemons; besides, sir, do you not know that it is bad manners to carry provisions to a house where you are invited as a guest? To an inferior it is oppression, to a superior it is insolence.” Accordingly, this extraordinary pair started on their tour without pistols and without lemons.

We regret that our space will not allow us to accompany them on the journey. There are, however, two or three features in their characters which

appear very marked and at which we may glance for a moment.

Boswell liked scenery ; JOHNSON did not. Before they set out on their journey, Boswell desired JOHNSON to go with him to the Calton-hill, and “he would see a noble prospect.” “Sir,” said JOHNSON, “the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees, is the highroad which takes him to London.” We are informed by Mrs. Thrale that when he travelled with them through England and France, Mr. Thrale would sometimes call his attention to charming scenery. “Never heed such nonsense,” would be the reply ; “a blade of grass, whether in one country or another ; let us, if we do talk, talk about something ; men and women are my subjects of inquiry ; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind.” He seemed to be of Pope’s opinion : “the proper study of mankind is man.” Accordingly he came to Scotland not to view scenery, but to survey the men and manners of what he thought an antiquated nation. Thus we hear him saying at Raasay, “this is truly patriarchial ; this is what we came to find.”

Another matter in which the two differed was in Churchmanship. Boswell was a staunch supporter of the Presbyterian Kirk, Johnson of Episcopacy. In Edinburgh he was told by Boswell that Episcopalian were dissenters here: "they were only tolerated." "Sir," said he, "we are here as Christians in Turkey."

When the travellers came to St. Andrews and stood viewing the ruins of the ancient Romanist churches, JOHNSON was deeply affected. Boswell happened to ask where John Knox was buried? JOHNSON burst out, "I hope in the highway; I have been looking at his reformatory." A little further on we hear him saying in reference to some remarks made by a Parish Minister: "this, sir, has been a day of anomalies, I have seen to-day old trees in Scotland, and have heard the English Clergy talked of with disrespect."

When he had finished his tour, and was staying at Auchinleck, we hear him saying to Boswell's Parish Minister, who, with bad taste, had talked in JOHNSON's presence about "fat Bishops and drowsy Deans," "Sir, you know no more of

our Church than a Hottentot." We regret to find that JOHNSON, during his sojourn in Scotland never worshipped in a Presbyterian Church. He said his conscience,—which is only another word for strong opinion,—would not allow him to sanction, by his presence, a Presbyterian meeting, for Church he would not allow such an assembly to be called. "Presbyterians," he said, "have no Church, no apostolical ordination; no public worship; they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him." Said a clergyman to him,— "in our extemporary prayers we have hope of supernatural help." "Sir," replied JOHNSON, "if a man has any hope of supernatural help, why may he not as well receive it when he writes as when he speaks? In the variety of mental powers some must perform extemporary prayer with much imperfection; and in the eagerness and rashness of contradictory opinions, if public liturgy be left to the private judgment of every minister, the congregation may often be offended or misled."]

Another marked feature in JOHNSON's journey was his strict regard for truth. We find that no sooner had they entered into the Highlands proper than Boswell directed his attention to what he called a great mountain. "No sir," said JOHNSON, "it is not a great mountain, it is only a considerable protuberance;" then there follows a lecture on exaggeration, not from intentional lying, but from inattention to truth; "when anything rocks," said he, "the common people say it rocks like a cradle, and in this way they go on."

When they had finished their tour we see in JOHNSON the same regard for truth, if we can believe a story that is told on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, who tells us that JOHNSON met Adam Smith in Glasgow, and in disputing warmly about the death of David Hume, JOHNSON looked sternly at Smith, and said, "Sir, you lie;" and Adam Smith replied with equal sternness, "Sir, you are the son of a —." Such, says Sir Walter Scott, was the classic language with which the two great moralists met and parted.

There are many other proofs of the wondrous

affection which JOHNSON bore for Boswell: whether we look at the hundreds of letters which passed between the two, or at Boswell in every difficulty of life having recourse to JOHNSON for counsel and advice—nor having recourse to him in vain—or at their embracing each other when they parted for any considerable time, we see in all this a love, almost “surpassing the love of women.”

We estimate Boswell's character very highly. It has been sneeringly remarked that Boswell preferred being a showman to keeping a shop of his own. We venture to think that the literary world would have greatly rejoiced had Pericles, Plato, Socrates, Shakespeare, or Milton, had such a contemporary showman as JOHNSON had in Boswell. We think it a great loss that no recording Boswell was present at JOHNSON's brilliant conversations with Lord Thurlow and Edmund Burke, to the first of whom JOHNSON said that “he always talked his best,” and the latter of whom, as JOHNSON himself remarked, “always taxed to the uttermost his conversational powers.”

After Boswell published his "Tour in the Hebrides," a critic wrote that he did not approve of the plan of such a work ; "what a restraint," said he, "would be placed on all social intercourse, if one were to suppose that every word one utters would be entered in a register." Boswell smartly replied, "there are few men who need be under any apprehension of that sort."

It must be confessed that Boswell did not stand high in his own profession. He professed Scotch and English law ; but he studied, understood, and liked society better than law. His father, Lord Auchinleck, used to say that it would give Jamie more trouble to hide his ignorance than to show his knowledge of law. But although he knew little about law, and cared still less—he was thoroughly conversant with literature, and ever ready with an apt classical quotation, "which is the parole of literary men all over the world." Unless he had been conversant with literature it had been impossible for him to provide material to keep a-going as he did the

intellectual mill of JOHNSON. He was also a social man,—next to JOHNSON, society was his idol.

Many have wondered at JOHNSON'S love for Boswell. We hear JOHNSON saying to him—"My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express, but I do not choose to be always repeating it ; write it down in the first leaf of your pocket-book, and never doubt it more." Doubtless, in a certain sense, JOHNSON needed friendship less than any man. Wherever he went the intellectual knee was bent to him. In every society he entered he was the first speaker ; wherever he went all men reverenced and applauded him. Yet in the midst of all this, in the midst of the great city that was filled with his fame, he felt solitary and alone. He felt that the remark he made on Garrick, who every night had the applause of a nation : Οἱ φίλοι, οὐ φίλος "he had friends, but no friend," was as applicable to himself as Garrick. Amidst all his fame JOHNSON yearned for one genuine soul to love him. Boswell in a happy moment crossed his stormy path—"the ponderables agreed"—and a friendship was formed between the two, strong as

death. To us, the love for each other of that wonderful pair appears nowise strange.

We shall now consider the social habits of the great literary Dictator.

He would sit up writing or talking till all hours in the morning. It was difficult for him to persuade himself to go to bed, and as difficult for him to get out of it. He complains that "from youth his life had been wasted in a morning bed." Often had the printer's "devil" to wait on the stairs while he scribbled out in bed a few sheets to send to the printing press, which meanwhile stood still. Perhaps the secret cause of this disinclination to go early to bed arose from the fact that he never slept well, and was always anxious to be engaged either in writing, talking, or sleeping, to prevent melancholy, to which he was a victim. "A man so afflicted," said he, "must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them. To attempt to think them down is madness. They should be diverted by every means but drinking." Although he knew well the art of managing the mind, yet,

he was often not able to resist the attacks of melancholy. How sad to hear him say that “he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat were an angel to make the proposal to him!” Regarding his convivial habits, JOHNSON was a kind of Epicure. He liked a luxurious table. He loved good eating, and was not afraid to let this be known. “Some people,” said he, “have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my own part, I mind my belly very studiously and carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.”

Speaking of breakfasts, JOHNSON said, “it was a meal in which the Scots, whether of the Lowlands or mountains, must be confessed to excel us. If an epicure could remove by a wish in quest of sensual gratifications, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in Scotland.”

Dinner, however, was the chief meal with JOHNSON, and with him it was a serious business. “Sir,” said he, “when a man is invited to dinner, he is disappointed if he does not get something

good. Everybody loves to have things which please the palate put in their way, without trouble or preparation. Sir, it is pure impudence for a man to ask another to a worse dinner than he would get at home."

In accordance with these axioms, he would sometimes at the dinner table give himself the air of a *connoisseur*. One evening he said, to the consternation of the hostess, "I, madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home, for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook, whereas madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." "Wherever the dinner is ill got," said he, "there is poverty, or there is avarice, or there is stupidity."

He often showed his displeasure when the dinner did not please. He once scolded a waiter at an inn, saying, "Sir, this mutton is as bad as bad can be ; it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest." But when a dinner pleased him he was not slow to praise it. One day when he had dined with a

gentleman whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in everything, he pronounced this eulogy : “Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a Synod of Cooks.”

When he happened to be late for dinner, the company always waited his arrival. One day he was asked to dine at Stow Hill ; at the hour appointed JOHNSON had not arrived. The dinner waited, but the guests possessed their souls in patience. At last to the amazement and amusement of the company he was observed standing in deep contemplation before the great gate, and at length began to climb over it, drop on the other side, and march up the avenue with gigantic steps. When he entered the dining-room, “Doctor,” said the hostess, “did you forget that there was a small gate for foot passengers by the side of the carriage entrance?” “No, my dear lady, by no means,” replied the Doctor ; “but I had a mind to try whether I could climb a gate now, as I used to do, when I was a lad.”

He thought waiting dinner for an expected guest was the right thing to do. One evening at a

dinner party one of the guests had not arrived. "Sir," said the host, addressing JOHNSON, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes," answered he, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting."

Although JOHNSON at one time could take his glass of port at dinner, and called it "the liquor for men," yet he was no more a *connoisseur* of that liquor than that individual who said to a friend one evening at supper, that he could not recommend the whisky, but he could the port, for he made it himself. "It had all the necessary qualities; it was black, and it was thick, and it made you drunk." Of brandy, he said: "It would do soonest for a man what drinking can do for him. And yet, as in all pleasure, hope is a considerable part." "I know not," said he, "but fruition comes too quick by brandy."

However, for twenty years before he died, JOHNSON was a total abstainer. He was the first of many things; he was the first Parliamentary reporter; he was the first who made literature

stand upon its own merits, without patronage ; and he was the first total abstainer.

At dinner one evening, said Boswell to JOHNSON, referring to his abstinence in wine, "Some hosts would not be pleased unless the guests drank with them." "That, sir," answered JOHNSON, "is because they have been accustomed to command, and because the guests are inferior to themselves. Sir, there is no more reason why you should get drunk to please your host, than the host should keep sober to please you. Sir, if a man wants some one to make drunk, he should buy a slave." Spotswood, who was present said : "Wine is the key that opens the box of knowledge." "Nay, sir," said JOHNSON, "it is only the picklock that forces open the box and injures it. A man should accustom himself to obtain confidence in conversation without the stimulus of wine. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit ; it only animates a man and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. One of the disadvantages of wine is,

it makes a man mistake thoughts for words. No sir, wine adds nothing to conversation, and whatever difference it makes is bad, for it shows that it has affected the reason." Said Boswell : " You must allow me, sir, at least, that it produces truth ; ' In Vino Veritas,' you know sir." " Why, sir," said JOHNSON, " that may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him." " But, sir," said a gentleman, " drinking drives away care and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" JOHNSON : " Yes, sir, if he sat next you. I do not say that wine does not make a man better pleased with himself. Sometimes it does. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others."

An excellent advice of his was, " that a man who has been drinking wine at all freely should

never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him, he may be pretty well in unison ; but he will probably be offensive or appear ridiculous to other people.” Said Miss Williams, the blind lady, “I wonder, Doctor, what pleasure men can have in making beasts of themselves?” “I wonder, madam,” replied the Doctor, that you have not penetration enough to see the strong inducement to this excess ; for he who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man.”

Even in Skye, so famous for rain and whisky-toddy, JOHNSON continued a consistent abstainer,— and a very staunch one he must have been to have resisted the blandishments of the kind, hospitable Highland chiefs and lairds, all drinking “Toctor Shonson’s” health in fierce usquebaugh. But in Skye he retained his resolution. We say resolution, for vow he would never take. He hated a vow. “A vow, sir,” said he, “is a horrible thing, it is a snare for sin. The man who cannot go to heaven without a vow, may go to — ;” here he made a half-whistling pause. Even the fascination of Lady

Macleod could not entice him to take wine. One evening at dinner she was anxious to know why he abstained from wine, and ventured to say, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far?" "Nay, madam," said JOHNSON, "it carried me." Says Steevens, "Once, and but once, he is known to have had too much wine—a circumstance which he himself discovered on finding one of his sesquipedalian words hang fire. He then started up, and gravely observed, "I think it time we should go to bed." But if JOHNSON did not drink, Boswell did. Like Sir William Temple, who on his travels kept a friend to drink the bumpers, JOHNSON had Boswell to drink the bumpers to the toasts of the Highland lairds. Boswell liked a good drink, and sometimes got *winey* after the Doctor retired to rest. Indeed, he would sit up to all hours in the morning drinking tartan toddy with the lairds. As the Highlander defined it, one glass of whisky to two glasses of water, makes very good toddy; but one glass of water to one glass of whisky makes "Hieland toddy;" but

one glass of whisky to another glass of hot whisky makes the real “ Hieland tartan toddy.”

On one occasion Boswell, who the night before had had a carousal with the lairds unknown to JOHNSON, complained in the morning at breakfast that the wine which he had taken at dinner the night before had given him headache. “ No, sir,” said JOHNSON, “ it was not the wine that made your headache ; but the sense that I put into it.” Boswell in his own inimitable way said, “ Sir, does sense make the headache ? ” “ Yes, sir,” answered JOHNSON, with a smile, “ when one’s head is not accustomed with it.”

However, one evening at Inverary, after returning from a dinner party at the Duke of Argyll’s, at whose table he was an abstainer, JOHNSON rang the bell and called for a gill of whisky, which he had never before tasted, and said to Boswell, “ Sir, I shall see what it is that makes the Scotch happy.” “ Sir,” said Boswell, “ let me just take one drop, that I may say that I drank whisky in the Highlands with you.” In his “ Journey to the Western Isles ” JOHNSON gives a graphic descrip-

tion of whisky ; but adds as to how it is distilled, “I had no means of inquiring, nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison pleasant.”

Indeed, JOHNSON might with all truth be called a “teetotaler.” He was an inveterate tea-drinker. Says Tom Tyers : “Come when you would, early or late, the tea table was sure to be spread.” JOHNSON described himself as a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of the fascinating plant, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool ; who with tea amuses the evenings, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.

When staying at Dunvegan Castle in Skye, although he would not drink Lady Macleod’s wine, he drank with great avidity “oceans” of her tea. One evening on pouring out his seventeenth cup, her Ladyship quietly asked “if a small basin would not save him trouble, and be more agreeable?” The Doctor was indignant. “I wonder, madam,” said he, roughly, “why all the ladies ask me such questions? It is to save yourselves

trouble, madam, and not me!" The lady continued her task in silence.

Although fond of dinner and tea, in later years he did not care for supper. "With supper," said he, "the table groans at night, the guests next morning."

At a party JOHNSON was the life and soul of it, and whether it was the breakfast, the dinner, the tea, or the supper table, the company invariably expected from him something original, witty, sententious, and seldom were they disappointed. He would not, however, allow himself to be made a show of. He was asked one evening by a lady to a party, and he soon discovered that it was to make a "Zany" of him; "but," said he, "I punished her, for I drank twenty-five cups of her tea, and did not speak as many words the whole evening." Another evening he met at a club a very talkative and stupid individual. "And what, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "did you do?" "Madam, I withdrew my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb." Nor did he care at convivial meetings to be a story-teller. One evening at the dinner-

table of a certain noble lord he told a story. Shortly after, another lord came in, as the dinner was almost over. Said the noble host, to his friend who had just come in, “ You have lost what was better than the dinner, the best story that I ever in my life heard. Doctor JOHNSON, will you kindly repeat it ? ” “ Indeed, my lord,” said JOHNSON, “ I will not. I told the story for my own amusement.” Nor did he like to be “ over-fondled.” At the first or second interview that Miss Hannah More had with JOHNSON, she flattered him so highly, that JOHNSON turned to her with a stern countenance, and with an angry voice said, “ Madam, before you flatter a man grossly to his face you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.” On another occasion at a party one evening, a young gentleman was laughing immoderately at some witty remark of his, he turned sharply round to him and said, “ Sir, what is provoking your risibility ? Have I said anything which you understand ? If so, I beg the company’s pardon.” As a rule, however, at these convivial meetings he was communicative.

Like his sage in "Rasselas," "he spoke, and attention watched his lips: he reasoned, and conviction closed his periods."

(8)

JOHNSON was the greatest conversationalist the world has ever known. He stands not only first, but has no second: "the competitors are not worth placing." Burke was brilliant, but unequal, sometimes even wearisome. He acknowledged JOHNSON'S supremacy in conversation by his famous remark: "It is enough for me that I ring the bell for him." Swift's conversation was full of eccentricities like his "will," in which he bequeaths his soul to God, his wig to his beadle, and his whole fortune to build lunatic asylums, as emblematic of what the world needs. Pope did not excel in conversation. JOHNSON says of him: "Traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, or sentences of observation, nothing either pointed or solid, wise or merry; and that one apothegm only is recorded." Addison acknowledged his inferiority as a conversationalist in his famous retort: "I may have only ninepence in my pocket, but can draw for a thousand pounds."

Goldsmith says Garrick writes like an angel, but talks like poor Poll ; and JOHNSON said of him : "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." Report has it that Carlyle and our own poet laureate, would sit for an hour together without exchanging a word, and congratulate each other at parting, that they had spent such a pleasant and profitable hour. "Scan the entire list" of our immortals, and you will find that, as a conversationalist, JOHNSON stands unique.

Speaking of JOHNSON's conversational powers, Burke eloquently remarks that "JOHNSON appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own." Macaulay endorses the eloquent remark, but both might have added that the conversations recorded by Boswell are but the merest fragments in comparison with JOHNSON's mighty utterances during his seventy-five years' liferent here.

JOHNSON little understood the influence that his conversation was having on the age in which he lived. He seemed to think it a secondary thing. "The best part of an author," said he, "is always

to be found in his writings." He often lamented his conversations as time wasted. At that period of his life when he began "to write little and talk much," he apologised thus: "No man is bound to do as much as he can do, every man should have part of his life to himself." Thinking that his writings would reach infinitely more than his conversations, he compares himself to a physician who had long practised in a city, retires to a country parish and takes less practice. "Now, sir, the good I can do by my conversation bears the same proportion to the good I can do by my writings that the practice of a physician retired to a town, does to his practice in a great city." It is evident that he did anticipate, and justly too, that the "Dictionary," the "Rambler," "Rasselas," and the "Lives" would carry his name to distant ages; and that now in possession of a pension, and with his life's work done, he could afford to spend the few years that yet remained of life, in conversation. How little did he dream of the mighty audience his conversation was to reach; little did he dream that his conversations with Boswell were spoken to a

listening world : little did he dream that these conversations were destined to give instruction, and to be read with rapturous pleasure, "as long as the English exists, either as a living or as a dead language."

We will not presume specifically to illustrate his colloquial powers, that would be impossible ; but simply remark in passing, that one of the secrets of that power was his sincerity and abhorrence of cant. The gospel which he preached in his best conversations was, "Clear your mind of cant." "Throw cant utterly away."

(8) Let us next consider the critical phase of JOHNSON'S character.

As an impromptu critic he was unrivalled. His idea was that "sincere criticism ought to raise no resentment, because judgment is not under the control of will ; but involuntary criticism, as it has still less of choice, ought to be more remote from possibility of offence." "On one occasion," says Boswell, "we talked of the stage and of Garrick's

acting. 'Sir,' said JOHNSON, 'Garrick's great distinction is his universality.'

When JOHNSON had one day recited with great power Bentley's ~~verses~~ in Dodsley's collection, Adam Smith, who ~~was~~ present, remarked, in his dignified professional style, "Very well—very well." "Yes, sir," answered JOHNSON, "they are very well; but you may observe in what manner they are well. They are the forcible ~~verses~~ of a man of a strong mind, but not accustomed to write verse; for there is some uncouthness in the expression."

One evening when JOHNSON denied the authenticity of Ossian's ~~poems~~, "Sir," said a gentleman, "could any man living write such poems now?" "Yes, sir," said the Doctor, "many men, many women, and many children. A man might write such rubbish for ~~ever~~ if he abandoned his mind to it."

Of Fingal ~~he said~~: "Why is not the original deposited in ~~some~~ ~~public~~ library, instead of exhibiting attestations of its existence? Suppose there were a question in a court of justice whether a man be dead or alive: you aver he is alive, and you

bring fifty witnesses to swear it: I answer, 'Why do you not produce the man?' " "My assertions are, for the most part, purely negative: I deny the existence of Fingal, because in a long and curious peregrination through the Gaelic regions I have never been able to find it. What I could not see myself, I suspect to be equally invisible to others; and I suspect with the more reason, as among all those who have seen it no man can show it.

To Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, who had sent JOHNSON an impertinent letter, he replied as follows:—

"MR. JAMES MACPHERSON.—I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your

morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

Lord Lovat boasted to an English nobleman that he had two thousand men whom he could at any time call into the field. The Hon. Alexander Gordon observed that those two thousand men brought him to the block. “True, sir,” said JOHNSON ; “but you may just as well argue concerning a man who has fallen over a precipice to which he has walked too near, ‘his two legs brought him to that.’ Is he not the better for having two legs?”

Of Peter the Great he said that he had not sense to see that the mere mechanical work may be done by anybody. Sir Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brickmaker.

“I told him,” says Boswell, “that Voltaire in a conversation with me had distinguished Pope and Dryden thus: ‘Pope drives a handsome chariot, with a couple of neat trim nags ; Dryden a coach, and six stately horses.’” JOHNSON : “Why, sir,

the truth is, they both drive coaches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling: Pope's go at a steady even trot."

He always thought very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing that "it had a contemporary currency only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, it would sink into oblivion." When Boswell ventured to hint to him that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. "Nay, sir," said JOHNSON, "I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry. No, sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still."

When told by Boswell that David Hume had said "that he was no more uneasy to think he should not be after his life than that he had not been before he began to exist." Said JOHNSON— "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up

all he has." Boswell: "Foote, sir, told me that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." JOHNSON: "It is not true, sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave."

When reminded by a friend of certain nations which were ruined through luxury, "Sir," said JOHNSON, "No nation was ever ruined by luxury, for it could extend only to a very few." To a lady who was canting about the death of a very casual acquaintance, said JOHNSON, "Madam, have done with canting ; a death affects no man, except it be that of a very near and dear friend, so as to eat a potato the less at dinner. We think this sentiment due to fact. Have not all of us been startled at the dinner table for a moment by the announcement of some death? How dreadful, we exclaim—Pass the wine, please."

He was quite prepared with a criticism upon every conceivable subject. A gentleman said a small bull dog was as good as a large one. JOHNSON: "No, sir, for in proportion to his size he has strength ; and your argument would prove that a

good bulldog may be as small as a mouse." Going to see one druidical temple, as he justly observed, is only to see that it is nothing ; for there is neither art nor power in it, and seeing one is quite enough. "The English," said he, "are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge than of mounting a breach." Speaking of the French *literati*, he said : "There are none of them now alive to visit whom I would cross a sea." When Boswell pointed out to him in the newspaper, one of Mr. Grattan's animated and glowing speeches in favour of the freedom of Ireland, in which this expression occurred, "We will persevere till there is not one link of the English chain left to clank upon the rags of the meanest beggar in Ireland!" "Nay, sir," said JOHNSON, "don't you perceive that *one* link cannot clank."

He would not allow it to be said that life is longer in places where there are fewer opportunities of luxury. "A cottager," says he, "grows old over his oaten cakes, like a citizen at a turtle feast. He

should himself be fat,^{m i} Said Boswell one day, "I am vexed with our ^{him} politics." "That is cant, sir," replied JOHNSON, "at ^{at} Public affairs vex no man."

On a certain occasion in speaking, Boswell used the phrase, to "make money." "Don't you see, sir," said JOHNSON, "the impropriety of the phrase? To make money is to ^{is} coin it. You should say get money." One evening at a dinner party, a learned Professor, in speaking to him, talked about "a botanical garden." "Why, sir," said JOHNSON, "is not every garden botanical?" "To be distinct," said he, "we must talk analytically. If we analyse language, we must speak of it grammatically; if we analyse argument, we must speak of it logically."

We shall now try to illustrate the SARCASTICAL PHASE of JOHNSON's character.

A gentleman having said that a *congd'e*lire has not perhaps the force of a command, but may be considered only as a strong recommendation,— "Sir," replied John ^{son}, who overheard him, "it is such a recommendation as if I should throw you

out of a two pair of stairs window, and recommend you to fall soft." It was mentioned to him one evening that a gentleman who enjoyed his cups, was also much given to taking exercise. "I never heard that he used any," said JOHNSON. "He might for aught I know, walk to the ale-house; but I believe he was always carried home again." Of a certain individual he said: "This fellow's dullness is elastic, and all we can do is like kicking at a woolsack." "Taylor, the famous oculist," he said, "was an instance how far impudence could carry ignorance." Of a certain lady, he said: "She maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmness of stupidity accustomed to be flattered." Says Boswell: "JOHNSON has now and then borrowed a shilling of me, and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred:—As if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me—'Boswell, lend me a sixpence—not to be repaid.'"

A gentleman put himself forward as his antagonist, and persisted in his argument too long.

“Sir,” said JOHNSON, “what is it that you are contending for, if you be contending?” The gentleman replied by a kind of smart drollery. JOHNSON at once sharply reproved him. The gentleman said that he had the greatest respect for him, and intended no improper freedom. After a pause, said JOHNSON: “Give me your hand, sir. You were too tedious, and I was too short.” Mr. ——: “Sir, I am honoured by your attention in any way.” JOHNSON: “Come, sir, let’s have no more of it. We offended one another by our contention; let us not offend the company by our compliments.”

“It was well managed,” said JOHNSON, of Mr. —— “to leave his affairs in the hands of his wife, because in matters of business no woman stops at integrity.” Says Boswell: “We talked of a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London; and I said, ‘We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.’” JOHNSON, who was angry: “Nay, sir, we’ll send you to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.” Dr. JOHNSON asked a young clergyman

what kind of parishioners he had in his new parish. “Sir,” replied the clergyman, “chiefly opulent, retired traders.” “A class, sir,” replied JOHNSON, “which I never much like ; for they have lost the civility of traders, without acquiring the manners of gentlemen.” “Trade,” he said, “could not be managed by those who manage it if it had much difficulty.” “A merchant,” he said, “may perhaps be a man of an enlarged mind ; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind.” Of sailors, he said : “No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a gaol ; for being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned.” Speaking of old maids, he said : “When females’ minds are embittered by age or solitude, their malignity is generally exerted in a vigorous and spiteful superintendence of domestic trifles.” “No man now,” said JOHNSON, “has the same authority as his father had—except a gaoler.” London he calls “the needy villain’s general home ; the common sewer of Paris and of Rome.”

At a dinner-party given by Garrick one Christ-

mas eve, it was stated by some one that Foote, who was then in Ireland, “had been horse-whipped by a Dublin apothecary for mimicking him on the stage.” “I wonder,” said Garrick, “that any man should show so much resentment to Foote; he has a patent for such liberties; nobody ever thought it worth his while to quarrel with him in London.” “I am glad,” said JOHNSON, “to find that the man is rising in the world.” This remark having been related to Foote, he let it be widely known that he would produce the “Caliban of literature” on the stage; Caliban of literature being a name given by Gilbert Cooper, whom JOHNSON in return dubbed “the Punchinello.” Being informed of Foote’s intention, JOHNSON sent word to him, “That the theatre being intended for the reformation of vice, he would step from the boxes on the stage, and correct him before the audience.” Foote, although a liar and a coward, knew JOHNSON’S veracity and courage, and abandoned the design.

A very talkative lady said to him one day—“Why, Doctor, I believe you prefer the company of men to that of ladies.” “Madam,” replied he, “I am

very fond of the company of ladies: I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence." Speaking of learned ladies he said "A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek." Boswell informed him one evening that he had been to hear a lady preach. "Sir," said JOHNSON, "a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." Of European ladies, he said that to die with husbands, or to live without them, are the two extremes which the prudence and moderation of European ladies have, in all ages, equally declined. Although JOHNSON did not like talkative ladies, he did not like silent ones. "A talking blackamoor," said he, "were better than a white creature who adds nothing to life, and by sitting down before one thus desperately silent, takes away the confidence one should have in the company of her chair, if she were once out of it."

When in Skye he lost his large oak stick, that stick which he held up on leaving Monboddo, say-

ing, “My lord, that is Homeric,” alluding to his lordship’s favourite poet. Boswell said that it might yet be found. Said JOHNSON, “I shall never see it more ; consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here.”

After JOHNSON’S return from the Hebrides, a Scotch gentleman, who resided in London, asked him in a firm tone of voice, what he thought of his country. “That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir,” answered Dr. JOHNSON. “Well, sir,” replied the other, somewhat mortified, “God made it.” “Certainly he did,” answered JOHNSON again ; “but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strachan, but God made H—— !”

We shall now consider a few of JOHNSON’S WITTY SAYINGS.

The difficulty is to know where to begin and where to end. In the few illustrations, however, which we will give, we shall confine ourselves to his sayings regarding Scotland and the Scotch.

It is generally asserted and believed that he had a bitter prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch. We do not believe it. We are inclined to believe that he had no malevolent feeling against that nation, his keen gibes regarding them being merely to point a joke in company, and as fun poked at Boswell. We could have wished, however, that many of his sayings against Scotchmen, which he meant as fun had been reported as such. He did kindly things to many Scotchmen. Indeed, nearly all his amanuenses engaged in the Dictionary were Scotchmen.

We shall begin the illustration of his wit by the inimitable Boswell himself, against whom he used often to play it off.

At a dinner-party JOHNSON happened to repeat the last verse of the "Dunciad." Boswell remarked that they were too fine for such a poem—a poem on what? "Why," said JOHNSON, "on dunces, to be sure. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, sir, had'st thou lived in those days." One evening in the Mitre, said Boswell—"Sometimes I have been in the humour of wishing to retire to a

desert." JOHNSON—"Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland." One day at Streatham Boswell remarked that England was obliged to Scotland for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen. "Why, sir," said JOHNSON, "that is because gardening is much more necessary amongst you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is all gardening with you. Things which grow wild here must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray, now," throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing, "are you ever able to bring the sloe to perfection?"

Another evening in the Mitre with Goldsmith and Boswell, Dr. John Campbell, the famous political and biographical writer, being mentioned, JOHNSON said, "Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles. I used to go pretty often to Campbell's on a Sunday evening, till I began to consider that the shoals of Scotchmen who flocked about him might probably say, when

anything of mine was well done, ‘Ay, ay, he has learnt this of Cawmell!’”

Said a Scotch lady one day to JOHNSON—“Doctor, in your Dictionary you define oats to be ‘the food of men in Scotland and of horses in England.’ Now, I can assure you that our horses in Scotland get oats, as well as yours in England.”“Madam,” replied JOHNSON with a sneer, “I am glad to know that in Scotland you are as kind to your horses as to yourselves.”

A Scotch lady of position one evening at a dinner party said to the Doctor that his dictionary was a great work, but that she was sorry to find a few naughty words in it. “Madam,” said JOHNSON, “I see that you must have been looking for them.” Of a certain deceased Scotch lady, from whom he had received some provocation, he said to Mrs. Thrale, “that she resembled a dead nettle.”“Were she alive,” said he, “she would sting.” Speaking of Scotch learning, he said “it was like bread in a besieged town ; every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal.” “A Scotchman,” he said, “must be a very sturdy moralist who does

not love Scotland better than truth." He greatly admired George Buchanan, the historian. A Scotch gentleman asked him one evening in company what he had to say of him? After a pause, JOHNSON said: "Sir, I will say of him as a Scotchman, what I would not say of him were he an Englishman, that he is the only man of genius that his country ever produced." He also admitted and admired the ability of Lord Mansfield, who it seems had been sent very early to be educated in England. At a dinner party, one of the company (Boswell we presume), reminded JOHNSON that Mansfield, whom he so much admired, was a Scotchman. "Ay, sir," said JOHNSON, "much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young." Foote on one occasion conversing with the Doctor, mentioned that there was not so many Scotchmen in London now as formerly. "No, sir," said JOHNSON, "you are certainly wrong in your belief; but I see how you are mistaken. You can't distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come here breeched of late years."

"On JOHNSON'S return from Scotland," says

Mrs. Thrale, "a particular friend of his was saying that, now he had a view of the country, he was in hopes that it would cure him of many prejudices against that nation." "Why, yes, sir," said the Doctor, "I have found out that gooseberries will grow there against a South wall, but the skins are so tough that it is death to the man who swallows one of them."

JOHNSON, however, could not only enjoy a joke at Scotland and the Scotch, but also at Ireland and the Irish. One evening at dinner, said an Irish gentleman (Burke we presume): "I suppose, sir, you think that Ireland is not worth seeing?" "Worth seeing?" said JOHNSON. "Yes; but not worth going to see." On another occasion, he said: "Sir, the Irish are a fair people, for they never speak well of one another." ✓



There is still another phase of JOHNSON's character closely allied to the foregoing, but which yet presents a distinctive element that has rarely, if ever received prominent notice. Perhaps we may best express it by the word COMICALITY.

This side of his character was best seen in the presence of pleasing mannered ladies, quick of understanding, such as the Countess of Cork, Miss Burney, Miss Hannah More, and Mrs. Thrale. Anxious to illustrate this phase of his character, Boswell made application to Miss Burney for her help. “Madam,” said Boswell, “You must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor’s. We have seen him long enough upon stilts,—I want to see him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the Graces across his brow; I want to show him as gay Sam, pleasant Sam ; so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself.” Inexpressibly sorry are we that she did not comply with that request. Another who might have assisted him was Mrs. Piozzi, but of course he would not deign to ask her help. We shall endeavour for a moment from this angle of light to illustrate this phase of his character. Through his life we have glimpses now and again of his comicality and joviality.

Once at midnight he heard a knocking at his chamber door. He answered it with a poker in his hand, and a wig upon his head. To his astonishment he found Beauclerk and Langton, who had called to get him out for a ramble. "It's you, you young dogs," said JOHNSON, "I'll have a frisk with you." They had a jovial night, which they ended in the morning in Covent Garden, helping the fruit-women to unload their carts and arrange their stalls. In Skye we find him saluting Flora Macdonald, and toying with other Highland beauties; at Streatham in competition with Thrale, leaping over drawing-room stools; reminding us of that German Count who one evening, being fascinated by the liveliness of the English, was found next morning by a friend in his room, with his coat off, perspiring greatly, jumping over backs of chairs. "Good God! Count!" said his friend, "what are you doing?" "Learning to be lively!" answered the Count.

On another occasion a party had assembled on the lawn at Streatham, when a sprightly young lady challenged any one present to run with her a

race. JOHNSON instantly took up the challenge ; they started, but finding that he was impeded by his unbuckled shoes, he kicked them off into the air, winning the race, and leading back the young lady by the hand in triumph, with nothing on his feet but stockings. Again we see him in the hunting-field, following the hounds, and greatly pleased when told by a groom that he rode as well as the most illiterate fellow in England. When on a visit to Bennet Langton's, one day when they had climbed a high hill behind the mansion house, JOHNSON suddenly emptied his pockets, laid himself down, and rolled from the top to the bottom of the hill. In his seventieth year when on a visit to Lichfield, we see him in the old school playground, throwing off his coat and wig, and jumping over a fence, across which he used to fly when a boy.

After all, however, the great danger is that in reviewing the sarcastic, witty, and comical phases which pervade the sayings and doings of JOHNSON, we may blind ourselves to that which is their peculiar feature—the shrewd, practical wisdom which lies at the bottom of them all. It is indeed

our conviction of their intellectual originality which has mainly induced us to issue such a work as this. The amusement lies on the surface ; underneath there is a well-spring of deep, serious thought.


JOHNSON was unrivalled not only in Wit and Comicality, but in WISDOM.

His sayings are not only thoroughly original, but many of them are startlingly strong. We have often to pause and reflect before the shock permits us to analyse their truth or falsity. Yet we feel conscious that for us to attempt to explain, illustrate, or comment upon them, would be a work of supererogation. We shall, therefore, simply record a few of his wise sayings alphabetically, as there is no reason why one should be first, and another last, better than the letters which compose the alphabet :—

Affectation in Dying.—“ Hardly any man dies without affectation.”

Apologies.—“ Apologies are seldom of any use.”

Apology.—“There are occasions on which all apology is rudeness.”

Applause.—“The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.”

Churchmanship.—“It is dangerous to be of no church.”

Grace at Meat.—“A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow.”

Gratitude.—“Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation ; you do not find it among gross people.”

Hereditary.—“Neither our virtues nor our vices are all our own.”

History.—“All history was at first oral.”

“An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long.”

Good Humour.—“All good humour and complaisance are acquired.”

Idleness.—“To be idle is to be vicious.”

Idler.—“Every man is, or hopes to be, an idler.”

“Ignorance is a subject for pity, not for laughter.”

Intentions.—“Hell is paved with good intentions.”

City Life.—“In a city it is possible to obtain at the same time the gratification of society, and the secrecy of solitude.”

Madness.—“Madness is occasioned by too much indulgence of the imagination.”

Marrying for Love.—“It is commonly a weak man who marries for love.”

A merchant.—“A merchant may perhaps be a man of enlarged mind, but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind.”

Moroseness.—“With some people gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down.”

Music.—“Music is the only sensual qualification without vice.”

Oddness.—“Nothing odd will do long.”

Parsons.—“The merriment of parsons is mighty offensive.”

Patriotism.—“Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.”

Pedantry.—“Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning.” 

Place for Everything.—“A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden.”

Pleasing Others.—“We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody.”

Praise.—“Praise is to an old man an empty sound.”

Praise.—“Praise may be always omitted without inconvenience.”

Pride.—“Pride is undeniably the original of anger.”

Reading.—“You can never be wise unless you love reading.”

Refinement.—“Life will not bear refinement, you must do as other people do.”

Regret.—“What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.”

Reproof.—“Reproof should not exhaust its power upon petty failings.”

Riches.—“Riches very seldom make their owner richer.”

Sermons.—“The composition of sermons is not very difficult.”

The Sick.—“It is so very difficult for a sick man not to be a scoundrel.”

Sickness from Home.—“How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick.”

Sleep.—“Sleep is equally a leveller with death.”

Definition of Soul.—“The power of thinking.”

The Stage.—“The Stage but echoes back the public voice.”

Study—“Study requires solitude, and solitude

is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves."

Temptation.—"There is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any man."

Trade.—"Trade could not be managed by those who manage it, if it had much difficulty."

Translation.—'Poetry cannot be translated; and therefore it is the poets that preserve the languages."

Usury.—"The law against usury is for the protection of creditors; as well as debtors."

Freedom of the Will.—"All theory is against the freedom of the will; all experience for it."

For further illustration of his wisdom—Philosophy "speaking on the side of morality"—we must refer our readers to the Aphorisms in the following pages, where they will not merely find "the drippings of his lips, but the history of his mind." Meanwhile, we venture to say that in the whole range of literature it will be difficult to find anything to surpass the practical wisdom and sound philosophy which is contained in the "sententious brevity" of these sayings.

Before bringing our biographical sketch to a close, we deem it necessary to correct certain erroneous notions which have been afloat regarding JOHNSON.

A very common one is that he had a mighty intellect, but a little heart ; that his head was great, but his heart small. A more tender-hearted and affectionate man never breathed than SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Let us glance for a moment at a few of the kindly phases of his character.

We see him buying oysters for his white cat Hodge, and providing an annuity for his black servant Frank ; in the days of his poverty scattering coppers to the ragged host, poorer than himself, that waited for his coming ; and at midnight, on his way home, putting pennies into the hands of children sleeping on thresholds, that they might have the wherewithal to purchase a breakfast. We see him in tears when he heard of Beauclerc's fatal illness, and hear him say, with a voice faltering with emotion, that he would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save him ; kneeling in

prayer at the bedside of the old woman who nursed him, kissing her, and in tears, parting in hope that they would meet again in heaven.

In his fortieth year, out of love for his dead wife, studying in a garret, because in that room only he had never seen Mrs JOHNSON ; in his sixtieth year weeping over the death of his mother, and writing his "Rasselas" to pay her funeral expenses ; in his seventieth, standing at Uttoxeter market at the time of high business, with his head uncovered in the pelting rain, that he might expiate an offence against a dead father ; in tears embracing Boswell when they parted for the last time ; standing at the grave of Goldsmith with head uncovered, weeping like a child ; writing in tears those immortal verses, "finer than anything in Pope's sepulchral poetry, unsurpassed by anything in the moral muse," commemorating the death of his old friend and "physician in ordinary," Surgeon Levett—

" Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend ;

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In mis'ry's darkest cavern known,
His useful cure was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die."

And at last, as he lay a-dying, breathing out blessing upon friend and foe, his last recorded words were, "God bless you ;" and the record of his great life closed. From all this we see that SAMUEL JOHNSON had not only a strong mind, but a tender and deeply affectionate nature.

Another erroneous notion afloat concerning JOHNSON is, that he was SUPERSTITIOUS.

" But who," as Bishop Horne says, " shall exactly ascertain to us what superstition is? The Romanist is charged with it by the Church of England man ; the Churchman by the Presbyterian ; the Presby-

terian by the Independent ; all by the Deist ; and the Deist by the Atheist. With some it is superstitious to pray ; with others, to receive the sacrament ; with others, to believe in God."

We grant that JOHNSON'S piety on some occasions might seem to border on the superstitious. Many men think that piety is another name for superstition. He would sometimes rise suddenly from the dinner-table, and go behind the window curtains, and ejaculate a short but fervent prayer, reminding us of that poet of whom he himself said :—" My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street or in any other unusual place. Now, although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Miss Reynolds writes :—" I believe no one has described his extraordinary gestures or antics with his hands and feet, particularly when passing over the threshold of a door, or rather before he would

venture to pass through any door. But it was not only at the entrance of a door that he exhibited such strange manners, but across a room, or in the street with company, he has stopped on a sudden, as if he had recollected his task, and began to perform it there, and when he had finished, hasten to his companion—who probably had walked on before—with an air of great satisfaction that he had done his duty.” This is her narrative, clearly implying that these antics were performed through superstition. We believe that they were caused by a kind of St. Vitus’s dance. Let us hear how Tom Tyers, an intimate friend of JOHNSON for thirty years, confutes Miss Reynolds. Speaking of JOHNSON’S gesticulations, he says that “he was to the last a convulsionary. He has often stepped aside to let nature do what she would with him. His gestures, which were a degree of St. Vitus’s dance, in the street attracted the notice of many. I have often looked another way, as the companions of Peter the Great were used to do while he was under the short paroxysm.” Well might JOHN-

SON say that “many ladies had a laxity of narration.”

But Lord Macaulay sneers almost contemptuously at JOHNSON’S seeming belief in apparitions. JOHNSON, however, according to Boswell’s account, did not positively believe in them ; the question was simply in suspense. But even if he did, where is the mighty harm ? If departed spirits exist at all why not on earth ? But apart from the merits of that question, let us consider for a moment Macaulay’s misstatement as to JOHNSON’S credulity. Macaulay writes :—“ The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices.” Again he says :—“ JOHNSON was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not merely odd, but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical. . . . He related with a grave face* how old Mr. Cave of St.

* How did Macaulay know that JOHNSON’S face was grave ?

Johnsgate* saw a ghost. He went himself on a ghost hunt to Cock-lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance."

Our contention is that JOHNSON was not angry at John Wesley for not testing the evidence of the ghost story, but for believing the story without testing the evidence. We submit that Boswell's account of this ghost story bears out our assertion. Speaking of John Wesley, JOHNSON said : " He can talk well on any subject." Boswell : " Pray, sir, what has he made of his story of a ghost ?" JOHNSON : " Why, sir, he believes it ; but not on sufficient authority. Charles Wesley, who is a more stationary man, does not believe the story. I am sorry that John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it." Macaulay must have mistaken Boswell for JOHNSON in this matter, since Boswell says : " Mr. Wesley believed it, but JOHNSON did not give it credit. I was, however, desirous to examine the question closely."

* JOHNSON did not say that printer Cave saw a ghost, but that Cave *said* he saw a ghost.

We believe the only ground which he gave to the world for giving credence to such a report was the fact that "he was willing to believe in a supernatural agency, and thought it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men." "The ghost question," he says, "is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding." Says Boswell: "We talked one day of belief in ghosts." JOHNSON said: "Sir, make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. If a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour,—a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing,—and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should in that case be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

On another occasion, JOHNSON said of appar-

tions : "It is wonderful that five thousand years have elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it ; but all belief is for it." "A total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day."

One of the most gifted, cultured, and acute minds of the present age remarked to us recently that the logical belief of immortality depended much on the answer which we get to this deep and hitherto mysterious subject. If our readers will take the trouble to consult the pages of a late "Contemporary Review," they will find a scientific paper there on this subject by the Bishop of Carlisle, and they will be startled to find the resemblance between the guesses at truth of JOHNSON, and the stern logical facts brought to bear by his Lordship on this mysterious subject.

It was not superstition, then, that kept JOHNSON'S mind in suspense as to the question of apparitions, but a reverential desire to establish by

proof a direct communication between this and the invisible world, that the doctrine of immortality, to which he ever clung, might be placed beyond the shadow of doubt. When Dr. Adams asked : “Have we not evidence enough of the soul’s immortality?” JOHNSON replied, “I wish for more.”

But it was not in this particular alone that Lord Macaulay, we regret to say, did great injustice to the memory of JOHNSON. His famous essay on JOHNSON is seemingly the production of a “bottomless Whig” writing the “life” of the last of the Tories. Wherever that eloquent essay is read, a wrong is done to our hero. Doubtless he made partial reparation in his “Life,” but no injury once done can ever be recalled. It would be a work of supererogation to trace the errors and misstatements of Macaulay regarding JOHNSON. Carlyle has, in his own splendid way, overturned some of these misstatements.

We shall, however, glance at one or two which he has overlooked. For instance, in his essay Macaulay states that, “as soon as JOHNSON took his pen in his hand to write

for the public, his style became systematically vicious." In his "Life" he retracts many of these sweeping and unjust assertions, and now recognises their beauty, eloquence, and power. We hear him for instance saying, regarding JOHNSON'S "Life of Savage," "that no finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language living or dead, and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author is destined to become the founder of a new school of English literature."

Another gross misstatement of Macaulay is regarding JOHNSON'S opinion of travel and of history. Macaulay writes: "of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance." Now, Boswell says—"He talked with uncommon animation of travelling into distant countries, that the mind was enlarged by it, and that an acquisition of dignity of character was derived from it."

In order to assist our readers in forming a conclusion as to these conflicting statements, we shall for a moment examine the evidence.

and illustration which Macaulay gives for his sweeping assertion. "What does a man learn by travel? Is Beauclerc the better for travelling? What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels except that there was a snake in the pyramids of Egypt?" In these sentences his lordship has strangely jumbled together a question of Boswell with that of JOHNSON, so that although Macaulay has placed the sentences in inverted commas, as if they were accurately quoted, they are really not so. But this quotation, besides being confused, is unfair. It has been abbreviated so as to leave out the clause which qualifies the whole statement. We must be permitted to give the quotation in full as recorded by Boswell :—"Time may be employed to more advantage, from nineteen to twenty-four, almost in any way than travelling. When you set travelling against mere negation, against doing nothing, it is better to be sure; but how much more would a young man improve were he to study during these years. How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled? How little to Beauclerc?" Boswell :

"What say you to Lord ——(Charlemont)?" JOHNSON: "I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and that was of a large serpent in one of the pyramids of Egypt." From this it is evident that JOHNSON had no contempt for travelling, but seemed to think a young man from nineteen to twenty-four might be better employed in storing his mind, in order to prepare him for receiving the full advantage of travelling. He once remarked that "he who would carry home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him."

Indeed, so far from JOHNSON having "a fierce and boisterous contempt of travelling," we find him enthusiastically fond of it in every period of his life. We hear him, when a lad at Oxford, saying to himself, "Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua, and I'll mind my business, for an Athenian blockhead is the worst of all blockheads."

We see him again, in his sixty-fourth year, journeying through the wilds of the Highlands of

Scotland, at considerable inconvenience to himself. In his sixty-eighth year anxious to visit the Baltic. In his seventieth year we find him arranging to travel abroad with the Thrales, and hear him saying “we must to be sure see Rome, Florence, and Venice, and as much more as we can.” Macaulay is judiciously silent, however, in not giving any illustration in proof of what he asserts, that JOHNSON spoke “of history with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance.”

History seems to be a very tender point with Macaulay ; indeed, from the form of his sentence, he seems angry. What remark of JOHNSON could have offended him ? Let us try to find out. On one occasion JOHNSON observed that all history was at first oral ; that assertion could give no offence. Again, he remarks, “that there is more thought in the moralist than the historian. There is but a shallow stream of thought in history.” Boswell : “But surely, sir, a historian has reflection.” JOHNSON : “Why, yes, sir ; and so has a cat when she catches a mouse for her kitten.” Again, says JOHNSON, “we must consider how very

little history there is. I mean real authentic history. That certain kings reign and certain battles are fought, we can depend upon as true ; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history, is conjecture." Gibbon, the famous historian, was present when these observations were made, and did not venture to contradict them. Is it possible that these remarks, which gave no offence to Gibbon, England's greatest historian, could give offence even to Macaulay.

But to return from this digression.

Another popular notion is that JOHNSON was NOT POLITE. This too is erroneous. He was called by some a "savage." "They were only so far right in the resemblance, as that like the savage, he never came into suspicious company without his club in his hand and his bow and quiver at his back."

Others called him a "bear." Mrs. Boswell said that she had often heard of a man leading a bear, but she had never before heard of a man being led

by a bear. Her husband tells of a ludicrous scene in Skye. The day was wet, and the ride to Sligachan Inn was long and dreary; JOHNSON was in bad humour; now growling and grumbling, and then falling into a reverie, out of which he would awake and anxiously wish they were at their journey's end. Boswell says that it was a scene beyond description to see the Highland gillie try to amuse JOHNSON, whom he thought to be a kind of imbecile or half lunatic, by crying out, “Toctor, toctor, see, see ; there's a goat ; it no be far noo, toctor. See, there is a ‘teer,’” clapping his hands to startle them, like a nurse with a rattle trying to soothe a child. Little, says Boswell, did the poor Highlander know the man that he was trying by his simple cunning to amuse ; and well may we say of Mrs. Boswell, that little did she know the man whom she was flippantly trying to ridicule. Well might it be said of her what JOHNSON himself once said to Goldsmith with a little temper, “Sir, you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you.” Doubtless, however, Mrs. Boswell's idea of JOHNSON was a common one—that

he was a "bear." "But," says Goldsmith, "JOHNSON was not a 'bear'; he had only the skin of one." When earnest in debate he might sometimes "look like one, and even roar like one, but it was often the roar of affection;" because he believed that some sacred thing dear to his own soul and precious to humanity, was in danger.

Yet Macaulay writes—"His active benevolence contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society." But Carlyle writes—"Few men on record had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old SAMUEL."

Macaulay's criticism is very much like that of the Irish gentleman who said, "Dr. JOHNSON is not much of a fine gentleman, indeed; but a clever fellow—a deal of knowledge—got a deuced good understanding."

Doubtless, the fact that England's greatest scholar, philosopher, and guide, was allowed to live on fourpence-halfpenny a day; to write in ragged garments behind screens; to sign himself to Cave, "I am, sir, yours, 'Impransus';" to walk the lonely

city streets without a lodging ; with no one to purchase his "London," which gave him immortality ; to allow the great lexicographer to be threatened with arrestment for the debt of a few paltry pounds ; all this could not tend to make JOHNSON in tone sweet and gentle. "In my young days," he says, "it is true I was inclined to treat mankind with asperity and contempt ; as I have advanced in life I have had more reason to be satisfied with it. Mankind have treated me with more kindness, and of course I have more kindness for them." There is such a thing as righteous indignation and anger without sin ; and these feelings JOHNSON sometimes exhibited when he encountered impertinence, uncharitableness, hypocrisy, and untruth ; but all he did was gentle, if all he said was rough." Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton, said "JOHNSON, was the only man that did justice to my good breeding ; and you may observe," said he to Mrs. Thrale, "that I am well bred to a degree of needless scrupulosity. No man is so cautious not to interrupt another. No man thinks it so necessary to appear attentive when others are speaking ; no man so

steadily refuses preference to himself, or so willingly bestows it on another, as I do ; nobody holds so strongly as I do the necessity of ceremony, and the ill effects which follow the breach of it ; yet people think me rude, but Barnard did me justice." Indeed, he had a great regard for politeness, and preferred ceremony to ease. "When he entered a room, and everybody rose to do him honour, he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy."

We think that his defective sight and hearing might have suggested to Macaulay and others many apologies for his seeming want of politeness. "He had not the aid of those delicate but significant expressions of the countenance which tend to regulate the manners of the polite ;" nor did he hear the boisterousness of his own voice, which seemed to others to be dogmatic and imperious, and which conduced to fix upon his character the stigma of ill-breeding. Well might he say, "I look upon myself as a man very much misunderstood. I am not an uncandid, nor am I a severe man. I sometimes say more than

I mean in jest ; and people are apt to believe me serious." Now we do not say that he was in manners gentle, "for gentleness is more than politeness ; more than love ; is anit expression on the face of love." That he never had, nor did he pretend to have. He had no compassion for sentimental miseries. "The sight of people," said he, "who want food and raiment is so common in great cities, that a surly fellow like me has no compassion to spare for wounds given only to vanity or softness." But he claimed to be polite, and with good reason too. "I look upon myself," said JOHNSON, "as a very polite man." And at a dinner party he said, to the astonishment of Gibbon and other guests, "that every man of education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces." Indeed, he was quite an authority in the art of politeness, and defined it to be "fictitious benevolence." His was not that artificial politeness taught in manuals of etiquette, and which makes society so "undelightfully uniform," as Ovid said of the sun. Not that "Phari-saical Brummellean" politeness, which, as Carlyle

says, would suffer crucifixion rather than ask twice for soup. No, his was genuine politeness ; the effect of which, as he tells us in the "Rambler," seems to be rather ease than pleasure.

Whether we look at him insisting on rising at Lord Monboddo's as the ladies were retiring from the dinner table ; or with the utmost gallantry handing his lady visitors into their carriages ; or saying to England's great actress, as she entered his chairless studio, "Madam, wherever you go, you see there are no seats to be got ;" or conversing in the royal library with his king and sovereign —in it all we recognise true genuine politeness—"the politeness of a man who knows the dignity of a man, and feels his own." To us, as Carlyle says, with our view of the man, it nowise appears strange that he should have boasted himself cunning in the laws of politeness ; nor, stranger still, habitually attentive to practise them. We read that the distinguished foreigners and strangers who visited the illustrious Pierre de Corneille, were disappointed to find that he was neither brilliant in conversation, nor polished in manners. Corneille's

friends, who were anxious “that he should appear as great in personal interviews, as in the regions of fame,” took occasion one day in his presence to enumerate a long list of what they considered his faults and failings. Corneille heard them with patience to the end, and with great good humour replied—“Gentlemen, all this may be very true; but notwithstanding this, I am still Pierre de Corneille.” As to the innumerable faults which a host of small critics, “who make it,” as JOHNSON himself says, “their amusement to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius—men who stand as sentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themselves upon giving ignorance and envy the first notice of a prey”—have brought against JOHNSON; we think he might, if he had been still alive, have replied to them: “Gentlemen, all this may be very true; but notwithstanding all this, I am still SAMUEL JOHNSON.”

In conclusion, we have now to consider his last illness and death. JOHNSON had always a dread of death; nor need we wonder. The idea that this ex-

quisite anatomy, that this all but perfect organisation should be buried out of sight, the nearest and dearest, and best beloved, not venturing to gaze at it any more, is not a pleasant thought to contemplate. "Death," said he, "to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful." One day glancing at a magazine, he saw the announcement of the death of a Samuel Johnson. "Oh," said he, "I hope death will now be glutted with 'Sam Johnsons', and let me alone for some time to come. I read of another namesake's departure last week."

"A man is a scoundrel," said JOHNSON, "who is afraid of anything." To this bold statement he made one exception with respect to the fear of death—"Timorum Maximus." To Mrs. Thrale he said, "I never thought confidence with respect to futurity any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. Bravery has no place when it can avail nothing." When a gentleman one evening in company said that he was confident that none present were afraid of death, "Speak for yourself, sir," said JOHNSON, "No sane mind

but is afraid of death. No rational mind can die without apprehension." "One day," says Boswell, "we spoke of death. Dr. JOHNSON on this subject observed that the boastings of some men as to dying easily were idle talk proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden's 'Cypress grove,' where it is said that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators." JOHNSON : "Yes, sir, if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again ; or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation ; for, however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all."

Sometimes in a lull of conversation those who

sat near his chair might hear him repeat the description of Claudia, in the "Merchant of Venice" of Shakespeare—" Ah ! but to die, and go we know not where ;" or from Milton—" Who would lose for fear of pain this intellectual being ?" or the couplet in the "Aureng-Zebe" of Dryden :—

" Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear,
To be we know not what, we know not where."

His dread of death was almost morbid. In his illness, he writes pathetically to a friend :—" I struggle hard for life. I take physic, and take air ; my friend's chariot is always ready. We have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more. But who can run the race with death ?" To another friend, he writes :—" I still continue by God's mercy to mend. My breath is easier, my nights are quieter, and my legs are less in bulk, and stronger in use. I have, however, a great deal to overcome before I can yet attain even an old man's health." On a lady reminding him of his approaching dissolution, with deep emotion and agitation, he said—" And this

is the voice of female friendship, I suppose, when the hand of the hangman would be softer." "Ay, ay," said he, "Swift knew the world pretty well when he said that—

"Some dire misfortune to portend ;
No enemy can match a friend.'"

In taking a retrospect of his life he said :—
"When I survey my past life, I discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of the mind, very near to madness, which I hope He that made me will suffer to extenuate many faults and excuse many deficiencies."

Says Boswell :—"As he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, 'An odd thought strikes me—we shall receive no letters in the grave.' His thoughts, in the latter part of his life, were frequently employed on his deceased friends. He often muttered these, or such like sentences : 'Poor man ! and then he died.'"

In his last illness he said, "I will be conquered ; I will not capitulate." Being asked what physician he had sent for, "Dr. Heberden," replied he, "ulti-

mum remanorum; the last of our learned physicians." Being desired to call in Dr. Warren, he said they might, if they pleased, and Warren was called. When going away, "You have come in," said JOHNSON, "at the eleventh hour, but you shall be paid the same with your fellow-labourers. Francis, put into Dr. Warren's coach a copy of the 'English Poets.'"

One morning when Dr. Warren hoped that he was better, his reply was, "No, sir; you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards my death." JOHNSON'S veracity was proverbial. "He always talked himself," says Izer, "as if he was talking upon oath." He would not allow a servant to use the phrase, "Not at home." He hated lying, whether to the eye or to the ear; but he especially hated lying to the sick. "I deny," said he, "the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear of alarming him. You have no business with consequences—you are to tell the truth. Besides, you are not sure what effect your telling him that he is in danger may have. It may bring his distemper to a crisis, and that may cure

him. Of all lying, I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has been frequently practised on myself."

A few days before his death he enjoined Dr. Brocklesby, as an honest man and a physician, to tell him how long he thought he had to live. Dr. Brocklesby asked whether he had firmness to bear the answer. DR. JOHNSON assured him that he had. Brocklesby answered, "a few days." "Then, sir," said JOHNSON, "I shall trouble myself no more with medicine, or medical advice ;" a resolution to which he adhered, refusing even to take as medicine inebriating sustenance, that his soul might pass unclouded to meet God. During the last few days of his life he destroyed many letters. His mother's he burned amid a flood of tears, examining the ashes to see whether a word was legible. What became of Miss Ashton's letters we know not ; we only know that he told Mrs. Thrale that they should be the last papers he should destroy ; adding, with a very faltering voice —

" Then from his closing eye the last part,
And the last pangs shall tear his heart ;

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er :
The muse forgot, and thou be loved no more."

JOHNSON was deeply religious. "It was dangerous," he said, "to be ~~of~~ ^{or} no Church." In an age of Rationalism, JOHNSON, the greatest scholar and philosopher of the age, was a Christian. France had its Voltaire, Scotland had its Hume, but England had its JOHNSON. The lofty consciousness of his own intellectuality might give him a haughty supercilious air before men, but in worship he was humble before God. "That church," says Carlyle, "of St. Clement Danes, where JOHNSON worshipped in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place." During his illness he set apart a day for fasting and humiliation and prayer. In the morning he gave Frank strict orders that no one was to be allowed to enter ~~his room~~ to interrupt his devotions, adding these awfully words to enforce his charge, "For your master is preparing himself to die." He called the ~~Sacrament~~ "the palladium of our religion." On ~~Sunday~~ the 5th December, the week before he died, he communicated for the last time. The room ~~was~~ quite filled with his friends.

The Rev. Mr. Strachan, who had been most assiduous in his attention to the illustrious invalid, dispensed the Communion, after which JOHNSON offered up one of the most eloquent prayers on record. When the Communion service was concluded, he said pathetically that he dreaded to meet God in a state of idiotcy, or with opium in his head, and that having now communicated with the effects of a dose upon him, he doubted whether his exertions were the genuine operations of his mind. After he retired into his own chamber he said to Mr. Ryland, "I have taken my Viaticum ; I hope I shall arrive safe at the end of my journey and be accepted at last."

To Brocklesby, he said—"You are a worthy man, and my friend, but I am afraid you are not a Christian." To Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said that he had three favours to beg of him—"Never to paint on a Sunday ; to forgive him thirty pounds which he had lent him, as he wanted to leave them to a distressed family ; and that he would read the Bible whenever he had an opportunity." Sir Joshua gave him his hand, and "promised to

gratify him in all." To a friend who was praising what he had done, he replied : "Don't compliment now." Shortly before he died, he said that the bitterness of death was past; "I have got the irradiation of hope." With tears he implored his friends, who lingered anxiously around his bedside, to attend to their eternal welfare ; reminding them "that it was the dying request of a friend who had no other way of paying the large obligations he owed them, but by this advice." The Monday on which he died, a young lady called to entreat his blessing. Frank, the faithful servant, took her upstairs to his master's room. When the Doctor turned himself in the bed, and said, "God bless you, my dear." These were the last words he spoke. Shortly after, he fell into a sound sleep. Towards the evening, the attendants heard his breathing cease ; they looked, and found that SAMUEL JOHNSON was no more. "JOHNSON is dead, let us go to the next best—there is nobody. No man can be said to put us in mind of JOHNSON."

In every phase of life he stands unique. We see

him a boy, borne in triumph to school on the backs of his playfellows ; the surly boy in anger at Oxford ; flinging the presented shoes ; leaving the city of his birth with nothing in his pocket but a tragedy to recommend him in that “mighty Babylon, which one day was to be filled with his fame ;” in righteous indignation knocking down bookseller Osbourn, because he had insulted him. Next, we see him struggling for bare existence, “harnessed to printer Cave,” writing in ragged garments behind screens, under the signature “Impranus ;” walking with Savage the lonely city streets, as Carlyle says, without bed, yet not without friendly converse, and such conversation as was not producable in the proudest drawing-room of London. We hear him conversing as the great lexicographer and author in the royal library with his king and sovereign ; we behold him journeying through Scotland like a prince or conqueror, every ducal and baronial mansion thrown open to receive him. Now as the helper of half-starved authors ; now as writer of that world-renowned letter which rang the death-knell of patronage in literature. We see

him when dying refusing to take inebriating sustenance, that his soul might pass unclouded to meet God. Finally, we see the record of his great life close amid benediction and blessing, his last words being, "God bless you." In all this, SAMUEL JOHNSON stands unique.

The leading attributes of his life may be summed up in a few words.

He was the personification of vital force, indomitable strength, resistless energy, imperative command. His chief characteristic was that of *will*. Wherever he moved, he moved as a law-giver. Whenever he spoke, he spoke as a dictator. We can almost fancy that we see him, with the bushy grey wig, the brown coat with the metal buttons, the black silk stockings, and the silver buckles on his shoes ; and hear his stentorian voice, and feel crushed by his final assertion, "I tell you it is not, sir."

Although dead for a century, JOHNSON exercises a mighty influence still over the thought and literature of this age. Lord Macaulay says that JOHN-

SON now exists only as a memory. He is infinitely more than that ; if we do not mightily mistake, the life of JOHNSON is the link of transition by which the literature of the last century has developed into that of our own. No man would for a moment imagine that Thomas Carlyle exists only as a memory. He, if any man, can represent our nineteenth century thought ; and, if we are right, SAMUEL JOHNSON was that apostle from whom Carlyle received his literary ordination. The hero worship of Carlyle is a type thoroughly JOHNSONIAN, a type which, without the shadow of a doubt, was first suggested to Carlyle by the person of JOHNSON himself. For generations JOHNSON stood unique ; but since our modern prophet founded the school of hero worship, JOHNSON is no longer unique. The hero worship of Carlyle is that which in SAMUEL JOHNSON was a peculiarity : the worship of force as distinguished from moral suasion, of authority as distinguished from persuasion. JOHNSON is the Carlyle of last century—Carlyle is the JOHNSON of this.

They had much in common. JOHNSON lived in

an age of Rationalism, and Carlyle in an age of German idealism, yet both stood heroically by the altar of truth. Both preached the same gospel. What was the gospel that JOHNSON preached? "Clear your mind of cant." "Work, for the night cometh." This was the identical gospel which Thomas Carlyle preached so eloquently. If, as cannot be denied, the gospel of Carlyle has permeated this century; and if the gospel of Carlyle was itself handed down by tradition from the life and work of JOHNSON, it is hardly possible to estimate the amount of vital power which the latter still exerts.

The dictator of that brilliant circle which contained Burke, the greatest orator, and Goldsmith, the greatest writer, and Warburton, the greatest scholar, and Reynolds, the greatest painter, and Garrick, the greatest actor of the century in which they lived,—still rules the tendencies of our nineteenth century literature,—still forms the point of union between our literature and "the world of busy street and bustling mart."

On the 22nd day of December, 1784, a century

ago this very year, a large troop of friends—a splendid and representative company—followed him to his “last mansion” in Westminster Abbey, where England’s noblest sons find sepulture. They laid him appropriately to rest “under the shadow of Shakespeare’s monument,” with Garrick on his right hand, and Goldsmith opposite. And it is one of the dearest memories of our life, that a few months before the death of the late Dean Stanley, we received from his hands the Sacrament of the Supper, kneeling within a few feet of the spot where reposed all that is mortal of that right royal man, who, as Carlyle says, was “Ruler of the British nation for a time; not over men, but in them”—England’s great Moralist—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A P H O R I S M S.



P R E F A C E.

THERE is a great power in texts ; they have often produced an influence upon a man's life, nay even on a nation's life ; but it is a mistake to suppose that there are no texts but Bible ones. All Aphorisms are texts, and therefore more than mere individual sayings ; they are the generalised expressions of many human experiences, as doctrines are the crystallised forms of the faith of many souls.

We have thought it worth while to collect a series of such, from the works of him, who as Carlyle says, "was the true spiritual edifier and soul's father of all England ; who was, and till very lately continued to be, the man named SAMUEL JOHNSON, who for some three-quarters of a century has been the prophet of the English ; the man by whose light the English people, in

public and in private, more than by any other man's, have guided their existence."

JOHNSON'S sympathies were universal with all departments of life and thought, and therefore men of all tastes and pursuits will find in his Aphorisms much that is at once interesting and instructive.

We venture to think that these Aphorisms will supply a desideratum in literature, considering that there are not more than half-a-dozen books of Aphorisms in the English language. We have arranged them alphabetically, that the work of reference may be an easy one. These have been gathered from many recondite sources, with great labour; but the labour has been a pleasure, which no amount of criticism can augment or diminish.

We now dismiss them with "frigid tranquility," venturing to think that it will hardly be disputed by any one whose knowledge of literature makes his opinion at all valuable, that these Aphorisms form one of the richest treasures for intellectual thought that has yet been discovered in the world of literature.

A P H O R I S M S .

Abuse It is better a man should be abused than forgotten.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 181.

Abuse *Newspaper* They sting one, but as a fly stings a horse ; and the eagle will not catch flies.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 186.

Adventitious *Accomplishments* Adventitious accomplishments may be possessed by all ranks, but one may easily distinguish the *born gentlewoman*.—Life. Maxwell's *Collectanea*, 1770.

Young Acquaintance I love the young dogs of this age ; they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had ; but then the dogs are not so good scholars.—Life. Maxwell's *Collectanea*, 1770.

✓ *Morality of an Action* The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar, with the intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good ; but, with respect to me, the action is bad.—Life. May 24, 1763.

^{Pulpit Action} In the pulpit, little action can be proper, for action can illustrate nothing. Theology has few topics to which action can be appropriated.—*The Idler*, No. 90.

^{Action in Speaking} Action can have no effect upon reasonable minds. It may augment noise, but it never can enforce argument. If you speak to a dog, you use action: you hold up your hand thus, because he is a brute; and in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have the less influence upon them.—*Life*. April 3, 1773.

^{Admiration} As a man advances in life he gets what is better than admiration—judgment to estimate things at their own value.—*Life*. April 16, 1775.

^{Adversity} ✓ Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, being free from flatterers.—*Rambler*, No. 28.

^{Advice} ✓ Advice is offensive, because it shows us that we are known to others, as well as to ourselves.—*Rambler*, No. 155.

^{Good Advice} ✓ Few things are so liberally bestowed, or squandered with so little effect, as good advice.—*Rambler*, No. 87.

^{Distribution of Affection} ✓ To love all men is our duty; but to love all equally is impossible.—*Rambler*, No. 99.

^{Affection more than Empire} It is always necessary to be loved, but not always necessary to be reverenced.—Rambler, No. 188. ✓

^{Affectation in Dying.} Hardly any man dies without affectation.—Journal to the Hebrides. Collectanea by Boswell. Nov. 11.

^{Affliction} To grieve for evils is often wrong; but it is much more wrong to grieve without them.—Letter No. 192, to Mrs. Piozzi.

^{✓ Old Age} The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy, in tracing back, at some distant time, those transactions and events through which they have passed together. One of the old man's miseries is, that he cannot easily find a companion able to partake with him of the past.—Letter to Saunders Welch. Feb. 3, 1778.

^{Old Age} It is a man's own fault, it is from want of use, if his mind grows torpid in old age.—Life. April 9, 1778.

^{✓ Bluntedness of Old Age} In the decline of life shame and grief are of short duration.—Rasselais, ch. iv.

^{Dependence in Old Age} There is nothing against which an old man should be so much upon his guard as putting himself to nurse.—Life. March 26, 1776.

^{✓ Old Age and Youth} The old man pays regard to riches; the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence: the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance.—Rasselais, ch. xxiv.

^{Agriculture} ✓ If we estimate dignity by immediate usefulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science.—Rambler, No. 145.

^{Disappointed Ambition} Names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents shrink at last into cloisters and colleges.—Rambler.

^{Universality of Ambition} ✓ Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation.—Rambler, No. 164.

^{Worldly Ambition} ✓ Power and superiority are so flattering and delightful, that scarcely any virtue is so cautious, or any prudence so timorous, as to decline them.—Rambler, No. 114.

^{The Americans} The Americans are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging.—Life. March 21, 1775.

^{Animal and Vegetable Substances} All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetable.—Tour to the Hebrides. September 16.

^{Annihilation} It is in the apprehension of it that the horror of annihilation consists.—Life. April 15, 1778.

✓ ^{Mental Antagonisms} It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness.—Rambler, No. 104.

✓ Anticipation The pleasure of expecting enjoyment, is often greater than that of obtaining it.— ✓
Rambler, No. 71.

✓ Improvidence Whatever advantage we snatch beyond a
of Anticipation certain portion allotted to us by nature, is like
money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular
payment will be missed and regretted.

✓ Joy of Anticipation The natural flights of the human mind are
not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope
to hope.—Rambler, No. 2. ✓

Apology There are occasions on which all apology
is rudeness.—Rambler, No. 153. ✓

Apologies Apologies are seldom of any use.—Life.

Apparitions It is undecided whether or not there has
ever been an instance of the spirit of any
person appearing after death. All argument is against it ;
but all belief is for it.—Life. March 31, 1778.

Apparitions A total disbelief of them is adverse to the
opinion of the existence of the soul between
death and the last day.—Life.

Applause The applause of a single human being is
of great consequence.—Life. Collections of
of Johnson's Sayings, by Langton, 1780.

Applause and Admiration Applause and admiration are by no means
to be counted among the necessities of life,

and therefore, any indirect acts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compassion.—Rambler, No. 20.

✓ ^{Danger of} _{Applause} None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood.—
✓ Rambler, No. 104.

Argument and ^{Testimony} Argument is argument. You cannot help paying regard to their arguments, if they are good. If it were testimony you might disregard it. There is a beautiful image in Bacon, upon this subject : Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child.—Life. May 19, 1784.

✓ ^{Aseticism} The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.—Rasselias, ch. xxi.

Local ^{Associations} To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses ; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—Journey to the Hebrides, October 19.

Attention It is natural for those that have much within to think little on things without ; but whoever lives heedlessly lives but in a mist, perpetually deceived by false appearances of the past, without any certain reliance or recollection.—Letter to Mrs. Piozzi, No. 324.

The Pride of No person goes under-dressed till he Mean Attire thinks himself of consequence enough to forbear carrying the badge of his rank upon his back.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 109.

The best part of an author will always be An Author found in his writings.—Anecdotes by Sir John Hawkins.

A Successful A successful author is equally in danger of Author the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceases to write. The regard of the public is not to be kept but by tribute : yet in every new attempt there is hazard.

Attacks on It is advantageous to an author that his Authors book should be attacked as well as praised. A man who tells me my play is very bad, is less my enemy than he who lets it die in silence. A man whose business it is to be talked of, is much helped by being attacked.

Attacks on Every attack produces a defence ; and so Authors attention is engaged. There is no sport in mere praise, when people are all of a mind.—Journal, October 1,

^{Importance of}
^{Authors.} The chief glory of every people arises from
 its authors.—Preface to English Dictionary,
 ch. xi., p. 227.

✓ ^{Authors and}
^{Lovers} Authors and lovers always suffer some in-
 fatuation, from which only absence can set
 ✓ them free.—Rambler, No. 169.

^{Authors and}
^{Prefaces} Those who profess to teach the way
 to happiness, have multiplied our incum-
 brances, and the author of almost every book retards his
 instructions by a preface.—Preliminary Discourse to
 the London Chronicle, ch. ix., p. 369.

^{Authorship} What a mass of confusion should we have,
 if every Bishop, and every Judge, every
 Lawyer, Physician, and Divine, were to write books.—
 Life. Sept. 21, 1777.

^{Authorship} Many people have written who might
 have let it alone. That people should
 endeavour to excel in conversation I do not wonder,
 because in conversation praise is instantly reverberated.—
 Journal.

^{Art of}
^{Authorship} The two most engaging powers of an author
 are to make new things familiar, and familiar
 things new.

^{Personality}
ⁱⁿ
^{Authorship} Writers commonly derive their reputation
 from their works: but there are works which
 owe their reputation to the character of the writer.—
 Lives of the Poets. Granville.

Authority Lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed.

Avarice Avarice is the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition.—Rambler, No. 151. ✓

Avarice Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.—Idler, No. 73.

Avarice Whoever lays up his penny rather than part with it for a cake, at least is not the slave of gross appetite; and shows besides a preference, always to be esteemed, of the future to the present moment.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 153.

Avarice You despise a man for avarice; but you do not hate him.—Rambler.

A Baby One can scarcely help wishing, while one fondles a baby, that it may never live to become a man; for it is *so* probable that when it becomes a man, he should be sure to end in a *scoundrel*.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 273.

Old Bachelors They that have grown old in a single state are morose, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own practices and maxims; soon offended by

contradiction or negligence; and impatient of any association, but with those that will watch their nod, and submit themselves to unlimited authority.—Rambler, No. 112.

A Bargain A bargain is a wager of skill between man and man.

Bashfulness No cause more frequently produces bashfulness than too high an opinion of our own importance.—Rambler, No. 159.

Bashfulness Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.—Rambler, No. 159.

Keeping to One's Beat Divide and conquer, is a principle equally just in science as in policy.—Rambler, No. 137.

Beauty Beauty—a quality to which solicitude can add nothing; and from which, detraction can take nothing away.—Rasselias, ch. xxv.

Beauty Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed and undelightful.

Supreme Beauty Supreme beauty is seldom found in cottages or workshops, even where no real hardships are suffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate by placidness of content or consciousness of superiority.—Journey to the Western Islands, p. 72.

Lying Awake in Bed The happiest part of a man's life is what he passes lying awake in bed in the morning.
—Journal. October 24.

Beggars in the Street A beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man*, though there should be no marks of wealth in his appearance, than from even a well-dressed *woman*.—Life. Collectanea by Langton, 1780.

A Fallible Being Few have all kinds of merit belonging to their character. We must not examine matters too deeply. *A fallible being will fail somewhere.*
—Life. Maxwell's Collectanea, 1770.

Benevolence To act from pure *benevolence* is not possible for finite beings. Human benevolence is mingled with vanity, interest, or some other motive.—Life.

Benevolence If a man were to feel no incentives to kindness more than his general tendency to congenial nature, Babylon or London, with all their multitudes, would have to him the desolation of a wilderness.—Rambler, No. 99.

Benevolence and Experience The laws of social benevolence require that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience.—Rambler, No. 174.

Biography Biography is, of the various kinds of narrative writing, that which is most eagerly read, and most easily applied to the purposes of life.

Births Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people.—Life.
October 26, 1769.

Imagined Blessings Of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them had more reason to be satisfied with his lot.—The Adventurer, No. 3.

Bond Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe, with a bond or a settlement.—Rambler, No. 131.

Best Book for a Journey If you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible.—Journal. August 31.

Book Worms The most studious are not always the most learned. It likewise happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study.—Rambler, No. 89.

Books Books teach but the art of living.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 267.

Books Books without the knowledge of life are useless.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p 267.

Books No man should think so highly of himself as to think he can receive but little light from books, nor so meanly as to believe he can discover nothing but what is to be learned from them.

Books The continued multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry. To him that hath moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty.—*Journey to the Western Islands.*

Portable Books Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all ; such books form the mass of general and easy reading.—*Anecdotes of Johnson* by Hawkins.

Test of Books That book is good in vain which the reader throws away.—*Lives of the Poets.*
Dryden.

Reading of Books People seldom read a book which is given to them. The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price.—*Life.* April 27, 1773.

Books of Travels Books of travels will be good in proportion as to what a man has previously in his mind ; his knowing what to observe ; his power of contrasting one mode of life with another. As the Spanish proverb says, “ He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him.” So it is in travelling : a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.—*Life.* April 17, 1778.

Bounty Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed.—Life, p. 248.

Brandy In the first place, the flavour of brandy is most grateful to the palate ; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him. And yet, as in all pleasure hope is a considerable part, I know not but fruition comes too quick by brandy.—Life. April 7, 1779.

Good Breeding Perfect good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.—Life. October 10, 1769.

Business It very seldom happens to man that his business is his pleasure.—Idler, No. 102.

Necessity of Faith in Business It is difficult to negotiate where neither will trust.—Rasselias, ch. xxxvi.

Multiplicity of Business Whoever is engaged in multiplicity of business, must transact much by substitution, and leave something to hazard.—Idler, No. 19.

The Purpose of the Busy To be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy.—Idler, No. 1.

Butchers The butchers have no view to the case of [killing] animals, only to make them quiet, for their own safety and convenience.

Calamity Though the world is crowded with scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of / wretchedness with very little regard.—Rambler, No. 19.

^{Calamities} When any calamity is suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 24.

^{Bearing Calamities} One of the principal topics of moral instruction is the art of bearing calamities.—
Rambler, No. 32. ✓

^{Limit of Calumny} Alas ! reputation would be of little worth, were it in the power of every concealed enemy to deprive us of it.—Sir John Hawkins' Life of Johnson, p. 347.

^{Power of Calumny} No merit, however exalted, is exempt from being not only attacked, but wounded, by the most contemptible whispers.—Lives of the Poets. Boerhaave.

^{Influence of Calvinism} The malignant influence of Calvinism has blasted ceremony and decency together ; and if the remembrance of Papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of Papal piety are likewise effaced.—Journey to Western Islands, p. 55.

^{Camps} A camp, however familiarly we may speak of it, is one of the great scenes of human life. War and peace divide the business of the world. Camps are the habitation of those who conquer kingdoms, or defend them.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, II., No. 192.

^{Candour} As I know more of mankind, I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man *a good man*, upon easier terms than I was formerly.—Life. Collectanea by a Friend, 1783. •

Cards I am sorry I have not learnt to play at cards. It is very useful in life: it generates kindness, and consolidates society.—Journal. Nov. 23.

✓ Cares All have their cares, either from nature or from folly.—Rambler, No. 128.

✓ Celibacy Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.—Rasselais, ch. xxvi.

✓ Censorship Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious.—Rambler, No. 87.

✓ Censure Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority.—Rambler, No. 2.

✓ Character found out by Amusements No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.—Life. June 19, 1784.

Estimate of Character The opinions of every man must be learned from himself; concerning his practice, it is safest to trust the evidence of others.—Lives of the Poets. Browne.

✓ Extraordinary Characters Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another.—Life. March 20, 1776.

Charles XII. of Sweden He left the name, at which the world grew pale.

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—Vanity of Human Wishes, Lines 221-222.

Charity It is an unhappy circumstance that one might give away five hundred pounds a year to those that importune in the streets, and not do any good.—*Life. Collectanea by Langton, 1780.*

Chastity of Women Consider of what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep ; but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep, and farm, and all, from the right owner.—*Journal. September 14.*

The Fruit of Chastisement The most useful medicines are often unpleasing to the taste.—*Rambler, No. 159.* ✓

The Universal Child Life There must be a time when every man trifles : and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trifle in company or alone.—*Rambler, No. 89.* ✓

Caring for Children We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own children.—*Life. April 10, 1776.*

Education of Children It is no matter *what* you teach them *first*, any more than *what* leg you should put into your breeches *first*.—*Life. July 26, 1763.*

The Shewing Off Children Let the dears both speak Gray's "Elegy" at once ; more noise will by that means be made, and the noise will be sooner over.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 12.*

Treatment of Children The hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from London, who shall cuff five Highland children. A man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country.—*Life*. October 26, 1769.

Chit-Chat The most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation: where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence: where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

—*Rambler*, No. 89.

Christianity The peculiar doctrine of Christianity is that of an universal sacrifice and perpetual propitiation.—*Life*. June 3, 1781.

Christianity All denominations of Christians have really little difference in point of doctrine, though they may differ widely in external forms. There is a prodigious difference between the external form of one of your Presbyterian churches in Scotland, and a church in Italy; yet the doctrine taught is essentially the same.

—*Life*. March 21, 1771.

The Essentials of Christianity are Few Men may differ from each other in many religious opinions, and yet all may retain the essentials of Christianity. — *Lives of the Poets*. Browne.

[✓]_{Christians} All Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious.—*Life.* June 25, 1763.

^{Christmas} Christmas might be kept as well upon one day of the year as another ; but there should be a stated day for commemorating the birth of our Saviour, because there is danger that what may be done on any day will be neglected.—*Life.* March 22, 1776.

^{Churchman-ship} To be of no church is dangerous.—*Life of Milton.*

^{Literary Civility} The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life.—*Lives of the Poets.* Browne.

^{Dress of Clergymen} Even the dress of a clergyman should be in character, and nothing can be more despicable than conceited attempts at avoiding the appearance of the clerical order ; attempts which are as ineffectual as they are pitiful.—*Life.* March 21, 1781.

^{Fine Clothes} Fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect.—*Life.* March 28, 1776.

^{Commerce} Commerce can never be at a stop, while one man wants what another can supply ; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit.—*Idler,* No. 22.

^{Disregard}
^{of the}
^{Commonplace} How often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her.—Rasselas, ch. iv.

^{House of}
^{Commons} The House of Commons was originally not a privilege of the people, but a check for the crown on the House of Lords.—Life. October 12, 1779.

^{✓Communism} There may be community of material possessions, but there can never be community of love or esteem.—Rasselas, ch. xii.

^{A Boon}
^{Companion} One with whom all are at ease; who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.—Rambler, No. 72.

^{A Suitable}
^{Companion} A man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.—Life. Maxwell's *Collectanea*, 1770.

^{Companionship} The companion of an evening and the companion of life, require very different qualifications.—The Rambler, No. 97.

^{The Selfishness}
^{of}
^{Companionship} It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion who does not increase, in some respects, his fondness of himself.—Rambler, No. 104.

Advantages of Great Company There is always this advantage in contending with illustrious adversaries, that the combatant is equally immortalized by conquest or defeat.—*Lives of the Poets.* Cheynel.

Low Company in a House Rags will always make their appearance, where they have a right to do it.—*Life.* June 19, 1784.

Compassion The wretched have no compassion ; they can do good only from strong principles of duty.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale,* No. 262.

Compensation The equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.—*Rasselas.* Ch. ii.

Compliments Unusual compliments to which there is no stated and prescriptive answer, embarrass the feeble, who know not what to say, and disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale,* No. 3.

Paying Compliments The power of pleasing is very often obstructed by the desire.—*Rambler,* No. 101.

Composition A man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it.—*Journal.* Aug. 16.

Moral Compulsion To convince any man against his will is hard ; but to please him against his will is justly pronounced by Dryden to be above the reach of human abilities.—*Rambler,* No. 93.

<sup>The Dangers
of
Concessions</sup> To make concessions, is to encourage encroachment.—*The False Alarm.*

^{Condescension} There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than *condescension*, when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company.—*Life, Langton's Collectanea, 1780.*

^{Confession} Confession ! Why, I don't know but that ^{Confession} is a good thing. The Scripture says, “Confess your faults one to another,” and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone.—*Life, October 26, 1769.*

<sup>Want of
Confidence</sup> Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they will betray him.—*Rambler, No. 160.*

<sup>Mental
Congruity</sup> A lady seldom listens with attention to any praise but that of her beauty : a merchant always expects to hear of his influence at the bank, his importance on the exchange, the height of his credit, and the extent of his traffic : and the author will scarcely be pleased without lamentations of the neglect of learning, the conspiracies against genius, and the slow progress of merit.—*Rambler, No. 106.*

^{Conjecture} Conjecture as to things useful is good ; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all four, is very idle.—*Life.*

Conscience No man yet was ever wicked without secret discontent.—*Rambler*, No. 76.

A Good Conscience No evil is insupportable but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong.—*Rasselas*.

Self Consciousness It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated.—*Lives of the Poets*. Pope.

Contempt Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.—*Lives of the Poets*. Blackmore.

Contradiction To be contradicted in order to force you to talk is mighty unpleasing. You *shine*, indeed; but it is by being *ground*.—*Life*. April 16, 1779.

Convents If convents should be allowed at all, they should only be retreats for persons unable to serve the public, or who have served it. It is our first duty to serve society; and after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvation of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotion should not be encouraged.—*Life*, February, 1766.

Conversation The happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression.—*Life*.

Conversation A talking blackamoor were better than a white creature who adds nothing to life, and by sitting down before one desperately silent, takes

away the confidence one should have in the company of her chair, if she were once out of it.—Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 100.

Brilliancy *in Conversation* There is nothing by which a man exasperates most people more, than by displaying a superior ability of brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time ; but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts.—*Life*. March 30, 1783, *Collectanea*.

Conversation *Interrupted* Great lords and great ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped.—*Life*. Boswell's *Johnsonian Notes*, 1781.

Conversion A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere ; he parts with nothing : he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains ; there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.—*Life*. October 26, 1769.

The Coquette The coquette has companions, indeed, but no lovers ; for love is respectful, and timorous ; and where among all her followers will she find a husband ?—*The Rambler*, No. 97.

Correspondence The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem.—*Rambler*, No. 152.

<sup>Influence of
Men
in Council</sup> Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity.—*Lives of the Poets.* Milton.

^{Cowardice} Cowardice encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher than themselves.—*Rambler.*

^{Courage} Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice.—*Life, June 11, 1784.*

^{Coyness} The eye of a respectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair one, than to find itself obliged to retreat.—*Rambler, No. 97.*

<sup>Bribing a
Creditor</sup> He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by increasing his debt. *Idler, No. 22.*

^{Credit} The motive to credit is the hope of advantage.—*Idler, No. 22.*

<sup>Taking and
Giving Credit</sup> We have now learned that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained from giving it.—*Idler, No. 22.*

<sup>Criminals
Confined</sup> I do not see that they are punished by this: they must have worked equally, had they never been guilty of stealing. They now only work; so, after all, they have gained; what they stole is clear gain

to them ; the confinement is nothing. Every man who works is confined : the smith to his shop, the tailor to his garret.—*Life*. April 10, 1778.

Critic The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning is too great to be willingly endured ; but every man can exert such judgment as he has, upon the works of others ; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity, by the name of a critic.—*Idler*, No. 60.

Critics and Authors Never let criticism operate upon your face or your mind ; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 230.

False Critics False critics have been the plague of all ages.—*Lives of the Poets*. Philips.

Criticism The duty of Criticism is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial representations ; but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover ; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate.—*Rambler*, No. 93.

Croaking No one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived, but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.—*Rambler*, No. 75.

Tale of Cruelty Scarce anything awakes attention like a tale of cruelty.—Idler, No. 30.

Crusades The great business of the middle centuries was the holy wars.—Adventurer, No. 99.

Ancient Culture Greece appears to be the fountain of knowledge; Rome of elegance.—Life.

Cunning Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lie and deceive.—Journal.

Cunning Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day.—Idler, No. 92.

Cupidus not Avarus Every man is born *cupidus*,—desirous of getting; but not *avarus*,—desirous of keeping.—Life.

Curiosity Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last.—Rambler, No. 150.

Curiosity Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure.—Rambler, No. 161.

Curiosity Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.—Rambler, No. 103.

^{Ancient Cus-} Their origin is commonly unknown; for
^{toms} the practice often continues when the cause
has ceased, and concerning superstitious ceremonies it is
in vain to conjecture; for what reason did not dictate
reason cannot explain.—Rasselas.

^{Reverence of} We profess to reverence the dead, not for
^{the Dead} their sake, but for our own.—Essay on
Epitaphs.

^{Death} Death increases our veneration for the
good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.
—Rambler, No. 54.

^{Death} When a friend is carried to his grave we at
once find excuses for every weakness and
palliations of every fault.—Rambler, No. 54.

^{Death} It seems to be the fate of man to seek all
his consolations in futurity.—Rambler, No.
203.

^{Death} Death, though often desired in the field,
seldom fails to terrify when it approaches the
bed of sickness in its natural horror.—Rambler, No. 202.

^{Death} It matters not how a man dies, but how he
lives. The act of dying is not of importance,
it lasts so short a time.—Life. October 26, 1769.

^{Nearness of}
^{Death} How near we all are to extreme danger !
We are merry or sad, or busy or idle, and
forget that death is hovering over us.—Letter to Mrs.
Thrale. No. 204.

^{Ripeness for}
^{Death} To neglect at any time preparation for
death is to sleep on our post at a siege, but
to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.—Rambler,
No. 78.

^{Speech after}
^{Death} It was the maxim of Alphonsus of Arragon
that “dead counsellors are safest.” Dead
counsellors are most instructive, because they are heard
with patience and with reverence.—Rambler, No. 87.

^{Threats of}
^{Death} The utmost that we can threaten to one
another is that death, which, we indeed may
precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore,
it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the
expense of virtue.—Rambler, No. 17.

^{National}
^{Debt} Let the public creditors be ever so
clamorous, the interest of millions must ever
prevail over that of thousands.—Life. Maxwell's
Collectanea, 1770.

^{Deception} Don't tell me of deception ; a lie, is a lie,
whether it be a lie to the eye or a lie to the
ear.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 371.

^{Self}
^{Deception} It is generally not so much the desire of
men, sunk into depravity, to deceive the
world as themselves. The sentence most dreaded is that
of reason and conscience, which, they would engage on
their side at any price.—Rambler, No. 76.

^{Universality of Deception} The world, in its best state, is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.—*Adventurer*, No. 120.

^{Dedication} The known style of a dedication is flattery—it professes to flatter. There is the same difference between what a man says in a dedication and what he says in a history, as between a lawyer's pleading a cause and reporting it.—*Journal*. October 4.

^{Deformity} Deformity is regarded with tenderness rather than aversion, when it does not attempt to deceive the sight by dress and decoration; and to seize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.—*Rambler*, No. 179.

^{Degrees} The indiscriminate collation of *degrees* has justly taken away that respect which they originally claimed as stamps by which the literary value of men so distinguished was authoritatively denoted. That academical honours, or any others, should be conferred with exact proportion to merit, is more than human judgment or human integrity has given reason to expect.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 12.

^{A Dependant should not cultivate Delicacy} The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself very little consults his own tranquillity.—*Rambler*, No. 149.

^{Dependence the Result of Poverty} The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence.—*Lives of the Poets*. Dryden.

Depopulation Nothing is less difficult than to procure one convenience by the forfeiture of another. A soldier may expedite his march by throwing away his arms. To banish the tacksman is easy, to make a country plentiful by diminishing the people is an expeditious mode of husbandry ; but that abundance, which there is nobody to enjoy, contributes little to human happiness.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 76.

Depopulation To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profun-
dity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a states-
man ; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that, where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a wilderness.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 84.

Design and Hope It is the condition of humanity to design what never will be done, and to hope what never will be obtained.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 3.

Unrest of Desire An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquility.—*Adventurer*, No. 119.

Despotism There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government.—*Life*.

Keeping a Diary Do not omit the practice of noting down occurrences as they arise of whatever kind, and be very punctual in annexing the dates. *Chronology*

is the eye of history, and every man's life is of importance to himself.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 170.

^{Dictionaries} Dictionaries are like watches : the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.—Letter to Mr. Sastres, No. 363.

^{Dinner} Wherever the dinner is ill got there is poverty, or there is avarice, or there is stupidity.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 149.

^{Invited to Dinner} When a man is invited to dinner, he is disappointed if he does not get something good. Everybody loves to have things which please the palate put in their way, without trouble or preparation.—Life. September 22, 1777.

^{Waiting Dinner} Ought six people to be kept waiting for one? "Why, yes," answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting."—Life. October 16, 1769.

^{Disappointment} All pleasure preconceived and preconcerted ends in disappointment, but disappointment, when it involves neither shame nor loss, is as good as success ; for it supplies as many images to the mind, and as many topics to the tongue.—Letters to Mrs. Piozzi, No. 118.

^{Intellectual Discernment} As many more can discover, that a man is *richer* than that he is *wiser* than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune.—Lives of the Poets. Savage.

Discontentment The reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted.—Rambler, No. 178.

Social Discontentment When any man finds himself disposed to complain with how little care he is regarded, let him reflect how little he contributes to the happiness of others, and how little, for the most part, he suffers from their pains.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 10.

Oblivion of Discoverers Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten.—*Lives of the Poets.* Dryden.

Disenchantment A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight.—*Lives of the Poets.* Fonteau.

Disguise Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.—*Lives of the Poets.* Somerville.

Dissipation To die is the fate of man; but to die with *lingering anguish*, is generally his folly.—Rambler, No. 85.

Distance Distance has the same effect on the mind as on the eye, and while we glide along the stream of time, whatever we leave behind us is always lessening, and that which we approach increasing in magnitude.—Rasselais, ch. xxxiv.

Enchantment of Distance Admiration begins, where acquaintance ceases.—Rambler, No. 77.

Neighbour's Distresses Every one in this world has as much as they can do in caring for themselves, and few have leisure really to think of their neighbour's distresses, however they may delight their tongues in *talking* about them.

Distress of Others It is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others as much as they do themselves. It is equally so, as if one should pretend to feel as much pain while a friend's leg is cutting off as he does.—*Life. March 25, 1776.*

Study of Dogmas A student may easily exhaust his life in comparing divines and moralists, without any practical regard to morality or religion: he may be learning not to live, but to reason.—*Rambler, No. 87.*

Dourness I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and does nothing when he is there but sit and growl; let him come out as I do and bark.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 252.*

Dress There is propriety or impropriety in every thing, how slight soever; get at the general principles of dress and of behaviour.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 290.*

Drinking In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.—*Lives of the Poets. Addison.*

Drinking A man may choose whether he will have abstemiousness and knowledge, or claret and ignorance.—*Life. April 29, 1778.*

Drinking In proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drunk, is bad; because it has so far affected his reason.—Journal. October 17.

Drinking It is not necessary to be drunk one's self to relish the wit of drunkenness. Do we not judge of the drunken wit, and of the dialogue between Iago and Cassio, the most excellent in its kind, when we are quite sober? Wit is wit, by whatever means it is produced; and if good, will appear so at all times.—Life. April 12, 1776.

Drinking with Prudence Drinking may be practised with great prudence; a man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated, has not the art of getting drunk; a sober man, who happens occasionally to get drunk, readily enough goes into a new company, which a man who has been drinking should never do. Such a man will undertake anything; he is without skill in inebriation.—Life. April 24, 1779.

Duelling A man is sufficiently punished by being called out, and subjected to the risk that is in a duel.—Journal. September 19.

Duelling No man can explain the rationality of duelling.—Journal. September 19.

Married to Dulness Being married to sleepy-souled women, is just like playing at cards for nothing; no passion is excited, and the time is filled up.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 170.

Ease A neutral state between pain and pleasure.
—*Rambler*, No. 85.

Eating It is best to eat just as one is hungry : but a man who is in business, or a man who has a family, must have stated meals.—*Life*. April 17, 1778.

Economy Get as much force of mind as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong.—*Life*. May 29, 1783.

Divine Economy God is now spoiling us, of what would otherwise have spoiled us.

Economy in London There is no place where *economy* can be so well practised as *in London*; more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than anywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well-furnished apartments, an elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.—*Life*. April 1, 1779.

Duty of an Editor The business of him that republishes an ancient book, is, to correct what is corrupt, and to explain what is obscure.—*Proposals for reprinting the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare*.

Education While learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be less inclined to work; but when every body learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction.

^{Influence of}
^{Education} I do not deny, but there is some original difference in minds ; but it is nothing in comparison of what is formed by education.—Life.

^{Education} I am always for getting a boy forward in ^{by} ^{Amusement} his learning, for that is a sure good. I would let him at first read *any* English book which happens to engage his attention ; because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards.—Life.
April 16, 1779.

^{Education} There is now less flogging in our great ^{by} ^{Flogging} schools than formerly, but then less is learned there ; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other.—Life. Sayings Collected by Dr. Burney, 1775.

^{Necessity} When the pale of ceremony is broken, ^{of} ^{Education} rudeness and insult soon enter the breach.—Rambler, No. 163.

^{Education} I would rather have the rod to be the ^{by} ^{Punishment} general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child if you do thus or thus you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't ; whereas, by exciting emulation, and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief ; you make brothers and sisters hate each other.—Journal. August 24.

Education Knowledge is divided among the Scots, **in** Scotland like bread in a besieged town,—to every man a mouthful, to no man a bellyful.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 263.

Happiness of Effort To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them is the highest human felicity: the next, is to strive and deserve to conquer.—*Adventurer*, No. 3.

Egotism A man cannot with propriety speak of himself, except he relates simple facts, as, "I was at Richmond," or what depends on mensuration, as, "I am six feet high." He is sure he has been at Richmond; he is sure he is six feet high; but he cannot be sure he is wise, or that he has any other excellence.—*Life*. April 25, 1778.

Popular Election There is no more reason to suppose that the choice of a rabble will be right, than that chance will be right.—*Life*. April 25, 1778.

Eminence Eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at least equal to that which any other kind of greatness can require.—*Rambler*, No. 21.

Employment Employment is the great instrument of intellectual dominion.

Energy Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion; commit yourself again to the current of the world,—*Rasselas*, ch. xxxiv.

History of
England
Strange If it were told as shortly, and with as little preparation for introducing the different events, as the history of the Jewish Kings, it would be equally liable to objections of improbability.—Journal. October 21.

Produce
of
England Our commerce is in a very good state ; and suppose we had no commerce at all, we could live very well on the produce of our own country.—Life. April 14, 1775.

Present
Enjoyment not
Sufficient Such is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present.—Rambler, No. 207.

Analyzing
Enjoyments Very few carry their philosophy to places of diversion, or are very careful to analyze their enjoyments.—Idler, No. 18.

Ennui That I want nothing, or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint.—Rasselas, ch. iii.

Numerical
Enquiries Cultivate in yourself a disposition to numerical enquiries : they will give you entertainment in solitude by the practise, and reputation in public by the effect.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 314.

Envy Envy may always be produced by idleness and pride, and in what place will they not be found ?—Rambler, No. 183.

Epitaphs Let fictions at least cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.—Lives of the Poets. Pope.

**Epitaph
on
Goldsmith** He touched nothing which he did not adorn.

**Writer of an
Epitaph** The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true. Allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.—Sayings Collected by Dr. Burney, 1775.

**Self
Estimation** There is no being so poor and so contemptible, who does not think there is somebody still poorer, and still more contemptible.—Life.

**Vicarious
Estimation** The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters: and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.—Rambler, No. 75.

**The
Eucharist** I look upon the Sacrament as the palladium of our religion.—Anecdotes by Mrs. Seward.

Evils Of real evils the number is great. Of possible evils there is no end.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 172.

**Inevitable
Evils** On necessary and inevitable evils, which overwhelm kingdoms at once, all disputation is vain: when they happen they must be endured.—Rasselais, ch. xxviii.

**Origin of
Evil** Moral evil is occasioned by free will, which implies choice between good and evil. With all the evil that there is, there is no man but would

rather be a free agent than a mere machine without the evil ; and what is best for each individual must be best for the whole. If a man would rather be the machine, I cannot argue with him. He is a different being from me.—Journal. August 27.

^{Example}
_{greater than}
^{Precept} Example is always more efficacious than precept.—Rasselas, ch. xxx.

^{Excellence} The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed.—Rambler, No. 66.

^{Exercise} Exercise is labour, used only while it produces pleasure.—Letter No. 207, published by Mrs. Piozzi.

^{Existence} Mere existence is so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist even in pain than not exist.—Life.

^{Expense} A man's *voluntary* expense should not exceed his revenue.—Rambler, No. 57.

^{Splendour from}
_{Expense} If a man has splendour from his expense, if he spends his money in pride or in pleasure, he has value; but if he lets others spend it for him, which is most commonly the case, he has no advantage from it.—Life.

^{Human}
_{Experience} Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the great test of truth. A system built upon the discoveries of a great many

minds, is always of more strength than what is produced by the mere workings of any one mind, which of itself can do little.—*Life.* July 28, 1763.

The Eloquence of Expression Phrases of cursory compliment and established salutation may, by a different modulation of the voice or cast of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of respect to expressions of scorn.—*Rambler*, No. 149.

Exemption from External Things Without affecting Stoicism, it may be said that it is our business to exempt ourselves as much as we can from the power of external things.—*Life.*

Meeting of Extremes The man of learning is often resigned, almost by his own consent, to languor and pain; and while in the prosecution of his studies he suffers the weariness of labour, is subject by his course of life to the maladies of idleness.—*Rambler*, No. 85.

Faith What I cannot for a moment believe, I cannot for a moment behold with interest or anxiety.—*Lives of the Poets.* Smith.

Accumulation of Falsehood Nobody can live long without knowing that falsehoods of convenience or vanity are very lightly uttered, and once uttered, are suddenly supported.—*Lives of the Poets.* Congreve.

Fame The love of fame is a passion natural and universal.—*Rambler*, No. 49.

Fame Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends.—*Journal, Collectanea* by Boswell. November 11.

Fame A very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.

Fame Men have a solicitude about fame; and the greater share they have of it, the more afraid they are of losing it.—*Life*. July 21, 1763.

The Danger of Fame It frequently happens that applause abates diligence.—*Rambler*, No. 3.

Short-livedness of Fame The utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.—*Rambler*, No. 159.

Searching for Faults By those who look close to the ground dirt will be seen: I hope I see things from a greater distance.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 168.

Favour Favour is seldom gained but by conformity in vice.—*Rambler*, No. 172.

Favours Favours of every kind are doubted, when they are speedily conferred.—*Rambler*, No.

Fear Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannise in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or to beset life with supernumerary distresses.

Fear All fear is painful, and when it conduces not to safety is painful without use.—Rambler.

Good Fellowship All are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution.—Rambler, No. 72.

Fellowship in Sorrow Nothing generally endears men so much, as participation in dangers and misfortunes.—Rambler, No. 200.

Future Felicity The mind of man is never satisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the present moment, and losing itself in schemes of future felicity.—Rambler, No. 2.

Feudal System The feudal system is formed for a nation employed in agriculture, and has never long kept its hold where gold and silver have become common. Journey to the Western Islands.

Fire-Arms Man is by the use of fire-arms made so much an overmatch for other animals, that

in all countries where they are in use the wild part of the creation sensibly diminishes.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 117.

Fiction Almost all the fictions of the last age will vanish if you deprive them of a hermit, and a wood, a battle, and a shipwreck.

Fish Man never lives long on fish but by constraint; he will rather feed upon roots and berries.—*Journey to the Western Isles*, p. 88.

Flattery Openness to flattery is the common disgrace of declining life.—*Rambler*, No. 162.

Flattery You may be bribed by flattery.—*Journal*.

Flattery When a person speaks well of one, it must be either true or false; if true, let us rejoice in his good opinion; if he lies, it is a proof at least that he loves more to please me, than to sit silent when he need say nothing.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 183.

The Danger of Flattery The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition, by raising an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit.—*Rambler*, No. 155,

Danger of Self-Flattery No estimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than those by which a man computes the force of his own genius.—*Rambler*, No. 154.

Royal Flattery. It has always been formular to flatter kings and queens: so much so, that even in our church-service we have "our most religious King" used indiscriminately, whoever is king. Nay, they even flatter themselves—"we have been graciously pleased to grant."—*Life. April 29, 1773.*

Success of Flattery It is necessary to the success of flattery, that it be accommodated to particular circumstances or characters; and enter the heart on that side where the passions stand ready to receive it.

Flippancy Wit can stand its ground against truth only a little while.—*Lives of the Poets. Swift.*

Infidelity of Foote I do not know that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.—*Life. October 16, 1769.*

Foppery never Cured Once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb.—*Life. Maxwell's Collectanea, 1770.*

Forgiveness Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty Eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.—*Rambler, No. 185.*

Forgiveness A wise man will make *haste* to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain.—*Rambler, No. 185.*

Doubtfulness of Fortune No diligence can ascertain success: death may intercept the swiftest career: but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.—Rambler, No. 135.

A Gentleman Wasting his Fortune Wasting a fortune is evaporation by a thousand imperceptible means. If it were a stream they'd stop it. You must speak to him. It is really miserable. Were he a gamester, it could be said he had hopes of winning. Were he a bankrupt in trade, he might have grown rich; but he has neither spirit to spend nor resolution to spare.—Life. April 20, 1778.

Fortune Hunters A principal source of erroneous judgment is viewing things partially and only on *one side*: as, for instance, *fortune-hunters*, when they contemplate the fortunes *singly* and *separately*, it is a dazzling and tempting object; but when they come to possess the wives and their fortunes *together*, they begin to suspect they have not made quite so good a bargain.—Life. Maxwell's Collectanea, 1770.

Leaving a Fortune to a College I would leave the interest of a fortune I bequeath to a college to my relations or my friends for their lives. It is the same thing to a college, which is a permanent society, whether it gets the money now or twenty years hence; and I would wish to make my relations or friends feel the benefit of it.—Life. April 17, 1778.

The Recompense of Fortune Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected, and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence or greatness, is sometimes derived from unexpected accidents.—Johnson's Works, p. 35.

Charles Fox Fox never talks in private company; not from any determination not to talk, but because he has not the first motion. A man who is used to the applause of the House of Commons, has no wish for that of a private company. A man accustomed to throw for a thousand pounds, if set down to throw for a sixpence, would not be at the pains to count his dice.—Life. March 21, 1783.

France France is worse than Scotland in everything but climate. Nature has done more for the French; but they have done less for themselves than the Scotch have done.—Life. Johnson's Travels in France. 1775.

Fraud Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but, of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society.—Rambler, No. 79.

Free-will We *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't.—Life.

The French They have few sentiments, but they express them neatly; they have little meat, but they dress it well.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 102.

The French The French are a gross, ill-bred, untaught people ; a lady there will spit on the floor, and rub it with her foot. What I gained by being in France was, learning to be better satisfied with my own country.—*Life. Johnson's Travels in France. 1775.*

Gullibility I'll carry a Frenchman to St. Paul's Church-
of Frenchmen yard, and I'll tell him, “By our law you may walk half round the church ; but, if you walk round the whole, you will be punished capitally ;” and he will believe me at once. Now, no Englishman would readily swallow such a thing : he would go and inquire of somebody else.—*Journal. October 18.*

Friends They that mean to make no use of friends will be at little trouble to gain them ; and to be without friendship is to be without one of the first comforts of our present state.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 329.*

Friendship It is pleasing, in the silence of solitude, to think that there is one at least, however distant, of whose benevolence there is little doubt, and whom there is yet hope of seeing again.—*Life. Letter to Langton. March 20, 1782.*

Friendship The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay.—*Idler, No. 23.*

Friendship Friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions.—*Idler, No. 23.*

Friendship How many friendships have you known formed upon principles of virtue? Most friendships are formed by caprice or by chance, mere confederacies in vice or leagues in folly.—*Life*. May 19, 1784.

Friendship Life has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship.—*Idler*, No. 23.

Friendship That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind.—*Rambler*, No. 64.

Friendships Those that have loved longest love best. A friend may be found and lost; but an old friend never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 327.

Limits of Friendship Few love their friends so well as not to desire superiority by inexpensive benefaction.—*The False Alarm*.

Friendship of Students and Beauties The friendship of students and of beauties is for the most part equally sincere and equally durable: they are both exposed to perpetual jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schemes to intercept the praises of each other.—*Adventurer*, No. 45.

Frugality *Frugality* may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty.

Frugality Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare.—*Life. Letter to Boswell. February, 1783.*

Fruit in its Season No man can taste the fruits of autumn while he is delighting himself with the flowers of spring.—*Rasselias, ch. xxix.*

Futurity Every thing future is to be estimated by a wise man, in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and its value when attained.—*Rambler, No. 20.*

Futurity It is good to speak dubiously about futurity. It is likewise not amiss to hope.—*Letter 198 to Mrs. Thrale.*

Future State When we are become purely rational, many of our friendships will be cut off. Many friendships are formed by a community of sensual pleasures: all these will be cut off. We form many friendships with bad men, because they have agreeable qualities, and they can be useful to us; but, after death, they can no longer be of use to us. We form many friendships by mistake, imagining people to be different from what they really are. After death, we shall see every one in a true light. Then, they talk of our meeting our relations; but then all relationship is dissolved; and we shall have no regard for one person more than another, but for their real value. However, we shall

either have the satisfaction of meeting our friends, or be satisfied without meeting them.—*Life.* March 27, 1772.

Gaming It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages ; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind ; or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions and clamorous altercations.—*Rambler.* No. 80.

Gaming I do not call a gamester a dishonest man ; but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. *Gaming* is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good. Trade gives employment to numbers, and so produces intermediate good.—*Life.* April 6, 1772.

Gaming It is not roguery to play with a man who is ignorant of the game, while you are master of it, and so win his money : for he thinks he can play better than you as you think you can play better than he ; and the superior skill carries it.—*Life.* April 6, 1772.

A Botanical Garden Is not *every* garden a botanical garden ?—*Life.* June 4, 1781.

Garrick's Solitude [Οἱ φίλοι, οὐ φίλος]—He had friends, but no friend.—Life. April 24, 1779.

Genius People are not born with a particular genius or particular employments or studies; for it will be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west.—Anecdotes by Miss Reynolds.

Genius The highest praise of genius is original invention.—Life of Milton, Vol. II.

Genius' Genius is the parent of truth and courage; and these, united, dread no opposition.—Account of the Life of Benvenuto Cellini.

Genius not Artificial No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by chance.—Adventurer, No. 115.

Gentility and Morality It is certain that a man may be very immoral with exterior grace.—Life.

A Gentleman When you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough.—Life. Langton's Collectanea, 1780.

Gloominess It is not becoming in a man to have so little acquiescence in the ways of Providence, as to be gloomy because he has not obtained as much preferment as he expected.—Life. June 2, 1781.

Gloominess When any fit of gloominess, or perversion of mind, lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it. By endeavouring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy.—Life.

The Gloomy and Resentful The gloomy and the resentful are always among those who have nothing to do, or who do nothing.—Idler.

Female Gluttony Gluttony is less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman glutinous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest form and grossest temptation.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 315.

Goldsmith No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had. —Life. Langton's Collectanea, 1780.

Good Living Man must be very different from other animals, if he is diminished by good living; for the size of all other animals is increased by it.—Journal.

Good Living Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality.—Life. October 26, 1769.

Doing Good I make a rule, to do some good every day of my life.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 376.

The Highest Good The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue.—Rambler, No. 185.

Good in All Things In all lead there is silver; and in all copper there is gold,—The False Alarm,

^{Universal}
^{Good} All skill ought to be exerted for *universal good*: every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness which he has received.—Rasselas, chap. 6.

^{Goodness} Infinite goodness is the source of created existence.—Rambler, No. 44.

^{Constitutional}
^{Goodness} We can have no dependence upon that instinctive, that constitutional goodness, which is not founded upon principle.—Life. July 21, 1763.

^{Greatness is}
^{Goodness} Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind.—Rambler, No. 185.

^{Gout} Gout seldom takes the fort by a *coup-de-main*, but turning the siege into a blockade obliges it to surrender at discretion.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 187.

^{Government} Government has the distribution of offices, that it may be able to maintain its authority. Life. April 14, 1775.

✓ ^{Government} No form of Government has been yet discovered by which cruelty can be wholly prevented. If power be in the hands of men it will sometimes be abused.—Rasselas, ch. viii.

^{Grace at Meat} A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow.—Journal. August 28.

Graciousness The most certain way to give any man pleasure is to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him.—*Rambler*, No. 72.

Grammar, Writing and Arithmetic Three things which, if not taught in very early life, are seldom or ever taught to any purpose, and without the knowledge of which no superstructure of learning or of knowledge can be built.—*Anecdotes by William Seward, Esq.*

Gratitude Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation ; you do not find it among gross people.—*Journal. September 20.*

Greek Greek is like lace ; every man gets as much of it as he can.—*Life. Langton's Collectanea, 1780.*

Greek and Latin Those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.—*Life. July 26, 1763.*

Grief While *grief* is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates. You must wait till grief be *digested*, and then amusement will dissipate the remains of it.—*Life. April 10, 1776.*

Grief All *grief* for what cannot in the course of nature be helped soon wears away ; in some sooner indeed, in some later ; but it never continues very long, unless where there is madness ; for all unnecessary

grief is unwise, and therefore will not be long retained by a sound mind. If, indeed, the cause of our grief is occasioned by our own misconduct, if grief is mingled with remorse of conscience, it should be lasting.—Life. September 14, 1777.

Grief I think business the best remedy for grief as soon as it can be admitted.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 260.

Grief Grief is a species of idleness ; and the necessity of attention to the present preserves us, by the merciful disposition of providence, from being lacerated and devoured by sorrow for the past.—Letter No. 62 to Mrs. Thrale.

The Reticence Melancholy shrinks from communication.
of Grief —Rasselas, ch. xlvi.

Appointment Do not appoint a number of guardians.
of Guardians When there are many, they trust one to another, and the business is neglected. I would advise you to choose only one ; let him be a man of respectable character, who, for his own credit, will do what is right ; let him be a rich man, so that he may be under no temptation to take advantage ; and let him be a man of business, who is used to conduct affairs with ability and expertness, to whom, therefore, the execution of the trust will not be burdensome.—October 4, 1779.

Lawful Our senses, our appetites, and our passions,
Guides are our lawful and faithful guides in things
that relate solely to this life.—Rambler, No. 7.

Attachment to Habitations Mankind have a strong attachment to the habitations to which they have been accustomed.—*Life. October 26, 1769.*

Happiness Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having *equal* happiness with a philosopher: they may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*.—*Life. February, 1766.*

Happiness Happiness must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty.—*Rasselas, ch. xvii.*

Happiness Deviation from nature, is deviation from happiness.—*Rasselas, ch. xxii.*

Happiness No one can be virtuous or happy who is not completely employed.—*Anecdotes by Hawkins.*

Happiness Human happiness has always its abatements: the brightest sunshine of success, is not without a cloud.—*Lives of the Poets. Addison.*

Home Happiness To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—*Rambler, No. 68.*

Hope of Happiness The hope of happiness is so strongly impressed, that the longest experience is not able to efface it.—*Rasselas, ch. xxii.*

Pursuit of Happiness What is to be expected from our pursuit of happiness, when we find the state of life to be such that happiness itself is the cause of misery.—Rasselais, ch. xxxv.

Secret of Happiness None are happy, but by anticipation of change.—Rasselais, ch. xlvi.

Happiness of Society The happiness of society depends on virtue. In Sparta, theft was allowed by general consent: theft, therefore, was *there* not a crime, but then there was no security; and what a life must they have had, when there was no security! Without truth there must be a dissolution of society.—Life.

Reciprocity of Happiness Men seldom give pleasure, where they are not pleased themselves.—Rambler, No. 74.

Happiness in the Present Is man never happy in the present? Never, but when he is drunk.—Life. April 10, 1775.

Health Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeless as the powers of vegetation without the sun.—Rambler, No. 48.

Health Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of pleasure and the followers of business.—Rambler, No. 48.

Health after Seventy Health begins, after seventy, and long before, to have a meaning different from that which it had at thirty. But it is culpable to murmur at the established order of the creation, as it is vain to

oppose it ; he that lives, must grow old ; and he that would rather grow old than die, has God to thank for the infirmities of old age.—*Life.* Dec. 7, 1782.

Value of Health Every man that hath felt pain knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied.—*Rambler*, No. 178.

Health versus Wealth Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured.—*Rambler*, No. 48.

Heaven versus Clergymen A man who is good enough to go to heaven, is good enough to be a clergyman.—*Life.* April 5, 1772.

Mutual Help The apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support.—*Rambler*, No. 104.

Hereditary Neither our virtues or vices are all our own.—*Rambler*, No. 180.

Christian Heroism The Christian and the Hero are inseparable.—*Rambler*, No. 44.

Civility of Highlanders Civility seems part of the national character of Highlanders.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 22.

A Highwayman I would rather shoot him in the instant when he is attempting to rob me, than afterwards swear against him at the Old Bailey to take away

his life, after he has robbed me. I am surer I am right in the one case than in the other. I may be mistaken as to the man when I swear : I cannot be mistaken if I shoot him in the act. Besides, we feel less reluctance to take away a man's life when we are heated by the injury, than to do it at a distance of time by an oath, after we have cooled.—*Life.* April 3, 1778.

*The Moral
Duty of the
Historian* It is particularly the duty of those who consign illustrious names to posterity to take care lest their readers be misled by ambiguous examples. *Rambler*, No. 164.

*Modern
Historian and
Moralist* There is more thought in the moralist than in the historian. There is but a shallow stream of thought in history.—*Life.* April 19, 1772.

History We must consider how very little history there is ; I mean real authentic history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true ; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history, is conjecture.—*Life.* April 19, 1775.

Says Boswell :—“Gibbon was present at this conversation, but did not care to step forth in defence of this species of writing.

History Oral All history was at first oral.—*Life.* November 11.

*Study of
History* If we act only for ourselves, to neglect the study of history is not prudent : if we are entrusted with the care of others, it is not just.—*Rasselias*, ch. xxx.

<sup>Church
Holidays</sup> I am sorry to have it to say that Scotland is the only Christian country, Catholic or Protestant, where the great events of our religion are not solemnly commemorated by its ecclesiastical establishment on days set apart for the purpose.—Life.
March 22, 1776.

^{Not at Home} A servant's strict regard for truth must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*?—Life.
July 18, 1763.

^{Hope} Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.—Rambler, No. 203.

^{Hope} Hope is necessary in every condition.—Rambler, No. 67.

^{Hope} Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour.—Rambler, No. 110.

^{Hope} Hope is an amusement rather than a good, and adapted to none but very tranquil minds.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 191.

<sup>False Hope
General</sup> To indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings.—Adventurer, No. 69.

Hospitality Don't set up for what is called hospitality : it is a waste of time, and a waste of money ; you are eaten up, and not the more respected for your liberality. If your house be like an inn, nobody cares for you. A man who stays a week with another, makes him a slave for a week.—*Life.* May 15, 1783.

Contributing to Hospitals Among those actions which the mind can most securely review with unabated pleasure, is that of having contributed to an hospital for the sick.—*Idler.* No. 4.

An Hour An hour may be tedious but cannot be long.

Housebreaker Timorous No wonder he is afraid of being shot getting *into* a house, or hanged when he has got *out* of it.—*Life.* June 3, 1781.

Enlarging Houses Is like a shirt made for a man when he was a child, and enlarged always as he grows older.—*Life.* September 16.

Hume's Politics David Hume was a Tory by chance : but not upon a principle of duty : for he had no principle.—*Life.* September 30.

Humility He must be humble who would please.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale,* No. 173.

The Benevolence of Humour No man hates him at whom he can laugh.—*Rambler.*

**Good
Humour** May be defined a habit of being pleased.
A state between gaiety and unconcern.—
Rambler, No. 72.

**Good
Humour** All good humour and complaisance are required.—Journal. September 14.

**Good
Humour** It is wonderful how rare a quality good humour is in life. We meet with very few good-humoured men.—Life. April 11, 1775.

**Good
Humour** A man's being in a good or bad humour depends upon his will.—Life. April 29, 1778.

Hunting The labour of the savages of North America, but the amusement of the gentlemen of England.—Kearsley's Life of Johnson.

Hunting It is very strange, and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us to call hunting one of them.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 206.

**Husband and
Wife** Women give great offence by a contemptuous spirit of non-compliance on petty occasions.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 150.

**Hypocrisy
and
Affectation** Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy; affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop.—Rambler, No. 20.

Pre-eminence of the Ideal over the Actual No man's power can be equal to his will.—Rambler, No. 82.

Spiritual Ideas Spiritual ideas may be recollected in old age, but can hardly be acquired.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 221.

The Idle and the Busy If it be difficult to persuade the idle to be busy, it is likewise not easy to convince the busy that it is better to be idle.—Idler, No. 35.

Idleness To be idle is to be vicious.—Rambler, No. 85.

Idleness To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties.—Rambler, No. 155.

Miseries of Idleness There are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the idler only can conceive.—Idler, No. 3.

The Sin of Idleness Rather to do nothing than do good, is the lowest state of a degraded mind.—Letter to Langton. July 12, 1784

Idler Every man is, or hopes to be an Idler.—Idler, No. 1.

Ignorance Ignorance is a subject for pity, not for laughter.—European Magazine, Edited then by Isaac Reed.

Ignorance To be ignorant is painful ; but it is dangerous to quiet our uneasiness by the delusive opiate of hasty persuasion.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 104.

Ignorance Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced ; it is a vacuity in which the soul is motionless and torpid for want of attraction ; and without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget.—*Rasselas*, ch. xi.

Ignorance and Confidence In things difficult there is danger from ignorance ; and in things easy from confidence.—*Preface to English Dictionary*.

Literary Ignorance Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves.—*Rambler*, No. 137.

Ignorance of Officers It is wonderful how ignorant many officers of the army are, considering how much leisure they have for study, and the acquisition of knowledge.—*Journal*. Nov. 11.

Ignorance of Ourselves We do not always know our own motives.—*Lives of the Poets*. Dryden.

Pride of Ignorance Most men are unwilling to be taught.—*Rambler*.

Voluntary Ignorance Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal ; and he may properly be charged with evil, who refused to learn how he might prevent it.—*Rasselas*, ch. xxx.

Intellectual Images No intellectual images are without use.
—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 115.

Imitation No man ever yet became great by imitation.—Rambler, No. 154.

Immortality the calmer of our Passions The disturbers of our happiness in this world are our desires, our griefs, and our fears, and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy.—Rambler, No. 17.

Imperfections It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man.—Anecdotes by James Northcote, R.A.

Imposed on in Purchasing Tea and Sugar That will not be the case if you go to a *stately shop*, as I always do. In such a shop it is not worth their while to take a petty advantage.

Imposture All imposture weakens confidence, and chills benevolence.—Rasselas, ch. xlv.

Inactivity To act is far easier than to suffer; yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying.—Rambler, No. 134.

↓ **Little Incidents** There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by study of little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.—Life. July 9, 1763.

Inconsistencies Inconsistencies cannot both be right, but, imputed to man, they may *both* be true.—Rasselas, ch. viii.

Indolence Indolence is one of the vices from which those whom it once infects, are seldom reformed.—Rambler, No. 155.

Indolence It is vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.—Lives of the Poets. King.

Industry He that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.—Rambler, No. 108.

Inequality and Subordination Mankind are happier in a state of inequality and subordination. Were they to be in this pretty state of equality, they would soon degenerate into brutes ; they would become Monboddo's nation : their tails would grow. All would be losers were all to work for all : they would have no intellectual improvement. All intellectual improvement arises from leisure ; all leisure arises from one working for another.—Life. April 13, 1773.

Infidels Let us never praise talents so ill employed, we foul our mouths by commending such.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 94.

Infinity Numeration is certainly infinite, for eternity might be employed in adding unit to unit ; but every number is in itself finite, as the possibility of

doubling it easily proves ; besides, stop at what point you will, you find yourself as far from infinitude as ever.
—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 79.

Ingratitude A man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. A man, when he gets into a higher sphere, into others' habits of life, cannot keep up all his former connections. Then, those who knew him formerly upon a level with themselves, may think that they ought still to be treated as on a level, which cannot be ; and an acquaintance in a former situation may bring out things which it would be very disagreeable to have mentioned before higher company, though perhaps everybody knows of them.—Life. March 28, 1776.

To one Suffering from Ingratitude Let him do good on higher motives next time ; he will then be sure of his reward.—Piozzi's Anecdotes.

Initials Who is bound to recollect initials ? A name should be written, if not fully, yet so that it cannot be mistaken.—Letters published by Mrs. Piozzi, No. 325.

Injury All injury is either of the person, the fortune, or the fame.—Life.

Inn There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be : there

must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests—the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him ; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome ; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines :—

“ Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.”

—Life. March 21, 1776.

Innocence To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence.
—Rambler, No. 68.

Universality If we speak with rigorous exactness, no *of* *Insanity* human mind is in its right state. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity.—Rasselias, ch. xlivi.

Insubordination. The chief cause of which is the great increase of money. No man now depends upon the lord of a manor, when he can send to another

country and fetch provisions. The shoebblack at the entry of my court does not depend on me. I can deprive him but of a penny a day, which he hopes somebody else will bring him ; and that penny I must carry to another shoebblack ; so the trade suffers nothing.—Life.

^{Union of}
^{Intellect and}
^{Morality} Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless ; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.—Rasselias, ch. xl.

^{Preference of}
^{Intellect to}
^{the Heart} Man is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.—Idler, No. 88.

^{Intemperance} Perpetual levity must end in ignorance ; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable.—Rasselias, ch. xvii.

^{Intentions} Hell is paved with good intentions.—
Journal. April 14, 1775.

^{for the End} Good Intentions There is scarcely one that does not purpose to close his life in pious abstraction, with a few associates serious as himself.—Rasselias, ch. xlvi.

^{Intoxication} He who makes a *beast* of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man.—Anecdotes by Stockdale.

Iona Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world,
Iona may be some time again the instructress
of the Western regions.—*Journey to the Western Islands*,
p. 134.

Going to see Ireland Worth seeing? Yes; but not worth going
to see.—*Life*. October 12, 1779.

The Irish The Irish are a *fair people*;—they never
speak well of one another.—*Life. Anecdotes*
by the Bishop of Killaloe, 1774.

The Irish Persecuted The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for
we see there the minority prevailing over the
majority. There is no instance, even in the ten perse-
cutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of
Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we
tell them we have conquered them, it would be above
board; to punish them by confiscation and other penal-
ties as rebels, was monstrous injustice. King William
was not their lawful sovereign: he had not been
acknowledged by the Parliament of Ireland when they
appeared in arms against him.—*Life*. May 7, 1773.

Iron Iron contributes so much to supply the
wants of nature, that its use constitutes much
of the difference between savage and polished life,
between the state of him who slumbers in European
palaces, and him that shelters himself in the cavities of
a rock from the chillness of the night, or the violence of
the storm.—*Idler*, No. 37.

Islands In the islands, as in most other places, the
inhabitants are of different rank, and one
does not encroach here upon another. Where there is

no commerce nor manufacture, he that is born poor can scarce become rich ; and if none are able to buy estates, he that is born to land cannot annihilate his family by selling it.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 173.

Island Thought When a man retires into an island, he is to turn his thoughts entirely to another world : he has done with this.—*Journal*. September 5.

A Jacobite A Jacobite believes in the divine right of kings. He that believes in the divine right of kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of bishops. He that believes in the divine right of bishops, believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, a Jacobist is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig, for *Whiggism is a negative of all principle*.—*Life*. July 9, 1763.

Jesting Nothing produces enmity so certain as one person's showing a disposition to be merry, when another is inclined to be either serious or displeased.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 116.

Scornful Jesting Of all the griefs that harass the distressed, Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.—“*London*,” Lines 165-166.

Johnson Afraid of Dying The approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for

that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.—Life. Letter to Rev. D. Taylor, Ashbourne, April 12, 1784.

Judge Holding Office for Life There is no reason why a judge should hold his office for life, more than any other person in public trust.—Life. April 14, 1775.

Judges Trading No judge can give his whole attention to his office; and it is very proper that he should employ what time he has to himself to his own advantage, in the most profitable manner.—Life. April 6, 1775.

The Uses of Judgment To prize everything according to its *real* use, ought to be the aim of a rational being.—“Adventurer,” No. 119.

Kenned's Edition of the Hebrew Bible I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth.—Journal.

Kindness Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures.—Rambler, No. 137.

Kindness To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.—Life. September 21, 1777.

Kindness If we will have the kindness of others we must endure their follies.—*Idler*, No. 55.

Spontaneous Kindness Always set a high value on spontaneous kindness. He whose inclination prompts him to cultivate your friendship of his own accord, will love you more than one whom you have been at pains to attach to you.—*Life*. May 8, 1781. *Boswell's Collectanea*.

Knotting Next to mere idleness, I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance.—*Life*. June 3, 1784.

Knowledge Of all sublunary things, knowledge is the best.—*Rasselais*, ch. xlvi.

Knowledge Knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas.—*Rasselais*, ch. xi.

Knowledge Knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But, upon the whole, knowledge *per se* is certainly an object which every man would wish to attain, although, perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for attaining it.—*Life*. July 1, 1763.

Knowledge All knowledge is of itself of some value.—*Life*. April 14, 1775.

Desire of Knowledge A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.—*Life*. July 30, 1763.

Diffusion of Knowledge While knowledge is a distinction, those who are possessed of it will naturally rise above those who are not. Merely to read and write was a distinction at first; but we see, when reading and writing have become general, the common people keep their stations. And so, were higher attainments to become general, the effect would be the same.—*Life.* April 11, 1776.

Every-day Knowledge Teach your boy the value of money, and how to reckon it; ignorance to a wealthy lad of one-and-twenty is only so much fat to a sick sheep: it just serves to call the *rooks* about him.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 196.

Knowledge and Poetry Knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once.—*Rasselas*, ch. x.

Undigested Knowledge As some are not richer for the extent of their possessions, others are not wiser for the multitude of their ideas.—*Rambler*, No. 98.

Labour Labour is exercise continued to fatigue.—
Letter, No. 207, published by Mrs. Piozzi.

Labour Such is the constitution of man, that labour may be styled its own reward.—
Rambler, No. 85.

**Labourers not
Subject to
Low Spirits** Labouring men who work hard, and live sparingly, are seldom or never troubled with low spirits.—*Life. July 21, 1763.*

The Ladies I am very fond of the company of ladies ; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their *silence*!—*Anecdotes of Johnson, by William Seward, Esq.*

**Learned
Ladies** A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek.—*Anecdotes of Johnson by Hawkins.*

**Ladies
Marrying
Profligates** Ladies set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them : the greatest profligate will be as well received as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman, by a woman who says her prayers three times a day. A lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has threepence more ; and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices ; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them ; they are the slaves of order and fashion ; their virtue is of more consequence to us than our own, so far as concerns this world.—*Life. June 10, 1784.*

**European
Ladies** To die *with* husbands, or to live *without* them, are the two extremes which the prudence and moderation of European ladies have, in all ages, equally declined.—*Idler, No. 87.*

**Driving Fast
with a
Lady** If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving

briskly in a post-chase with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation.—*Life*. September 19, 1777.

^{Lampoon} *Lampoon* itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well.—*The False Alarm*.

^{Language} *Language* is the dress of thought.—*Lives of the Poets*.

^{The French and English Language} There is more knowledge *circulated* in the French language than in any other. There is more *original* knowledge in English.

^{Progress of Language} Every language has a time of rudeness, antecedent to perfection, as well as of false requirement and declension.—*Preface to the English Dictionary*.

^{Law} Law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 111.

^{Law} In the formulary and statutory part of law a plodding blockhead may excel; but in the ingenious and rational part of it a plodding blockhead can never excel.—*Life*. February, 1766.

^{Law Dependent on Force} Laws which cannot be enforced can neither prevent nor rectify disorders.—*False Alarm*.

Practice of the Law A lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause he undertakes, unless his client ask his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge.—*Journal*. August 15.

Laws A country is in a bad state which is governed only by laws; because a thousand things occur for which laws cannot provide, and where authority ought to interpose.—*Journal*. September 11.

Lawyers Lawyers know life practically. A bookish man should always have them to converse with. They have what he wants.—*Life*. April 17, 1778.

Learning It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place: it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained.—*Idler*, No. 94.

Learning Learning once made popular is no longer learning: it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.—*Lives of the Poets*. Dryden.

Decrease of Learning Learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly. There are other ways of getting preferment.—*Journal*. August 21.

^{Silent Men of} _{Learning} Teaching such tonies, is like setting a lady's diamonds in lead, which only obscures the lustre of the stone, and makes the possessor ashamed on't.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 195.

^{Solid} _{Learning} A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.—*Rambler*, No. 72.

^{Lectures} I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chemistry by lectures ; you may teach making of shoes by lectures.—*Life*. February, 1766.

^{Letter} _{Writing} It is now become so much the fashion to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can.—*Life*. May 8, 1781.

^{A Short} _{Letter} A short letter to a distant friend is an insult, like that of a slight bow or cursory salutation ;—a proof of unwillingness to do much, even where there is a necessity of doing something.—*Letter to Barette*. June 10, 1761.

^{Levellers} Levellers wish to level *down* as far as *up* to themselves ; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them ; why not then have some people above them ?—*Life*. July 20, 1763.

Detestation of Liars It is the peculiar condition of falsehood to be equally detested by the good and bad.—
Adventurer, No. 50.

Liberty We are all agreed as to our own liberty : we would have as much of it as we can get ; but we are not agreed as to the liberty of others ; for in proportion as we take, others must lose. I believe we hardly wish that the mob should have liberty to govern us.—April 8, 1779.

Liberty They who most loudly clamour for liberty do not most liberally grant it.—Lives of the Poets. Milton.

Life Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.—Life. April 29, 1776. Boswell's Collectanea.

Life Life is not long, and too much of it must not pass in idle deliberation how it shall be spent.—Life. Letter to Boswell, August 21, 1766.

Life Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding : yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 84.

Life Life is made up of little things ; and that character is the best which does little but repeated acts of beneficence ; as that conversation is the best which consists in elegant and pleasing thoughts expressed in natural and pleasing terms.—Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 90.

^{Life} Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time, of that time which never can return.—Life. June 10, 1761. Letter to Baretté.

^{Life} It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty.—Idler, No. 32.

^{Accommodations of Life} When Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, “How many things are here which I do not need?” And the same exclamation may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life.

^{City Life} In a city it is possible to obtain at the same time the gratification of society, and the secrecy of solitude.—Rasselas, ch. xii.

^{Circumscription of Human Life} When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature: or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom: all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others: all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor: we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice.—Rambler, No. 108.

^{Conduct of Life} Our true honour is not to have a great part, but to act it well.—Lives of the Poets. Pope.

Country Life There is not now the same inducement to live in the country as formerly ; the pleasures of social life are much better enjoyed in town ; and there is no longer in the country that power and influence in proprietors of land which they had in old times, and which made the country so agreeable to them.—*Life.* September 20, 1777.

Life and Death Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated.—*Preface to English Dictionary.*

Declining Life Declining life is a very awful scene.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 228.*

Living a Good Life If a man has led a good life for seven years, and then is hurried by passion to do what is wrong, and is suddenly carried off, depend upon it he will have the reward of his seven years' good life : God will not take a catch of him.—*Life.* May 29, 1783.

Human Life Human life is every where a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed.—*Rasselas, ch. xi.*

View of Human Life To take a view of human life at once distinct and comprehensive, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connexion, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences.—*Rambler, No. 63.*

Inadequacy of the Present Life Whether perfect happiness would be pro- cured by perfect goodness, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding.—*Rasselas, ch. xxvii.*

Incompetence of Reason for Common Life There are a thousand familiar disputes which *reason* never can decide: questions that elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous. Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by *reason*, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day.—*Rasselas*, ch. xxix.

Irregular Life Negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—*Lives of the Poets, Savage*.

Love of Life Love of life is necessary to a vigorous prosecution of any undertaking.—*Rambler*.

The Mystery of Life Life is not the object of science; we see a little, very little; and what is beyond our power we only can conjecture.—*Adventurer*, No. 107.

Nothingness of Life Life passes for the most part in petty transactions; our hours glide away in trifling amusements and slight gratifications; and there very seldom emerges any occasion that can call forth great virtues or great abilities.—*Rambler*, No. 98.

Obligations of Life No man is obliged to do as much as he can do. A man is to have part of his life to himself.—*Life. February, 1766.*

A Parson's Life The life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have Chancery

suits upon my hands than the cure of souls. No, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.—Life. April 17, 1778.

^{Life}
_{Passing} Life admits not of delays ; when pleasures can be had, it is fit to catch it : every hour takes away part of the things that please us, and perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased.—Life. Letter to Boswell. September 1, 1777.

^{Prime of}
_{Life} In life, is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy, or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think ; and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years.—Rasselas, ch. iv.

^{Eminence in}
_{Public Life} It is wonderful with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in public life.—Life.

^{Progress of}
_{Life} Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.—Life. April 29, 1776.

^{Shortness}
_{of Life} Life's a short summer—man a flower.

^{Shortness}
_{of Life} If my readers will turn their thoughts back upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a single man to remembrance, who appeared to know that life was short until he was about to lose it.—Rambler, No. 71.

Simplicity of Life A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals.—
Rambler, No. 89.

Sphere of Man's Life No mind is much employed upon the present: recollection and anticipation fill up almost all our moments.—Rasselas, ch. xxx.

Uncertainty of Life The distance between the grave and the point of human longevity, is but a very little; and of that little no path is certain.—Letter 342 to Mrs. Thrale.

Vacuity of Life Life must be filled up, and the man who is not capable of intellectual pleasures must content himself with such as his senses can afford.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 152.

Literature The happiest persons, as well as the most virtuous, are to be found amongst those who unite with a business or profession, a love of literature.

The Right of Literature to a Place in History Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature, is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished.—Lives of the Poets. Addison.

Buildings in London It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.—Life. July 1, 1763.

Definition of London London, the needy villain's general home; the common-sewer of Paris and of Rome.—London.

Economy in London There is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London ; more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than anywhere else.—Life. April 1, 1779.

Knowledge in London A man stores his mind better there than anywhere else ; in remote situations a man's body might be feasted, but his mind is starved, and his faculties apt to degenerate, from want of exercise and competition.—Life. Collectanea by Maxwell, 1770.

Learning in London I will venture to say that there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom.—Life. September 30, 1769.

Life in London When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life ; for there is in London all that life can afford.—Life. September 20, 1777.

Love in London A man in London is in less danger of falling in love indiscreetly than anywhere else ; for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects keeps him safe.—Life. Maxwell's Collectanea, 1770.

Seeing London By seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can shew.—Journal. October 11.

^{Vanity in}
^{London} No place cures a man's vanity or arrogance so well as London ; for as no man is either great or good *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he is sure to find in the metropolis many his equals, and some his superiors.—Life. Maxwell's Collectanea, 1770.

^{Visiting}
^{London} A country gentleman should bring his lady to visit London as soon as he can, that they may have agreeable topics for conversation when they are by themselves.—Life. September 20, 1777.

^{Comparison}
^{of Lot} Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.—Rambler, No. 186.

^{Comparison}
^{of Lots} *Spartam quam nactus es orna* ; make the most and best of your lot, and compare yourself not with the few that are above you, but with the multitudes which are below you.—Life. Letter to Boswell, 1784.

^{Love} A passion which has caused the change of empires, and the loss of worlds—a passion which has inspired heroism and subdued avarice.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 210.

^{Love} We must not ridicule a passion which he who never felt never was happy, and he who laughs at never deserves to feel.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 209.

Falling in Love If you would shut up any man with any woman, so as to make them derive their whole pleasure from each other, they would inevitably fall in love, as it is called, with each other.—Piozzi's Anecdotes.

Disappointed Love The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow.—Lives of the Poets. Pope.

Love Without Jealousy It is not hard to love those, from whom nothing can be feared.—Lives of the Poets. Addison.

Love Unimpaired by Dissipation In a man whom religious education has secured from licentious indulgences, the passion of love, when once it has seized him, is exceedingly strong ; being unimpaired by dissipation and totally concentrated in one object.—Life.

Wedded Love Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other.—Rambler.

Luxury No nation was ever hurt by luxury ; for it can reach but to a very few.—Life. April 13, 1773.

Lawfulness of Lying What a man has no right to ask, you may refuse to communicate ; and there is no other effectual mode of preserving a secret, and an important secret, the discovery of which may be very hurtful to

you, but a flat denial : for if you are silent, or hesitate, or evade, it will be held equivalent to a confession.—*Life.* June 13, 1784.

Lawfulness of Lying If a murderer should ask you which way a man is gone, you may tell him what is not true ; because you are under a previous obligation not to betray a man to a murderer.—*Life.* June 13, 1784.

A Madman A madman loves to be with people whom he fears ; not as a dog fears the lash, but of whom he stands in awe.—*Life.* September 20, 1777.

Madmen Madmen are all sensual in the lower stages of the distemper.—*Life.* September 20, 1777.

Madness Madness is occasioned by too much indulgence of imagination.—*Life.*

Madness Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived.—*Life.* Langton's *Collectanea*, 1780.

Madness Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes.—*Life.* June 19, 1784.

Danger of Madness Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason.—*Rasselas*, ch. xlvi.

Old Maids When female minds are embittered by age or by solitude, their malignity is generally exerted in a vigorous and spiteful superintendence of domestic trifles.—*Rambler*, No. 112.

Malignity Short is the triumph of malignity.—*Idler*, No. 28.

Desires of Man The desires of man increase with his acquisitions.—*Idler*, No. 30.

A Respectable Man A mere literary man is a *dull* man. A man who is solely a man of business is a *selfish* man; but, when literature and commerce are united, they make a *respectable* man.—*Anecdote of Johnson*, by Robert Barclay, of Bury Hill, Dorking.

A Well-bred and Ill-bred Man One immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him.—*Life*. June 19, 1784.

Speaking of a Man in his Presence Never speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate, and may be offensive.—*Life*. March 25, 1776.

Mankind a Republic Mankind is one vast republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labour of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay.—*Idler*, No. 19.

Bad Manners It is very bad manners to carry provisions to any man's house, as if he could not entertain you. To an inferior it is oppressive, to a superior it is insolent.—*Journal*. August 20.

Marriage Marriage is much more necessary to a man than to a woman ; for he is much less able to supply himself with domestic comforts.—Life. March 25, 1776.

Marriage Marriage is the best state for man in general ; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—Life. March 22, 1776.

Marriage I do not pretend to have discovered that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage.—Life. Letter to Baretta. December 21, 1762.

Marriage Benevolence and prudence will make marriage happy : but what can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry into conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment ?—Rasselas, ch. xxix.

Marriage It is a very foolish resolution to resolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself very estimable. No, I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish ; a pretty woman may be wicked ; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended ; she will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another ; and that is all.—Life, June 5, 1781.



Marriage Marriage like life has its growth. The first year is the year of gaiety and revel.—Idler, No. 86. December 8, 1759.

Marriage Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship ; that there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity.—Rambler, No. 19.

Marriage Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature ; man and woman are made to be companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.—Rasselas, ch. xxviii.

Marriage I would advise no man to marry who is not likely to propagate understanding.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 97.

Marriage Un-natural to Man. It is so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection, and the restraint which civilised society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together.—Life. March 31, 1772.

Marriages I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.—Life. March 24, 1776.

Early Marriages. From early marriages proceeds the rivalry of parents and children : the son is eager to enjoy the world, before the father is willing to forsake it,

and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish the absence of the other.—Rasselas, ch. 29.

^{Ill-assorted}
^{Marriages} Even ill-assorted marriages are preferable to cheerless celibacy.—Life. Dr. Maxwell's *Collectanea*, 1770.

^{Late}
^{Marriages} In the variety and jollity of youthful pleasures, life may be well enough supported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increase, experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and selection: one advantage at least, will be certain; the parents will be visibly older than their children.—Rasselas, ch. 29.

^{Misery}
^{of}
^{Late Marriages} The unhappy produce of them becomes the play things of dotage: An old man's child leads much such a life, as a little boy's dog, seized with awkward fondness, and forced to set up and beg, as we call it, to divert a company, who at last go away complaining of their disagreeable company.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 11.

✓ ^{Comparison of}
^{Late and Early}
^{Marriages} I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children, and those who marry early with their partners.—Rasselas, ch. 29.

^{Marriage}
^{Settlements} Settlements are expected, that often to a mercantile man especially, sink a fortune into uselessness; and pin-money is stipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and destroys love, by putting

it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection.—Rambler, No. 97.

Comparison between Single and Married Life The incommodities of a single life are, in a great measure, necessary and certain ; but those of the conjugal state accidental and avoidable.—Rasselias, ch. 29.

Marrying for Love It is commonly a weak man who marries for love.—Life. March 28, 1776.

Marrying an Inferior Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage ; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen, and would not put her on a level with my other daughters.—Life. March 28, 1775.

Marrying Women of Fortune A woman of fortune, being used to the handling of money, spends it judiciously ; but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending it that she throws it away with great profusion.—Life. March 28, 1776.

Matrimony Fear of the world, and a sense of honour, may have an effect upon a man's conduct and behaviour : a woman without religion is without the only motive that in general can incite her to do well. Marry first, for virtue ; secondly, for love ; thirdly, for beauty ; fourthly, for money.—*Anecdotes of Johnson by Hawkins.*

Meals in the Country In the country, meals are wished for from the cravings of the vacuity of mind, as well as from the desire of eating.—Tour to the Hebrides. Journal, Sept. 7.

Characteristic of Meanness An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—The False Alarm.

Melancholy Melancholy should be diverted by every means but drinking.—Life. March 29, 1776.

Melancholy If a melancholy impression softens the mind so as to prepare it for the reception of salutary feelings, it may be good; but inasmuch as it is melancholy *per se*, it is bad.—Life. Langton's Collectanea, 1780.

Constitutional Melancholy A man so afflicted must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them. To attempt to *think them down* is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night, and if wakeful or disturbed, take a book and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise.—Life. March 19, 1776.

Memory Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation.

Memory Memory is the purveyor of reason.—Rambler, No. 41.

^{Memory} We owe to memory not only the increase of our knowledge, and our progress in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleasures.—Rambler, No. 41.

^{Memory} In general, every person has an equal capacity for reminiscence, and for one thing as well as another, otherwise he would be like a person complaining that he could hold silver in his hand, but could not hold copper.—Anecdotes by Miss Reynolds.

^{Failing Memory} There must be a diseased mind, where there is a failure of memory at seventy. A man's head must be morbid, if he fails so soon.—Life. September 22, 1777.

^{Men Best Known at Home} It is at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity.—Rambler, No. 68.

^{Courting Great Men} You may be prudently attached to great men, and yet independent. You are not to do what you think wrong; you are to calculate, and not to pay too dear for what you get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court.—Life. Boswell's Collectanea, February, 1776.

^{Men have more Liberty than Women} Women have all the liberty they should wish to have. We have all the labour and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea, we build houses, we do everything, in short, to

pay our court to the women. If we require more perfection from women than from ourselves, it is doing them honour. And women have not the same temptations that we have ; they may always live in virtuous company ; men must mix in the world indiscriminately. If a woman has no inclination to do what is wrong, being secured from it is no restraint to her.—*Life. April 15, 1778.*

Morose men **Morose men hate the cheerful.**

Men When it comes to dry understanding, man
Intellectually has the better.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson,*
above Women. p. 301.

A Merchant A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an
enlarged mind ; but there is nothing in trade
 connected with an enlarged mind.—*Journal. October 18.*

Test of Merit He who pleases many must have some
 species of merit.—*Lives of the Poets. Pom-
 fret.*

**Retardation of
 Merit** Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed.—
 “London.” Line 176.

**Success of
 Methodist
 Preaching** It is owing to them expressing themselves
 in a plain and familiar manner, which is the
 only way to do good to the common people, and which
 clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a
 principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations ;
 a practice for which they will be praised by men of
 sense. When Scotch clergy give up their homely man-
 ner, religion will soon die out and decay in that country.
 —*Life. July 30, 1763.*

^{The}
_{Methodists} The Methodists have done good. They have spread impressions among the vulgar part of mankind.—Journal. November 10.

^{Milton.} If Milton had not written the *Paradise Lost*, he would have only ranked among the minor poets.—*Memories of "Hannah More."* Vol. 1. p. 212.

^{The Mind} The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object but by passing to another.

^{The Mind} To set the mind above the appetites, is the end of abstinence.

^{Furniture of the Mind} The best furniture of a young man's mind are the precepts of religion and sound morality.—*Sir John Hawkins' Life of Johnson*, p. 182.

^{Power of the Human Mind} Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—*Rasselais*, ch. 12.

^{Pre-occupation of Mind} We must be busy about good or evil, and he to whom the *present offers nothing*, will often be looking backward on the past.—*Idler*, No. 72.

^{Election of Ministers} I cannot wish well to a popular election of the clergy, when I consider that it occasions such animosities, such unworthy courting of the people, such slanders between the contending parties, and other disadvantages. It is enough to allow the people to remonstrate against the nomination of a minister for solid reasons.—*Life*. March 21, 1771.

Mischief Much mischief is done in the world with very little interest or design.—Idler, No. 3.

A Miser No man is born *a miser*, because no man is born to possession. Every man is born *cupidus*—desirous of getting; but not *avarus*—desirous of keeping.—Life. April 25, 1778.

Misery That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no less certain that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part.—Idler, No. 89.

Talking of Misfortunes Depend upon it, that if a man *talks of his misfortunes*, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.—Life. Langton's Collectanea, 1780.

Missionaries Missionaries are too sanguine in their accounts of their success amongst savages, and much of what they tell is not to be believed.—Journal. November 10.

Helping Lord Monboddo We have been told by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddo; it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down hill as in helping him up hill, if his *tendency* be downwards. Till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there and he is quiet.—Journal.

Success of Moderation Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful.—Johnson's Works.

<sup>Modesty not
Natural</sup> We find no people quite in a state of nature ; but the more they are taught, the more modest they are.—*Life.* May 13, 1778. *

^{Money} Money has much less power than is ascribed to it by those who want it.—*Rambler,* No. 73.

^{Money} The great effect of money is to break property into small parts. In towns, he that has a shilling may have a piece of meat ; but where there is no commerce, no man can eat mutton but by killing a sheep.—*Journey to Western Islands*, p. 88.

<sup>Advantages of
Money</sup> Money *will* purchase occupation ; it *will* purchase all the conveniences of life ; it *will* purchase variety of company ; it *will* purchase all sorts of entertainment.—*Life.* September 20, 1777.

<sup>Employment
of Money</sup> A man cannot make a bad use of his money, so far as regards society, if he do not hoard it ; for if he either spends it or lends it out, society has the benefit. It is in general better to spend money than to give it away ; for industry is more promoted by spending money than by giving it away.—*Life.* March 23, 1783.

<sup>Enjoyment
of Money</sup> Life is short. The sooner that a man begins to enjoy his wealth the better.—*Life.* April 19, 1773.

^{Getting Money} There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money.—*Life.* September 20, 1777.

Influence of Money He who lavishes his money is laughed at as foolish, and in a great degree with justice, considering how much is spent from vanity. Even those who partake of a man's hospitality have but a transient kindness for him. If he has not the command of money, people know he cannot help them if he would ; whereas the rich man always can, if he will, and for the chance of that will have much weight.—Journal. August 26.

Investment of Money Half on mortgage, and half in the funds, are the two best securities for it that your country can afford.—Anecdotes by William Seward, Esq.

Leaving Money It is better to *live* rich, than to *die* rich.—Life. April 17, 1778.

Marrying for Money Now has that fellow (it was a nobleman of whom he spoke) at length obtained a certainty of three meals a day, and for that certainty, like his brother dog in the fable, he will get his neck galled for life with a collar.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 254.

Motive Power of Money The whole world is put in motion by the wish for riches, and the dread of poverty.—Rambler, No. 178.

Power of Money Money, in whatever hands, will confer power.—Rambler, No. 142.

Morality in High and Low Life In common life reason and conscience have only the appetites and passions to encounter ; but in higher stations they must oppose artifice and adulation.—Rambler, No. 172.

Morality and Religion The great art of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue.—*Rambler*, No. 7.

Moroseness With some people gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down.—*Life*.
April 7, 1776.

Early Morning A London morning does not go with the sun.—*Life*. March 20, 1781.

Motives Motives are generally unknown.—*Life*.
October 5, 1769.

Music A method of employing the mind without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self.—*Journal*, October 15.

Music It is the only sensual pleasure without vice.—*Anecdotes of Johnson* by Hawkins.

Music The art which unites corporal with intellectual pleasure, by a species of enjoyment which gratifies sense, without weakening reason; and which, therefore, the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good may enjoy without deprivation.—*Anecdotes of Johnson* by Dr. Parr.

Music Affecting Boswell I should never hear it, if it made me such a fool.—*Life*. September 23, 1777.

Mystery Where mystery or secrecy begins, vice or roguery is not far off.—*Sir John Hawkins' Life of Johnson*.

Getting a Name To get a name, can happen but to few. A name, even in the most commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought.—Idler, No. 12.

National Prosperity The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed.—Idler, No. 22.

Progress of Nations Nations, like individuals, have their infancy.—Preface to Shakespeare.

Wealth of Nations As to mere wealth, that is to say, money, it is clear that one nation or one individual cannot increase its store but by making another poorer ; but trade procures what is more valuable, the reciprocation of the peculiar advantages of different countries.—Life.

Nature Take all opportunities of filling your mind with genuine scenes of nature. Description is always fallacious ; at least, till you have seen realities ; you cannot know it to be true.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 176.

Interdependence of Nature Human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals.—Rasselas, ch. xiii.

Relative Effects of Nature An evening walk must give to a man of learning pleasures, which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive.—Rasselas, ch. xliv.

Navigation Navigation could not be carried to any great degree of certainty without the compass, which was discovered in 1299, by John Gola, of Amalsi, in Italy.—Introduction to the World Displayed.

Eternal Necessity without Design If it were so, why has it ceased? Why don't we see men thus produced around us now? Why, at least, does it not keep pace, in some measure, with the progress of time? If it stops because there is now no need of it, then it is plain there is, and ever has been, an all-powerful intelligence. But stay, said he, with one of his satiric laughs, ha! ha! ha! I shall suppose Scotchmen made necessarily, and Englishmen by choice.—Journal. August 17.

Negligence Negligence will creep in upon the kindest and most delicate minds, when they converse *without the mutual awe of equal condition.*—The Rambler, No. 26.

The New not to be Condemned They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider, that the folly of projection is very seldom the folly of a fool.—Adventurer, No. 99.

None has All Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness.—Rambler, No. 196.

A Nonjuror I never knew a nonjuror who could reason.—Life. June 3, 1784.

Novelty and Desire Every possession is endeared by novelty: every gratification is exaggerated by desire.—Rambler, No. 172.

Filial Obedience Unlimited obedience is due only to the Universal Father of heaven and earth. My parents may be mad or foolish; may be wicked and malicious; may be erroneously religious, or absurdly scrupulous. I am not bound to compliance with mandates, either positive or negative, which either religion condemns or reason rejects.—Letter No. 66, to Mrs. Thrale.

Innocent Occupation It is happy when those who cannot content themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be industrious, are at least employed without injury to others.—Rambler, No. 103.

Occupation Necessary You cannot give me an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time, contriving not to have tedious hours.—Life. April 19, 1772.

Oddness Nothing odd will do long.—Life. March 20, 1776.

Taking Offence Nothing is more unpleasing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of provocation.—Rambler, No. 56.

Officers Officers are falsely supposed to have the carriage of gentlemen; whereas no profession leaves a stronger brand behind it than that of a soldier; and it is the essence of a gentleman's character to bear the visible mark of no profession whatever.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 156.

^{Omission of}
^{Easy Things} Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed.—*Rambler*, No. 155.

^{Controverting}
^{an Opinion} Every man will dispute with great good humour upon a subject in which he is not interested. I will dispute very calmly upon the probability of another man's son being hanged ; but if a man zealously enforces the probability that my own son will be hanged, I shall certainly not be in a very good humour with him.—*Life*.

^{Differences}
^{of Opinion} We have less reason to be surprised or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion ; because we very often differ from ourselves.—*Adventurer*, No. 107.

^{Public}
^{Opinion} Every man who writes thinks he can amuse or inform mankind, and they must be the best judges of his pretensions.—*Anecdotes of Johnson by Hawkins*.

^{The}
^{Rareness of}
^{Originality} Of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge ; or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.—*Adventurer*, No. 115.

^{Evil of}
^{Over-}
^{Suppression} Rigorous laws produce total impunity.—*Rambler*, No. 114.

A Pamphlet means Prose A pamphlet is understood in common language to mean prose, only from this, that there is so much more prose written than poetry; as when we say a *book*, prose is understood for the same reason, though a book may as well be in poetry as in prose. We understand what is most general, and we name what is less frequent.—Life. April 25, 1778.

Paradox Paradox recommended by spirit and elegance, easily gains attention.—Life of Milton.

Parents Poor people's children never respect them; I did not respect my own mother, though I loved her.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 27.

Parents and Children Parents and children seldom act in concert.—Rasselais, ch. 26.

Merriment of Parsons Merriment of Parsons is mighty offensive.—Life. March 20, 1781.

Partiality To believe no man in his own cause, is the standing and perpetual rule of distributive justice.—Rambler, No. 77.

Partiality Every man willingly gives value to the praise which he receives, and considers the sentence passed in his favour as the sentence of discernment.—Lives of the Poets. Halifax.

Regret for Parting There are few things not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, *This is the last*.—Idler, No. 103.



The Passions Their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids; exactly like his neighbour: resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.—*Adventurer*, No. 95.

Noble Passions Few The passions of the mind which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few.—*Adventurer*, No. 95.

Reviewing the Past Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or what is in the event just the same, that evil makes a deeper impression than good, it is certain that few can review the past without heaviness of heart.

Patriotism Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—*Life*. April 7, 1775.

Patronage The qualifications of a minister are well known to be learning and piety. Of his learning the patron is probably the only judge in the parish, and of his piety not less a judge than others; and is more likely to inquire minutely and diligently before he gives a presentation, than one of the parochial rabble, who can give nothing but a vote.—*Life*. May 1, 1773.

Patronage Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.—Extract from Johnson's Letter to Chesterfield, February 7, 1755.

Literary Patronage Rank may be conferred by Princes, and wealth bequeathed by misers or robbers; but the honours of a lasting name, and the veneration of distant ages, only the sons of learning have the power of bestowing.—Rambler, No. 136.

Pebbles v. Diamonds A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger.—Journal, August 31.

Pedantry Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning.—Rambler, No. 173.

Peevishness Peevishness is generally the vice of narrow minds, and, except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. The proper

remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice.—Rambler, No. 112.

^{Voluntary}
^{Pennance} It is an error to endeavour at pleasing God by taking the rod of reproof out of his hands.

^{Common}
^{People} *The Common People* do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects: nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts: they do not mean to lie: but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. If any thing rocks at all, they say it rocks like a cradle; and in this way they go on.—Life. September 14, 1777.

^{High People}
^{the Best} *High People* are *the best*; take a hundred ladies of quality, you'll find them better wives, better mothers, more willing to sacrifice their own pleasure to their children, than a hundred other women. Tradeswomen (I mean the wives of tradesmen) in the city, who are worth from £10,000 to £15,000, are the worst creatures upon the earth, grossly ignorant, and thinking viciousness fashionable. Farmers, I think, are often worthless fellows. Few lords will cheat; and if they do, they'll be ashamed of it; they have all the sensual vices, too, of the nobility, with cheating into the bargain.—Life. May 13, 1778.

^{Nice People} Delicacy does not surely consist in impossibility to be pleased, and that is false dignity indeed which is content to depend upon others.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, page 274.

^{Future}
^{Perfection} In the state of future perfection, to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and security without restraint.—Rasselas, ch. 46.

^{Peter}
^{the Great} Peter the Great had not sense to see that the mere mechanical work may be done by anybody. Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brick-maker.—Journal. September 24.

^{Philosophy}
^{and}
^{Religion} Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

^{Preference of}
^{Physical}
^{Impossibility}
^{to Honest}
^{Principles} The man who has overcome wicked inclinations is not the best. He has more merit to himself. I would rather trust my money to a man who has no hands, and so a physical impossibility to steal, than to a man of the most honest principles.—

^{A Physician}
^{Changing}
^{his Religion} When people see a man absurd in what they understand, they may conclude the same of him in what they do not understand. If a physician were to take to eating of horse-flesh, nobody would employ him: though one may eat horse-flesh and be a very skilful physician. If a man were educated in an absurd religion, his continuing to profess it would not hurt him, though his changing to it would.—Life. March 23, 1776.

^{A City}
^{Physician} A physician in a great city seems to be the mere play-thing of Fortune: his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that reject him know not his deficiency.—Lives of the Poets. Akenside.

^{Physicians} Do more good to mankind, without a prospect of reward, than any profession of man whatever.—*Anecdotes of Johnson*, by Sir J. Hawkins.

^{Piety} Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocation ; and those who have been harassed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal.—*Rambler*, ch. cxlviii.

^{Piety} Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man.—*Rambler*, No. 69.

^{Pity} If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced ; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied ; and if of vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced.—*Lives of the Poets*. Savage.

^{A Place for Everything} A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden.—*Life*.

April 14, 1772.

^{Reverence for Sacred Places} I look with reverence upon every place that has been set apart for religion.—*Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 131. *Journal*, September 10.

^{Plagiarism} The adoption of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed ornament, may sometimes display so much judgment as will almost compensate for invention.—*Rambler*, No. 143.

Plagiarism A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike.—*Adventurer*, No. 95.

Players Players, I look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint-stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs.—*Life*. November 5, 1775.

Pleasing Others We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody.—*Life. Letter to Boswell*. August 21, 1766.

Pleasure Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.—*Life*. March 15, 1774.

Pleasure Supposing we could have pleasure always, an intellectual man would not compound for it. The greatest part of men would compound, because the greatest part of men are gross.—*Life*. April 7, 1778.

Pleasure Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

Pleasures Pleasures never can be so multiplied or continued, as not to leave much of life unemployed.—*Rasselas*, ch. 4.

Pleasures Pleasures of some sort are necessary to the intellectual as to the corporeal health; and those who resist gaiety will be likely for the most part to fall a sacrifice to appetite.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 106.

Instantaneous Effect of Pleasure Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing must please at once.—*Lives of the Poets*.

Limits of Pleasure Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immovable boundaries, and has set different gratifications at such a distance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together.—*Rambler*, No. 178.

Pleasure of Projects Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking.—*Rambler*, No. 207.

Poetry Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.—*Lives of the Poets*. Pope.

Politeness The true effect of genuine politeness seems to be rather ease than pleasure.—*Rambler*, No. 98.

Politics Politics are now nothing more than means of rising in the world. With this sole view do men engage in politics, and their whole conduct proceeds upon it.—*Life*. April 11, 1775.

Politics I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. The danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases?—*Life*.

^{The Poor}
 Governed from
 Want of Unity reason,—“we'll be poor no longer,—we'll make the rich take their turn,”—they could easily do it, were it not that they can't agree; so the common soldiers, though much more numerous than their officers, are governed by them for the same reason.—Life. October 19, 1769.

^{Treatment of}
 the Poor
 possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 84.

^{Pope's Noble}
 Friends
 noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity.—Life. Boswell on Lives of the Poets. Pope, 1781.

^{Portraits}
 It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man.—Anecdotes of Johnson by Northcote.

^{Driving Rapidly}
 in a
 Post-Chaise
 Life has not many things better than this.—Life. March 21, 1776.

^{Poverty}
 Poverty is *hic et ubique*, and if you do shut the jade out of the door, she will always contrive, in some manner, to poke her pale lean face in at the window.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 255.

^{Poverty}
 Poverty has in large cities, very different appearances; it is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance.—Rasselas, ch. 25.

*Apo*verty Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.—Life.

The Obscurity of Poverty The life that passes in penury, must necessarily pass in obscurity.—Lives of the Poets. Fenton.

The Privilege of Poverty It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.—Rambler, No. 202.

The Protection of Poverty I need not fear thieves; I have *nothing*, and *nothing* is a very powerful *protector*.—Lives of the Poets. Rochester.

The Self-Consciousness of Poverty A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected.—Rambler, No. 26.

Power All power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable.—Life. April 14, 1775.

Power Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals.—Rasselas, ch. xi.

Limitations of Human Power None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without *falsehood*. Few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.—Rambler, No. 104.

Power and Wealth Power and wealth supply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our desire without the consent of others. Wealth enables us to obtain the consent of others to our gratification. Power, simply considered, whatever it confers on one, must take from another. Wealth enables its owner to give to others, by taking only from himself. Power pleases the violent and proud : wealth delights the placid and the timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 81.

Practice In every art, practice is much : in arts manual, practice is almost the whole.—*Lives of the Poets*. Ascham.

Praise Praise is to an old man an empty sound.—*Rasselias*, ch. xliv.

Praise Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity.—*Rambler*, No. 136.

Praise Praise is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions.—*Rambler*, No. 193.

Praise Praise may be always omitted without inconvenience.—*Rambler*, No. 146.

Conventionalism of Praise Praise is the tribute which every man is expected to pay for the grant of perusing a manuscript.—*Memoirs of Hannah More*, p. 206.

Praise and Flattery The difference between praise and flattery is the same as between that hospitality that sets wine enough before the guest, and that which forces him to be drunk.—Letters to Mrs. Piozzi, No. 71.

Hyperbolical Praise Do not flatter. Cool reciprocations of esteem are the great comforts of life: hyperbolical praise only corrupts the tongue of the one, and the ear of the other.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 305.

Indiscriminate Praise To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil.—Rambler, No. 136.

Oblique Praise All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.—Life. April 25, 1778.

Satisfaction of Praise The real satisfaction which praise can afford is by repeating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by showing us that we have not endeavoured to deserve well in vain. Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach.—Rambler, No. 136.

Sphere of Praise To encourage merit with praise is the great business of literature: but praise must lose its influence by unjust or negligent distribution: and he that impairs its value may be charged with misapplication of the power that genius puts into his hands, and with squandering on guilt the recompense of virtue.—Rambler, No. 136.

^{Praise}
^{Undeserved} No man can observe, without indignation, on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed.—Rambler, No. 104.

^{Prayer} The same arguments which are used against God's hearing prayer will serve against his rewarding good and punishing evil. He has resolved, he has declared, in the former case as in the latter.—Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, p. 20.

^{Extemporaneous}
^{Prayer} A man, if he has any hope of supernatural help, why may he not as well receive it when he writes as when he speaks?—Journey to the Western Islands, p. 92.

^{Prayers} I know of no good prayers but those in the Common Book of Prayer.—Life. June 11, 1784.

^{A Woman's}
^{Preaching} A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.—Life. July 31, 1763.

^{Precept and}
^{Practice} Little would be wanting to the happiness of life, if every man could conform to the right as soon as he was shown it.—Rambler, No. 87.

^{Precept and}
^{Practice} The first propagators of Christianity recommended their doctrines by their sufferings and virtues.—Introduction to the World Displayed.

^{Precept and Practice} People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads.—Life.

^{Difference of Precept and Practice} Be not too hasty to trust or to admire the teachers of morality: they discourse like angels, but they live like men.—Rasselas, ch. 18.

^{Precocity} Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour.—Life. Dr. Burney's Collectanea, 1775.

^{Predestination} Predestination was a part of the clamour of the times, so it is mentioned in our Articles, but with as little positiveness as could be.—Life. October 19, 1769.

^{Presbyterians} Presbyterians have no church, no apostolical ordination, no public worship: they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him.—Life. October 19, 1769.

^{Pride} It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that all pride is abject and mean.—Rambler, No. 185.

^{Pride} Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger.—Rambler, No. 11.

^{Pride} Pride has of all human vices the widest dominion.—Idler, No. 31.

^{Pride} That the *mind is its own place*, is the boast of a fallen angel that had learned to lie.—
Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 318.

^{Pride} It is one of the innumerable absurdities of pride, that we are never more impatient of direction than in that part of life when we need it most.
—Rambler, No. 111.

^{Pride and Envy} Pride is seldom delicate, it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others.—Rasselas, ch. 9.

^{Pride Spoiling Wit and Power} The pride of wit has kept ages busy in the discussion of useless questions, and the pride of power has destroyed armies to gain or to keep unprofitable possessions.

^{A Prince of Ability} A prince of ability might and should be the directing soul and spirit of his own administration; in short, his own minister, and not the mere head of a party; and then, and not till then, would the royal dignity be sincerely respected.—Life. Maxwell's Collectanea, 1770.

^{Principles} Principles can only be strong by the strength of understanding, or the cogency of religion.—Letter to Mrs. Piozzi, No. 90.

^{Good Principles} A man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice.—Journal. October 25.

^{Printing} If it had not been for the art of printing, we should now have no learning at all ; for books would have perished faster than they could have been transcribed.—*Life.* April 11, 1776.

^{Procrastination} The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers.—*Rambler,* No. 108.

^{Time Employed in any Profession} It is wonderful when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession.—*Life.* April 5, 1775.

^{Profits} Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.—*Rambler,* No. 57.

^{Progress} The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

^{The Prophet at Home} Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place.—*Life.* Letter to Sir J. Reynolds, July 17, 1771.

^{Landed Proprietors} A man of family and estate ought to consider himself as having the charge of a district over which he is to diffuse civility and happiness.—*Life.* April 7, 1778.

^{A Noble Prospect} The noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to London.—*Life.* July 6, 1763.

^{The Wisdom of} Providence has given no man ability to do ^{Providence} much, that something might be left for every man to do.—Adventurer, No. 137.

^{Raising Price of Provisions} It is of no consequence how high the wages of manufacturers are ; but it would be of very bad consequence to raise the wages of those who procure the immediate necessities of life, for that would raise the price of provisions.—Journal. September 28.

^{Prudence} Prudence is of more frequent use than any other intellectual quality ; it is exerted on slight occasions, and called into act by the cursory business of common life.

^{Prudence} The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild and acclamation cannot exhilarate.—Rambler, No. 68.

^{Prudence} The province of prudence lies between the greatest things and the least.—Rambler, No. 112.

^{Vicarious Punishments} There is no nation that has not used the practice of sacrifices. Whoever, therefore, denies the propriety of vicarious punishments, holds an opinion which the sentiments and practice of mankind have contradicted from the beginning of the world.—Life. June 3, 1781.

^{Power of the Purse} There are few doors through which liberality, joined with good humour, cannot find its way.—Rasselas, ch. xxv.

^{The Pyramids} The greatest work of man ; except the wall of China.—Rasselas, ch. xxxi.

^{The Pyramids} For the pyramids no reason has ever been given adequate to the cost and labour of the work. I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments.—Rasselas, ch. xxxi.

^{Qualifications of a Wife} The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.—Rambler, No. 97.

^{Negative and Positive Qualities} A man will please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive ; by never offending, than by giving a great deal of delight.—September 15, 1777.

^{Quarrelling with a Wife} All quarrels ought to be avoided studiously, particularly conjugal ones, as no one can possibly tell where they may end.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 145.

^{Popping the Question} Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question, whether she be willing to be led by reason.—Rasselas, ch. xxix.

^{Questioning not Polite} Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself. There may be parts of his

former life which he may not wish to be made known to other persons, or even brought to his own recollection.—Life. March 25, 1776.

^{Don Quixote} Alas ! how few books are there of which one ever can possibly arrive at the *last* page. Was there ever yet any thing written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress ?—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 281.

^{Subordination of Rank} Your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves ; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them ; why not then have some people above them ?—Life. July 21, 1763.

^{Reading} By the consultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and opposition, which occur in oral conferences are avoided.—Rambler, No. 87.

^{Reading} A man ought to read just as inclination leads him ; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.—Life.

^{Reading} You can never be wise unless you love reading.—Life. Letter to his Servant. September 25, 1770.

^{Reading}
^{with}
^{Advantage} No man will read with advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect neither turbid with care nor agitated with pleasure.—Idler, No. 74.

^{Reading}
^{and}
^{Conversation} The foundation must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.—Life. April 16, 1775.

^{Reading}
^{with Delight} What is read with delight is commonly retained because pleasure always secures attention.—Idler, No. 74.

^{Reading}
^{with}
^{Inclination} If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not feel again the inclination.—Life. April 12, 1776.

^{Rebellion} Rebellion is natural to man.—Journal, November 11.

^{Pardonning}
^{of}
^{Rebels} All mankind applaud the pardoning of rebels.—Journal. November 11.

^{Recklessness} There is an irrational contempt of danger, which approaches nearly to the folly, if not the guilt of suicide.—Rambler, No. 129.

The Recluse The solitary mortal is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious, and possibly mad.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 106.

Reflection There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault. But this felicity is almost always abated by the reflection that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it are now in the grave.—*Rambler*, No. 203.

A Mortifying Reflection It is a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider *what he has done*, compared with *what he might have done*.—*Life. Maxwell's Collection*, 1770.

Refinement Life will not bear refinement; you must do as other people do.—*Life. September 19, 1777.*

Dangers of Over Refinement He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet.—*Rambler*, No. 200.

Refinement of Taste Endeavour to be as perfect as you can in every respect.—*Life. June 30, 1784.*

Waste of Reformation The ruins of the cathedral of Elgin afforded us another proof of the waste of Reformation.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 17.

Our first Reformers Were not burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those who did believe it.—*Life.*

Regret What cannot be regretted.—Rasselais, ch. e. If you spend this self still more able to

Relations Every man who comes to expect that you need of friends. If he victory. Depravity is himself, half his life is spent before lution will sometimes Relations are a man's ready friends be interrupted ; but When a man is in real distress, he fion, whether short or his relations.—Journal. August 25y.—Life. Letter to

Relativity of Sorrow A boy's being flogged man's having the hiss o be desired, if it be him. Men have a solicitude abse of dignity. A hero greater share they have of it, the mo to be reverenced.—losing it.—Life. Dr. Maxwell's Co!

Religion Religion of which the commensurate to its and which is animated day brings its task, hope, will glide by degrees out of the morrow.—Rambler, invigorated and re-impressed by ex stated calls to worship, and the s which nature has in example.—Lives of the Poets. Mil 'ception, is that of rest

Horace's Neglect of Religion There is a great dea works. One finds the lent has, in all ages, but religion.—Life. April 28, 1784 se minds which have or elevated by genius.

Religious when Sick A man who has never no more grows religious a man who has never learned figure doubt about the moral has need of calculation.—Life. A Rambler, No. 152.

The Recluse The solitary member and to recollect are different bably superimposed; a man has not the power to recollect Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 11; but when a thing is in his mind

Reflection There are—Life. June 3, 1781.
of reflection

were not incurred nor be quick to repent of injuries, while felicity is almost always may not be a barren anguish.—they with whom we shall now be in the grave.—

A Mortifying Reflection It is a ¹ from the conviction that it has man to consider, No. 110. with what *he might have*

tanea, 1770. f should not exhaust its power upon things.—Idler, No. 25.

Refinement Life will as other people's aze of reputation cannot be blown it often dies in the socket.

Dangers of Over Refinement He that always ends the power of reputation justly 200. that its blaze drives away the eye

Refinement of Taste Endeavor.—Life of Milton. every respe

Waste of Reformation men of any other nation who are The ruins to a room together, at a house ed us another visitors, will immediately find some tion.—Journey to the two Englishmen will probably go

Our first Reformers Were not we not enough understand the wine to be humanity.—Life. March 30. Boston. who did believe it.—L. 83.

^{Resolution} Resolve, and keep your resolution ; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow ; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted ; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency.—*Life.* Letter to Boswell. December 8, 1763.

^{Insufficiency of Respect} Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved as well as to be reverenced.—*Lives of the Poets.* Pope.

^{Responsibility} The duties of life are commensurate to its duration ; and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow.—*Rambler,* No. 71.

^{Rest} The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue.—*Rambler,* No. 150.

^{Retirement} The love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius.—*Rambler,* No. 7.

^{Epistolary Revelations} No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter.—*Rambler,* No. 152.

Revenge It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered pain to inflict it likewise in their turn with the same injustice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.—*Lives of the Poets.* Savage.

Revenge Unnecessarily to obtrude unpleasing ideas is a species of revenge.—*Rambler.*

✓ **To be Rich** To be rich is to have more than is desired, and more than is wanted ; to have something that may be spent without reluctance, and scattered without care, with which the sudden demands may be gratified, the casual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.—*Idler,* No. 73.

✓ **Riches** Riches are of no value in themselves ; their use is discovered only in that which they procure.—*Rambler,* No. 201.

✓ **Riches** Of riches, as of everything else, the hope is more than the enjoyment. No sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.—*Idler,* No. 73.

✓ **Riches** Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise which, however merited, or however sincere, shall after a few moments be heard no more.—*Rambler,* No. 54.

Riches Very seldom make their owner richer.—*Idler,* No. 73.

Riches Riches excludes but one evil—poverty.—
Life. September 19, 1777.

**Riches and
Poverty** Every man is rich or poor, according to
the proportion between his desires and en-
joyments.

**Productiveness
of Riches** Riches easily produce riches.—Adven-
turer, No. 102.

**Right and
Wrong** Right and wrong are immutable.—Adven-
turer, No. 95.

Early Rising It is no slight advancement to obtain for
so many hours more the consciousness of
being.—Life. Letter to Langton, March 9, 1766.

The Rod The rod produces an effect which ter-
minates in itself. A child is afraid of being
whipped and gets his task, and there's an end on 't:
whereas, by exciting emulations and comparisons of
superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief;
you make brothers and sisters hate each other.—Life.
1716.

**Rough and
Smooth** Among the necessities of human life, a
rasp is reckoned one as well as a razor.—
Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 283.

**Rules for
Restoration
of Health**

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon
as you mount the chaise.
2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth
more than it can cost.
3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

4. Take now and then a day's rest.
5. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.—Life.

^{Vicarious}
^{Sacrifice} It is better that some should be unhappy, than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality.—Life. April 17, 1776.

^{Generosity of}
^{the English}
^{Sailor} He throws away his money, without thought, and without merit. I do not call a tree generous which sheds its fruit at every breeze.—Journal. November 11. Boswell's Collectanea.

^{Sailors} No man will be a sailor who has contriv-
ance enough to get himself into a gaol; for being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned.—Journal. August 31.

^{Advantage of}
^{Satire} All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgment: he that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.—Lives of the Poets. Pope, IV., p. 130.

^{Satisfaction not}
^{Sufficient} To be merely satisfied is not enough. It is in refinement and elegance that the civilised man differs from the savage. A great part of our industry and all our ingenuity is exercised in procuring

pleasure ; and a hungry man has not the same pleasure in eating a plain dinner than a hungry man has in eating a luxurious dinner.—Life. April 14, 1778.

Richard Savage On a hulk, in a cellar, or in a glasshouse, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of "The Wanderer," the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations : the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose idea of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts.—Lives of the Poets. Savage.

Savages Savages, in all countries, have patience proportionate to their unskilfulness, and are content to attain their end by very tedious methods.—Journey to the Western Islands, p. 61.

Scepticism The eyes of the mind are like the eyes of the body ; they can see only at such a distance : but because we cannot see beyond this point, is there nothing beyond it ?—Anecdotes by Miss Reynolds.

The Scholar He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.—Rasselas, ch. viii.

The Business To talk in public ; to think in solitude ; of a Scholar to read and to hear ; to enquire, and answer enquiries, is the business of a scholar.—Rasselas, ch. viii.

Schools At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull boy, nor an idle boy, will do so well at a great school as at a private one. For at a great school there are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school; and after whipping being tried to no purpose, the dull or idle boys are left at the end of a class, having the appearance of going through the course, but learning nothing at all.—*Journal*. August 22.

Boarding Schools Boarding Schools were established for the conjugal quiet of the parents: the two partners cannot agree which child to fondle, nor how to fondle them; so they put the young ones to school and remove the cause of contention.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 151.

Public Schools More is learned in public than in private schools from emulation; there is the collision of mind with mind, or the radiation of many minds pointing to one centre.—*Life. Dr. Burney's Collectanea*, 1775.

Scotch Character A Scotchman, though you vote nineteen times against him, will accost you with equal complaisance after each time, and the twentieth time he will get your vote.—*Life. Langton's Collectanea*, 1780.

Scotch in London You can't distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come here breeched of late years.—*Kearsley's Life of Johnson*.

Scotchman Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be *caught* young.—*Life*. April 19, *Collectanea*, 1772.

A Scotchman A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth ; he will always love it better than inquiry ; and if falsehood flatters, his vanity will not be very diligent to detect it.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 104.

Scoundrelism There is generally a scoundrelism about a low man.—*Journal*. August 25.

Scruples Scruples certainly make men miserable, and seldom make them good.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 112.

Scylla and Charybdis It is the fate of industry to be equally endangered by miscarriage and success, by confidence and despondency.—*Rambler*, No. 127.

A Sea Life A ship is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol better air, better company, better convenience of every kind ; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land.—*Life*. March 16, 1776.

Seclusion He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants.—*Idler*, No. 14.

^{Self-Consciousness} No man will be fond of what forces him daily to feel himself inferior.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 160.

^{Self-Forgetfulness} That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.—*Life*. April 29, 1776.

^{Avoidance of Self-Estimation} Keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the mass of humanity, and have neither such virtue nor vice as that you should be singled out for supernatural favours or afflictions.—*Rasselias*, ch. 45.

^{Universal Sphere of Self-Interest} That it is every man's interest to be pleased, will need little proof: that it is his interest to please others, experience will inform him.—*Rambler*, No. 112.

^{Advantage of Self-Study} Every man may, by examining his own mind, guess what passes in the minds of others: when you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere.—*Rasselias*, ch. 16.

^{Self-Thought} Though it be that no man can run away from himself, he may yet escape from many causes of useless uneasiness.—*Letter No. 318 to Mrs. Thrale*.



Thought of Self There is so much infelicity in the world, that scarce any man has leisure from his own distresses to estimate the comparative happiness of others.—*Rasselias*, ch. xi.

Sentimentality You will find very *feeling* people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*.—*Life*. October 19, 1769.

Sermons The composition of sermons is not very difficult.—*Life*.

Praise of Servants The most authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule of conduct but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself. The highest panegyric, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants.—*Rambler*, No. 68.

Servility to Servants No condition is more hateful or despicable than his who has put himself in the power of his servant.—*Rambler*, No. 68.

Sex There never was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women.—*Anecdotes by Miss Hawkins*.

Shakespeare Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted : *Macbeth* for instance.—*Life*. October 19, 1769.

Shakspeare's Witches They are beings of his own creation ; they are a compound of malignity and meanness, without any abilities, and are quite different from the Italian magician.—*Life*.

^{Shavers} Of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike, as not to be distinguished.—
Life. September 19, 1777.

^{Highland Shops} To a man that ranges the streets of London, where he is tempted to contrive wants for the pleasure of supplying them, a shop affords no image worthy of attention; but in an island it turns the balance of existence between good and evil. To live in perpetual want of little things is a state, not indeed of torture, but of constant vexation.—Journey to the Western Islands, p. 113.

^{The Sick} It is so very difficult for a sick man not to be a scoundrel.—Anecdotes of Johnson by Hawkins.

^{Sickness from Home} How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick.—Life. Boswell's Collectanea. March 30, 1783.

^{Mrs. Siddons} Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, seem to have depraved her.—Letter 325 to Mrs. Thrale.

^{Taking a Side} An attempt to preserve life in a state of neutrality and indifference is unreasonable and vain.—Rambler, No. 47.

^{Singularity} Singularity is, in its own nature, universally and invariably displeasing.—Adventurer, No. 131.

Physical Situation External locality has great effects, at least upon all embodied beings.—Letter No. 318 to Mrs. Thrale.

Sleep Sleep is equally a leveller with death.—Idler, No. 32.

The Profession of Soldiers and Sailors The profession of soldiers and sailors has the dignity of danger. Mankind reverence those who have got over fear, which is so general a weakness.—Life. April 10, 1778.

Solitude In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good.—Rasselas, ch. 21.

Solitude Solitude is dangerous to reason without being favourable to virtue.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 106.

Solitude and Company In solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end sought in both is forgetfulness of self.—Idler, No. 32.

A Schoolmaster's Son Is one of the very worst conditions of childhood: such a boy has no father, or worse than none; he never can reflect on his parent, but it brings to his mind some idea of pain inflicted, or of sorrow suffered.—Piozzi's Anecdotes.

A Shy Son Such a disposition should be cultivated in the shade. Placing him at a public school is forcing an owl upon day.—Life. Boswell's Collectanea, 1784.

Sorrow Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away.—*Rambler*, No. 47.

Sorrow All sorrow that lasts longer than its cause is morbid, and should be shaken off as an attack of melancholy, as the forerunner of a greater evil than poverty or pain.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 192.

Sorrow There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow ; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will, by me at least, be thought worthy of esteem.—*Letter*, No. 261, to *Mrs. Thrale*.

Sentimental Sorrow The poor and the busy have no leisure for sentimental sorrow.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p.

154.

Definition of Soul The soul is the power of thinking.—*Idler*, No 24.

The Soul That the soul will not perish by any inherent cause of decay or principle of corruption can be shewn by philosophy, but philosophy can tell no more.—*Rasselias*, ch. 47.

Spending is True Charity A man who spends his money is sure he is doing good with it : he is not sure when he gives it away. A man who spends ten thousand a year will do more good than a man who spends two thousand and gives away eight.—*Life*. March 23, 1783.

Speculation In speculation, it seems that a smaller quantity of money, equal in value to a larger quantity if equally divided, should produce the same effect. But it is not so in reality.—Journal. August 19.

The Spendthrift The natural spendthrift, who grasps his pleasures greedily and coarsely, and cares for nothing but immediate indulgence, is very little to be valued above a negro.—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 153.

Sports The fanciful sports of great minds are never without some advantage to knowledge.—*Lives of the Poets*. Browne.

The Stage The stage but echoes back the public voice.—*Prologue*: spoken by Garrick.

Statuary Painting consumes labour not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot.—Life.

A Story A story is to lead either to the knowledge of a fact or character, and is good for nothing if it be not strictly and literally true.—*Anecdotes and Sayings of Johnson*. Selected from Hawkins.

Dangers of Study Study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves.—*Rambler*, No. 89.

Style There is in every nation a style which never becomes obsolete. — Preface to Shakespeare.

Literary Art All ornaments are useful, because they obtain an easier reception for truth; but a building is not at all more convenient for being decorated with superfluous carved work.—Life.

Obscurity of Style Words are only hard to those who do not understand them and the critic ought always to enquire whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer or by his own.

Submission A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine.—Life.

October 19, 1769.

Subordination Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure.—Life. July 20, 1763.

Subordination Subordination is sadly broken down in this age. No man, now, has the same authority which his father had—except a gaoler. No master has it over his servants; it is diminished in our colleges; nay, in our grammar schools.—Life. April 10, 1778.

Subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles They talk of not making boys at the University subscribe to what they do not understand; but they ought to consider that our Universities were founded to bring up members for the

Church of England, and we must not supply our enemies with arms from our arsenal. The meaning of subscribing is, not that they fully understand all the Articles, but that they will adhere to the Church of England.—Life. March 21, 1771.

Elements of Success Confidence is the common consequence of success.—Preface to Shakespeare.

Success and Miscarriage The prosperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied and despised.—Idler, No. 102.

Sunday Observance It should be different from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity.—Journal. August 20.

Superfluity Too much wealth is very frequently the occasion of poverty.

Connection of Superstition and Sadness The superstitious are often melancholy; and the melancholy almost always superstitious.—Rasselas, ch. 14.

Suspicion Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.—Rambler, No. 79.

Sympathy It has always been considered as an alleviation of misery not to suffer alone, even when union and society can contribute nothing to resistance or escape.—Rambler, No. 76.

^{Intellectual Sympathy} Every man loves merit of the same kind with his own.—*Rambler*, No. 99.

^{Afraid of a Lady's Talents} You need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that wit not so bright.—*Life*. 1768.

^{Telling Tales of Oneself} A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion.—*Life*. March 25, 1776.

^{Complimentary Talking} People consider it as a compliment to be talked to, as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, that Baxter made it a rule, in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience.—*Life*. March 30, 1783.

^{Tastes Differ} That which is the means of happiness to one man, may be to another the cause of misery.—*Adventurer*, No. 3.

^{Temperance} To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence.—*Idler*, No. 2.

^{Temptation} You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue.—*Life*. March 31, 1778.



Leases to Tenants It is a man's duty to extend comfort and security among as many people as he can. He should not wish to have his tenants mere *Ephemera* —mere beings of an hour.—Journal.

Want of Tenderness Want of tenderness is want of parts, and no less a proof of stupidity than depravity.—Life. Dr. Maxwell's *Collectanea*, 1770.

Tergiversation He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his interest : he loves himself rather than truth.—Life of Milton.

Test of a Nation The true state of every nation is the state of common life.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 17.

Christian Theology The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament.—*Lives of the Poets*. Waller.

The Potential Thief He who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practice it in greater.—*Adventurer*, No. 119.

Aiming at Great Things He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret in the last hour his useless intentions and barren zeal.—*Idler*, No. 4.

Immortality of Thought External things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same.—*Rasselias*, ch. 18.

^{Great Thoughts} Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness.—*Lives of the Poets*, II., p. 24.

^{Time} Time will impair the body, and uses us well if it spares the mind.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 134.

^{Time} Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—*Idler*, No. 21.

^{Hardening Effect of Time} Men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age.—*Rambler*.

^{A Tiresome Fellow} That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.—*Life. Maxwell's Collectanea*, 1770.

^{Tit for Tat} If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies.—*Idler*, No. 14.

^{To-morrow} To-morrow is an old deceiver, and his cheat never grows stale.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, 71.

^{Trade} It is a mistaken notion that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth.—*Life. October 26, 1769.*

^{Trade} Trade could not be managed by those who manage it, if it had much difficulty.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 283.



^{Trade} Trade is like gaming. If a whole company are gamesters, play must cease as there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders, there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection.—Journal. September 20.

^{Punctuality in Trade} The chief praise to which a trader aspires is that of punctuality, or an exact and vigorous observance of commercial engagements: nor is there any vice which he so much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and instability.—Rambler, No. 201.

^{Traders} Their great books are soon understood, and their language is understood with no very laborious application.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 233.

^{Opulent Retired Traders} I never much like that class of people, for they have lost the civility of tradesmen without acquiring the manners of gentlemen.—Life. Maxwell's *Collectanea*, 1770.

^{Jack of all Trades} A man may be so much of everything that he is nothing of anything.—Life. Boswell's *Collectanea*. March 21, 1783.

^{Domestic Tragedies} What is nearest us touches us most. The passions rise higher at domestic than at imperial tragedies.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 23.

^{Translation} You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical.

Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated ; and therefore it is the poets that preserve the languages.—*Life*. April 11, 1776.

^{Travel} All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own ; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it.—*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 121.

^{Travel} There are two objects of curiosity—the Christian world and the Mahomedan world. All the rest may be considered as barbarous.—*Life*. April 10, 1783.

^{Use of Travel} The use of travelling is to regulate imagination to reality, and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*, No. 79.

^{Travellers} The greater part of travellers tell nothing, because their method of travelling supplies them with nothing to be told.—*Idler*, No. 97.

^{Modern Travellers} The information which we have from modern travellers is much more authentic than what we had from ancient travellers ; ancient travellers guessed, modern travellers measure.—*Life*. May 17, 1778.

^{Publications of Modern Travellers} Most modern travellers in Europe who have published their travels have been laughed at.—*Life*. April 17, 1778.

^{Travelling} How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled.—Life. May 12, 1778.

^{Travelling} The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great Empires of the world—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.—Life. April 11, 1776.

^{Travelling} No man should travel unprovided with instruments for taking heights and distances.—Journey to the Western Islands, p. 128.

^{Reciprocity of Treatment} He who retires from the world, will find himself, in reality, deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world.—Lives of the Poets. Young.

^{Trees} He that calculates the growth of trees has the unwelcome remembrance of the shortness of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself; and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down.—Journey to the Western Islands, p. 122.

^{Value of Trial} That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.—Rambler, No. 150.

Truth Knowing with how much difficulty truth is sometimes found, I do not wonder that many miss it.—*Anecdotes of Johnson* by Dr. Parr.

Truth A man had rather have a hundred lies told of him, than one truth which he does not wish should be told.—*Life*.

Truth Accustom your children constantly to this ; if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them ; you do not know where deviation from truth will end. . . It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Life*. March 31, 1778.

Truth Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind when she is introduced by desire, and attended by pleasure.—*Rambler*, No. 165.

Authority of Truth To the position of Tully, that if Virtue could be seen she must be loved, may be added, that if Truth could be heard, she must be obeyed.—*Rambler*, No. 87.

Truth can bear Investigation It is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime once a week?—*Life*.

**Truth Estab-
lished by
Martyrdom** The only method by which religious truth can be established is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks ; and he

who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. There is no other way of obtaining the truth but by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other.—Life.

Physical and Moral Truth Physical truth is, when you tell a thing as it actually is. Moral truth is when you tell a thing sincerely and precisely as it appears to you.—Life, p. 426.

The Teacher of Truth a Benefactor He that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.—Adventurer, No. 95.

Truths There are many truths which every human being acknowledges and forgets.—Idler, No. 2.

Uneasiness The general remedy of those who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is change of place.—Rambler, No. 6.

Unhappiness That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while.—Life. April 29, 1776.

Want of Union The more numerous men are the more difficult it is for them to agree in anything, and so they are governed.—Life. October 26, 1769.

Unrest Busy men seldom live long in a state of quiet.—Lives of the Poets. Prior.

The Joy of Un-suspiciousness It is happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Rambler.

Social Urbanity Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain. Good humour pleases principally by not offending.—Rambler, No. 72.

Usury The law against usury is for the protection of creditors as well as debtors; for if there were no such check, people would be apt, from the temptation of great interest, to lend to desperate persons by whom they would lose their money.—Life. April 7, 1776.

Utilitarianism The great differences that disturb the peace of mankind, are not about ends, but means.—Idler, No. 36.

Mental Vacancy It is certain that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind as when it is found empty and unoccupied.—Rambler, No. 85.

Pleasures of Vagabondism He that has once prevailed on himself to break his connections of acquaintance, and begin a wandering life, very easily continues it.—Lives of the Poets. Browne.

Value Value is more frequently raised by scarcity than by use.—Idler, No. 103.

Variety The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire out at last, though it be uniformity of excellence.—*Lives of the Poets.* Butler.

Variety I may hope to find variety in life, though I should miss it in nature.—*Rasselais*, ch. ix.

Vice It may happen that good is produced by vice, but not as vice ; for instance, a robber may take money from its owner, and give it to one who will make a better use of it. Here is good produced ; but not by the robbery as robbery, but as translation of property.—*Life.*

Vice and Folly It is better to know vice and folly by report than by experience.

Superficial Views He who has seen only the superficies of life believes everything to be what it appears, and never suspects that external splendour conceals any latent sorrow or vexation.—*Rambler*, No. 196.

In Vino Veritas *In vino veritas* would be useless to a man who knew he was not a liar, when he was sober.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, page 261.

Virtue Virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness.—*Rambler*, No. 4.

Virtue All that virtue can afford is quietness of conscience, a steady prospect of a happier state. This may enable us to endure calamity with

patience; but remember that patience must suppose pain.—Rasselias, ch. xxvii.

^{Pious verse} All that pious verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind.—Lives of the Poets. Waller.

^{Notions of Moral Virtue} I have lived long enough in the world, to prevent me from expecting to find any action of which both the original motive and all the parts were good.—Piozzi's Anecdotes.

^{Virtue and Piety} He must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.—Rambler, No. 18.

^{Preciousness of Virtue} “Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum.” With virtue weighed, what worthless trash is gold.—Journal, September 13.

^{Virtue and Truth} I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.—Life, 1750.

^{Heroic Virtues} Heroic virtues are the *bons mots* of life.—Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 90.

^{Visiting} Whoever pays a visit that it is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.—Idler, No. 14.

^{Visitors} Visitors are no proper companions in the chamber of sickness. The amusements and consolations of languor and depression are conferred by familiar and domestic companions, which can be visited or called at will, and can occasionally be quitted or dismissed ; who do not obstruct accommodation by ceremony, or destroy indolence by awakening effort.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 335.

^{A vow} A vow is a horrible thing : it is a snare for sin. The man who cannot go to heaven without a vow, may go——.—Life, May 19, 1778.

^{Vows} All unnecessary vows are folly, because they suppose a prescience of the future which has not been given us. They are, I think, a crime, because they resign that life to chance which God has given us to regulate by reason ; and superinduce a kind of fatuity, from which it is the great privilege of our nature to be free.—Letter to Mrs. Thrale, No. 66.

^{The Vulgar cannot judge} Nothing is to be estimated by its effect upon common eyes and common ears.—Rambler, No. 68.

^{Wages of Day-Labourers} Raising the wages of day-labourers is wrong, for it does not make them live better, but only makes them idler, and idleness is a very bad thing for human nature.—Life. March 30, 1783.

Walking Few know how to take a walk with a prospect of any other pleasure than the same company would have afforded them at home.

War In a battle every man should fight as if he was the single champion ; in preparation for war every man should think as if the last event depended on his counsel.—Idler, No. 8.

War Were Socrates and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, "Follow me, and hear a lecture in philosophy ;" and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, "Follow me, and dethrone the Czar ;" a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. The impression is universal, yet it is strange.—Life. April 10, 1778.

Needlessness of War War is not the whole business of life ; it happens but seldom, and every man, either good or wise, wishes that its frequency were still less.—Johnson's Works.

Waste and Economy Waste cannot be accurately told, though we are sensible how destructive it is. Economy on the one hand, by which a certain income is made to maintain a man genteely, and waste on the other, by which, on the same income, another man lives shabbily, cannot be defined.—Life. April 10, 1778.

Wealth No desire can be formed which riches do not assist to gratify.—Rambler, No. 131.

Wealth Wealth is nothing in itself ; it is not useful but when it departs from us. Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has made little.—Rambler, No. 58.

Wealth It is wonderful to think how men of very large estates not only spend their yearly incomes, but are often actually in want of money.—Life. April 10, 1778.

Artificiality of The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters.—Rambler.

Insolence of The insolence of wealth is a wretched thing ; but the conceit of parts has some foundation. To be sure, it should not be. But who is without it ?—Life. April 18, 1778.

Proportion Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his wealth and desire between his desires and enjoyments.—Rambler, No. 163.

!Relativity of Men are rich and poor, not only in proportion to what they have, but to what they want.—Lives of the Poets. Ascham.

Weariness Weariness is itself a temporary relaxation of the nerves, and is therefore to be avoided.—Letter to Mrs. Piozzi, No. 207.

Weary at I was weary of being at home and weary of Home and Abroad being abroad. Is not this the state of life ? But, if we confess this weariness, let us not lament it ; for

all the wise and all the good say that we may cure it.—
Life. Letter to Boswell, August 27, 1775.

^{Weather} When two meet their first talk is of the weather ; they are in haste to tell each other what each must already know.—Idler, No. 11.

^{The}
^{First Whig} The first Whig was the devil.—Life. April 28, 1778.

^{A Whig} Take it upon my word and experience, that where you see a Whig you see a rascal.—
Cole's Anecdotes of Johnson. June 26, 1775.

^{Whig or Tory} He takes its faggot of principles, in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure ; and they cannot well be separated out to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow), without any general preference of system, I must disapprove.—Journal. August 15.

^{Whig and Tory} The prejudice of the Whig is for innovation. A Tory does not wish to give more real power to Government, but that Government should have more reverence. Then they differ as to the Church. The Tory is not for giving more legal power to the Clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable influence, founded on the opinion of mankind : the Whig is for limiting and watching them with a narrow jealousy.—Life. 1778.

^{Whig and Tory} A wise Tory and a wise Whig will, I believe, agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different.—*Anecdotes and Remarks from the Memoirs and Works of Dr. Parr.*

^{Whiggism} Whiggism is a negation of all principle.—
Life.

^{Wickedness} Wickedness is always easier than virtue, for it takes the short cut to everything.—
Journal. September 17.

^{Loss of a Wife} He that outlives a wife whom he has long loved sees himself disjointed from the only mind that has the same hopes and fears and interest,—from the only companion with whom he has shared much good or evil, and with whom he could set his mind at liberty to retrace the past or anticipate the future.—
Life. Letter to Boswell, January 20, 1780.

^{Freedom of the Will} All theory is against the freedom of the will; all experience for it.—Life. April 14, 1778.

^{Securing of Good Will} To raise esteem we must benefit others; to procure love we must please them.—
Rambler, No. 160.

^{Wine} I do not say it is wrong to produce self-complacency by drinking; I only deny that it improves the mind.—Life. April 12, 1776.

^{Wine} One of the disadvantages of wine is that it makes a man mistake words for thoughts.—
Life. April 28, 1778.

Drinking Wine A man who has been drinking wine at all freely should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him he may be pretty well in unison ; but he will probably be offensive or appear ridiculous to other people.—*Life*. April 14, 1776.

Drinking Wine It is a good, unless counterbalanced by evil. A man may have a strong reason not to drink wine ; and that may be greater than the pleasure. Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. I do not say that it makes him more pleasing to others. Sometimes it does. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit ; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost. But this may be good or it may be bad.—*Life*. April 28, 1778.

Wisdom Every man wishes to be wise, and they who cannot be wise are almost always cunning.—*Idler*, No. 92.

Levity of Wisdom Nothing is more despicable than the airiness and jocularity of a man bred to severe science, and solitary meditation.—*Rambler*, No. 173.

Wit It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing than that the sun should always stand at noon.—*Lives of the Poets*. Milton.

Wit Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

A Lady's Wit A lady's wit is a man who can make ladies laugh, to which, however easy it may seem, many gifts of nature and attainments of art must commonly concur.—*Rambler*, No. 141.

On Choosing Wives Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last.—*Journal*, Sept. 19.

Honeysuckle Wives They are but creepers at best, and commonly destroy the tree they so tenderly cling about.—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 170.

Women an Over-match for Men Men know that women are an over-match for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves.—*Journal*, Sept. 19.

Wonder Wonder is the effect of ignorance. It may be remarked with equal truth that ignorance is often the effect of wonder—*Rambler*, No. 137.

^{Wonder} Infinite knowledge can never wonder. All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.—*Lives of the Poets.* Yalden.

^{Happiness of Work} No man can be happy in total idleness ; and it is well when nature or fortune finds employment for those who would not have known how to procure it otherwise.—*Adventurer,* No. 111.

^{Work for its own sake} Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use, that it reserves the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.—*Rambler,* No. 177.

^{The World} To know the world is necessary, since we were born for the help of one another ; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to despise it.

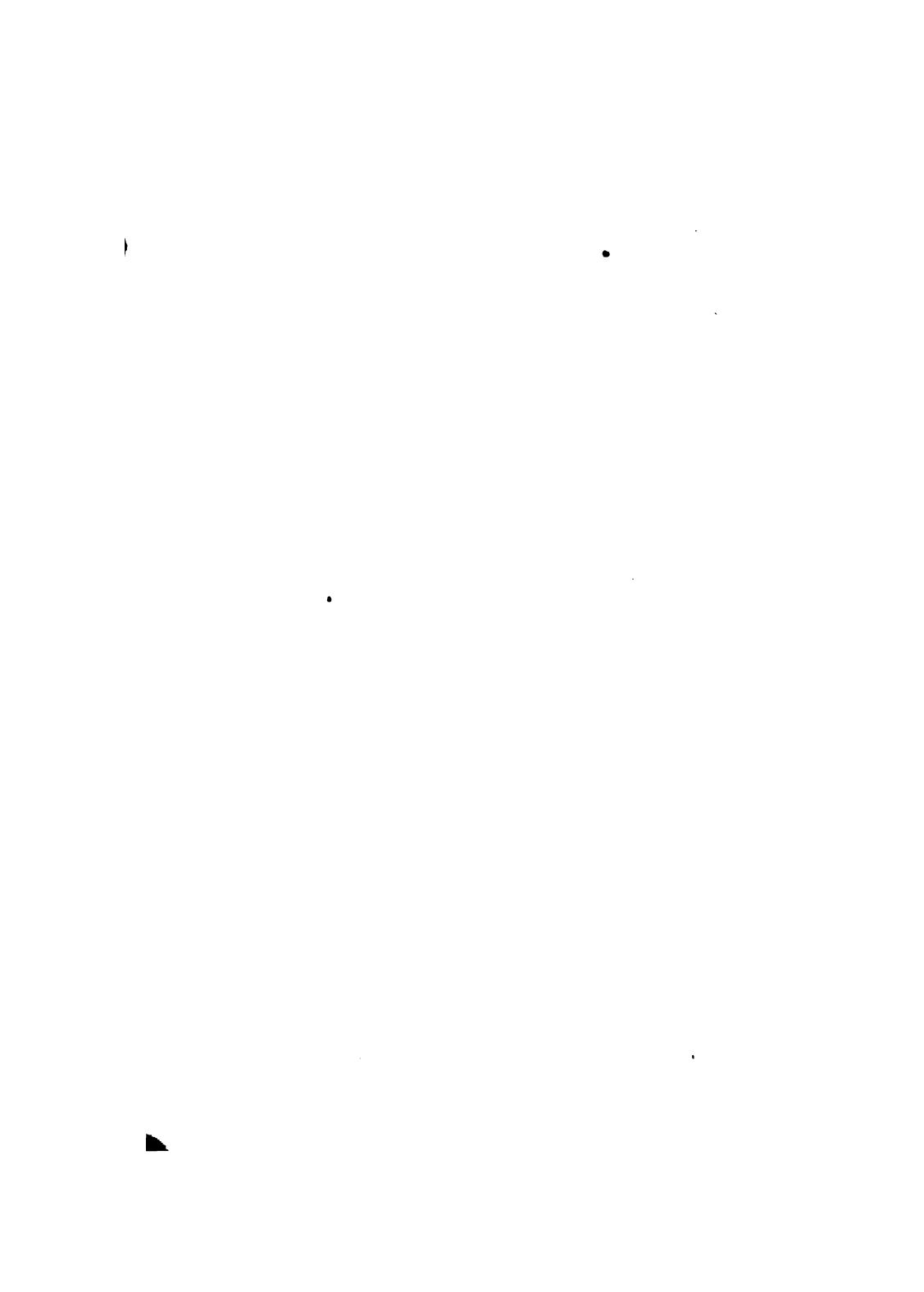
^{Mingling with the World} If the world be worth winning, let us enjoy it ; but if it is to be despised, let us despise it by conviction ; but the world is not to be despised but as it is compared with something better. Company is in itself better than servitude and pleasure better than indolence. He must mingle with the world that desires to be useful.—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale,* No. 115.

^{Respect for the World} Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge ; to despise its sentence if it were possible is not just ; and if it were just is not possible.—*Lives of the Poets.* Pope.

Small Worries He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity which constitutes the chief praise of a wise man.—*Rambler*, No. 112.

Great Writers The greatest writers have written for bread—Homer, Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Sir John Hawkins.—*Life*. Page 268.

Modern Writers Modern writers are the moons of literature ; they shine with reflected light, with light borrowed from the ancients.—*Life*. April 29, 1778.



I N D E X.

A.	Page	B.	Page
Abuse	9	Author, An	15
Abuse, Newspaper	9	Author, Successful, A	15
Accomplishments, Adventitious	9	Authors, Attacks on	15
Acquaintance, Young	9	Authors, Importance of	16
Action, Morality of an	9	Authors and Lovers	16
Action, Pulpit	10	Authors and Prefaces	16
Action in Speaking	10	Authorship	16
Admiration	10	Authorship	16
Adversity	10	Authorship, Art of	16
Advice	10	Authorship, Personality in	16
Advice, Good	10	Authority	17
Affection, Distribution of	10	Avarice	17
Affection, Empire more than	11	Avarice	17
Affectation in Dying	11	Avarice	17
Affliction	11		
Age, Old	11	Baby, A	17
Age, Old, Bluntedness of	11	Bachelors, Old	17
Age, Old, Dependence in	11	Bargain, A	18
Age, Old, Youth and	11	Bashfulness	18
Agriculture	12	Bashfulness	18
Ambition, Disappointed	12	Beat, Keeping to One's	18
Ambition, Universality of	12	Beauty	18
Ambition, Worldly	12	Beauty	18
Americans, The	12	Beauty, Supreme	18
Animal and Vegetable Substances	12	Bed, Lying awake in	19
Annihilation	12	Beggars in the Street	19
Antagonisms, Mental	12	Being, A Fallible	19
Anticipation, Improvidence of	13	Benevolence	19
Anticipation, Joy of	13	Benevolence	19
Apology	13	Benevolence and Experience	19
Apologies	13	Biography	19
Apparitions	13	Births	20
Apparitions	13	Blessings, Imagined	20
Applause	13	Bond	20
Applause and Admiration	13	Book, Best for a Journey	20
Applause, Danger of	14	Book Worms	20
Argument and Testimony	14	Books	20
Asceticism	14	Books	20
Associations, Local	14	Books	21
Attention	15	Books	21
Attire, The Pride of Mean	15	Books, Portable	21

	Page		Page
Books, Test of ...	21	Companion, a Suitable ...	28
Books, Reading of ...	21	Companionship, ...	28
Books of Travel ...	21	Companionship, The Selfishness of	28
Bounty ...	22	Company, Advantages of Great	29
Brandy ...	22	Company, Low, in a House ...	29
Breeding, Good ...	22	Compassion ...	29
Business ...	22	Compensation ...	29
Business, Necessity of Faith in ...	22	Compliments ...	29
Business, Multiplicity of ...	22	Composition ...	29
Busy, The Purpose of the ...	22	Compulsion, Moral ...	29
Butchers ...	22	Concessions, The dangers of	30
C.		Condescension ...	30
Calamity ...	22	Confession ...	30
Calamities ...	23	Confidence ...	30
Calamities, Bearing ...	23	Confidence, Want of	30
Calumny, Limit of ...	23	Congruity, Mental ...	30
Calumny, Power of ...	23	Conjecture ...	30
Calvinism, Influence of ...	23	Conscience ...	31
Camps ...	23	Conscience, A Good ...	31
Candour ...	23	Consciousness, Self- ...	31
Cards ...	24	Contempt ...	31
Cares ...	24	Contradiction ...	31
Celibacy ...	24	Convents ...	31
Censorship ...	24	Conversation ...	31
Censure ...	24	Conversation ...	31
Character, Amusements found out by ...	24	Conversation, Brilliancy in	32
Character, Estimate of ...	24	Conversation, Interrupted	32
Character, Extraordinary ...	24	Conversion ...	32
Charles XII. of Sweden ...	24	Coquette, The ...	32
Charity ...	25	Correspondence ...	32
Chastity of Women ...	25	Council, Influence of Men in	33
Chastisement, the Fruit of ...	25	Courage ...	33
Child-life, The Universal ...	25	Cowardice ...	33
Children, Caring for ...	25	Coyness ...	33
Children, Education of ...	25	Credit ...	33
Children, The Shewing off ...	25	Credit, Taking and Giving	33
Children, Treatment of ...	26	Creditor, Bribing a ...	33
Chit-chat ...	26	Criminals, Confined ...	33
Christianity ...	26	Critic ...	34
Christianity ...	26	Critics and Authors ...	34
Christianity, The Essentials of ...	26	Critics, False ...	34
Christians ...	27	Criticism ...	34
Christness ...	27	Croaking ...	34
Churchmanship ...	27	Cruelty, Tale of	35
Civility, Literary ...	27	Crusades ...	35
Clergymen, Dress of ...	27	Culture, Ancient ...	35
Clothes, Fine, ...	27	Cunning ...	35
Commerce ...	27	Cunning ...	35
Common-place, Disregard of the ...	28	Cupidus not Avarus ...	35
Commons, House of ...	28	Curiosity ...	35
Communism ...	28	Curiosity ...	35
Companion, A Boon ...	28	Curiosity ...	35

	Page		Page
Customs, Ancient	... 36	Drinking with Prudence	... 43
D.		Duelling	... 43
Dead, Reverence of the	... 36	Duelling	... 43
Death	... 36	Dullness, Married to	... 43
Death	... 36		
Death, Nearness of	... 37		
Death, Ripeness for	... 37		
Death, Speech after	... 37		
Death, Threats of	... 37		
Debt, National	... 37		
Deception	... 37		
Deception, Self-	... 37		
Deception, Universality of	... 38		
Dedication	... 38		
Deformity	... 38		
Degrees	... 38		
Dependant, A, should not cultivate Delicacy	... 38		
Dependence, Poverty the Result of	... 38		
Depopulation	... 39		
Depopulation	... 39		
Design and Hope	... 39		
Desire, Unrest of	... 39		
Despotism	... 39		
Diary, Keeping a	... 39		
Dictionarys	... 40		
Dinner	... 40		
Dinner, Invited to	... 40		
Dinner, Waiting	... 40		
Disappointment	... 40		
Discernment, Intellectual	... 40		
Discontentment	... 41		
Discontentment, Social	... 41		
Discoverers, Oblivion of	... 41		
Disenchantment	... 41		
Disguise	... 41		
Dissipation	... 41		
Distance	... 41		
Distance, Enchantment of	... 41	Example Greater than Precept	... 49
Distresses, Neighbours'	... 42	Excellence	... 49
Distress of Others	... 42	Exercise	... 49
Dogmas, Study of	... 42	Existence	... 49
Dourness	... 42	Expense	... 49
Dress	... 42	Expense, Splendour from	... 49
Drinking	... 42	Experience, Human	... 49
Drinking	... 42	Expression, The Eloquence of	... 50
Drinking	... 43	External Things, Exemption from	... 50
Drinking	... 43	Extremes, Meeting of	... 50

	Page		Page
	F.		G.
Faith	50	Friendship, Limits of	58
Falsehoods, Accumulation of	50	Friendship of Students and Beau- ties	58
Fame	51	Frugality	58
Fame	51	Frugality	59
Fame	51	Fruit in its Season	59
Fame	51	Futurity	59
Fame, The Danger of	51	Futurity	59
Fame, Shortlivedness of	51	Future State	59
Faults, Searching for	51		
Favour	51		
Favours	51	Gaming	60
Fear	52	Gaming	60
Fear	52	Gaming	60
Fellowship, Good	52	Gaming	60
Fellowship in Sorrow	52	Garden, A Botanical	60
Felicity, Future	52	Garrick's Solitude	61
Feudal System	52	Genius	61
Fiction	53	Genius	61
Fire-Arms	53	Genius	61
Fish	53	Genius not Artificial	61
Flattery	53	Gentility and Morality	61
Flattery	53	Gentleman, A	61
Flattery	53	Gloominess	61
Flattery, The Danger of	53	Gloominess	61
Flattery, The Danger of Self-	53	Gloomy and Resentful, The	62
Flattery, Royal	54	Gluttony, Female	62
Flattery, Success of	54	Goldsmith	62
Flippancy	54	Good Living	62
Foote, Infidelity of	54	Good Living	62
Foppery never Cured	54	Good Doing	62
Forgiveness	54	Good, The Highest	62
Forgiveness	54	Good in all Things	62
Fortune, Doubtfulness of	55	Good, Universal	63
Fortune, A Gentleman Wasting his	55	Goodness	63
Fortune Hunters	55	Goodness, Constitutional	63
Fortune, Leaving to a College	55	Goodness Greatness, Is	63
Fortune, The Recompense of	56	Gout	63
Fox, Charles	56	Government	63
France	56	Government	63
Fraud	56	Grace at Meat	63
Freewill	56	Graciousness	64
French, The	56	Grammar, Writing, and Arithmetic	64
French, The	57	Gratitude	64
Frenchmen, The Gullibility of	57	Greek	64
Friends	57	Greek and Latin	64
Friendship	57	Grief	64
Friendship	57	Grief	64
Friendship	57	Grief	65
Friendship	58	Grief	65
Friendship	58	Grief, Reticence of	65
Friendship	58	Guardians, Appointment of	65
Friendships	58	Guides, Lawful	65

H.	Page		Page
Habitations, Attachment to	66	Hypocrisy and Affectation	72
Happiness	66		
Happiness	66	I.	
Happiness	66	Ideal, Pre-eminence of the, over	
Happiness	66	the Actual	73
Happiness	66	Ideas, Spiritual	73
Happiness	66	Idle, The, and the Busy	73
Happiness	66	Idleness	73
Happiness, Home	66	Idleness	73
Happiness, Hope of	66	Idleness, Miseries of	73
Happiness, Pursuit of	67	Idleness, Sin of	73
Happiness, Secret of	67	Idler	73
Happiness of Society	67	Ignorance	73
Happiness, Reciprocity of	67	Ignorance	74
Happiness in the Present	67	Ignorance	74
Health	67	Ignorance	74
Health	67	Ignorance and Confidence	74
Health after Seventy	67	Ignorance, Literary	74
Health, Value of	68	Ignorance, Officers of	74
Health <i>versus</i> Wealth	68	Ignorance of Ourselves	74
Heaven <i>versus</i> Clergymen	68	Ignorance, Pride of	74
Help, Mutual	68	Ignorance, Voluntary	74
Hereditary	68	Images, Intellectual	75
Heroism, Christian	68	Imitation	75
Highlanders, Civility of	68	Immortality the Calmer of our	
Highwayman, A	68	Passions	75
Historian, The Moral Duty of the	69	Imperfections	75
Historian and Moralist, Modern	69	Imposed on in Purchasing of Tea	
History	69	and Sugar	75
History, Oral	69	Imposture	75
History, Study of	69	Inactivity	75
Holidays, Church	70	Incidents, Little	75
Home, Not at	70	Inconsistencies	76
Hope	70	Indolence	76
Hope	70	Indolence	76
Hope	70	Industry	76
Hope	70	Inequality and Subordination	76
Hope, False General	70	Infidels	76
Hospitals, Contributing to	71	Infinty	76
Hospitality	71	Ingratitude	77
Hour, An	71	Ingratitude, To one Suffering from	77
House-breaker, Timorous	71	Initials	77
Houses, Enlarging	71	Injury	77
Hume's Politics	71	Inn	77
Humility	71	Innocence	78
Humour, The Benevolence of	71	Insanity, Universality of	78
Humour, Good	72	Insubordination	78
Humour, Good	72	Intellect and Morality, Union of	79
Humour, Good	72	Intellect, Preference of to the Heart	79
Humour, Good	72	Intemperance	79
Hunting	72	Intentions	79
Hunting	72	Intentions, Good, for the End	79
Husband and Wife	72	Intoxication	79

	Page		Page
Iona	80	Lawyers	87
Ireland, Going to see	80	Learning	87
Irish, The	80	Learning	87
Irish, The Persecuted	80	Learning, Decrease of	87
Iron	80	Learning, Silent Men of	88
Islands	80	Learning, Solid	88
Island Thought	81	Lectures	88
	J.	Letter Writing	88
Jacobite, A	81	Letter, A Short	88
Jesting	81	Levellers	88
Jesting, Scornful	81	Liars, Detestation of	89
Johnson Afraid of Dying	81	Liberty	89
Judge Holding Office for Life	82	Liberty	89
Judges Trading	82	Life	89
Judgment, The uses of	82	Life	89
	K.	Life	89
Kenicot's Edition of the Hebrew Bible	82	Life	90
Kindness	82	Life, Accommodation of	90
Kindness	82	Life, City	90
Kindness	82	Life, Circumscription of Human	90
Kindness, Spontaneous	83	Life, Conduct of	90
Knotting	83	Life, Country	91
Knowledge	83	Life and Death	91
Knowledge	83	Life, Declining	91
Knowledge	83	Life, Living a Good	91
Knowledge	83	Life, Human	91
Knowledge	83	Life, Human View of	91
Knowledge, Desire of	83	Life, Inadequacy of the Present	91
Knowledge, Diffusion of	84	Life, Incompetence of Reason for	91
Knowledge, Every-day	84	Common	92
Knowledge and Poetry	84	Life, Irregular	92
Knowledge Undigested	84	Life, Love of	92
	L.	Life, The Mystery of	92
Labour	84	Life, Nothingness of	92
Labour	84	Life, Obligations of	92
Labourers not subject to Low Spirits	85	Life, A Parson's	92
Ladies, The	85	Life, Passing	93
Ladies, Learned	85	Life, Prime of	93
Ladies Marrying Profligates	85	Life, Eminence in Public	93
Ladies, European	85	Life, Shortness of	93
Lady, Driving fast with a	85	Life, Shortness of	93
Lampoon	86	Life, Simplicity of	94
Language	86	Life, Sphere of Man's	94
Languages, The French and English	86	Life, Uncertainty of	94
Language, Progress of	86	Life, Vacuity of	94
Law	86	Literature	94
Law Dependant on Force	86	Literature, The Right of, to a	94
Law, Practice of the	87	Place in History	94
Laws	87	London, Buildings in	94
		London, Definition of	95
		London, Economy in	95

	Page		Page
London, Knowledge in	95	Marrying for Love	103
London, Learning in	95	Marrying an Inferior	103
London, Life in	95	Marrying Women of Fortune . . .	103
London, Love in	95	Matrimony	103
London, Seeing	95	Meals in the Country	103
London, Vanity in	96	Meanness, Characteristic of . . .	104
London, Visiting	96	Melancholy	104
Lot, Comparison of	96	Melancholy	104
Lots, Comparison of	96	Melancholy, Constitutional . . .	104
Love	96	Memory	104
Love	96	Memory	104
Love, Falling in	97	Memory	105
Love, Disappointed	97	Memory	105
Love without Jealousy	97	Memory, Failing	105
Love Unimpaired by Dissipation .	97	Men best known at Home	105
Love, Wedded	97	Men, Courting great	105
Luxury	97	Men have more Liberty than	
Lying, Lawfulness of	97	Women	105
Lying, Lawfulness of	98	Men, Morose	106
Madman, A	98	Men Intellectually above Women .	106
Madmen	98	Merchant, A	106
Madness	98	Merit, Test of	106
Madness	98	Merit, Retardation of	106
Madness, Danger of	98	Methodist, Preaching Success of .	106
Maids, Old	99	Methodists, The	107
Malignity	99	Milton	107
Man, Desires of	99	Mind, The	107
Man, A Respectable	99	Mind, The Furniture of the . . .	107
Man, A Well-bred and Ill-bred .	99	Mind, Power of the Human . . .	107
Man, Speaking of in his Presence	99	Mind, Pre-occupation of	107
Mankind a Republic	99	Ministers, Election of	107
Manners, Bad	99	Mischief	108
Marriage	100	Miser, A	108
Marriage	100	Misery	108
Marriage	100	Misfortunes, Talking of	108
Marriage	100	Missionaries	108
Marriage	100	Monboddo, Helping Lord	108
Marriage	101	Moderation, Success of	108
Marriage	101	Modesty not Natural	109
Marriage	101	Money	109
Marriage	101	Money	109
Marriage Unnatural to Man . . .	101	Money, Advantages of	108
Marriages	101	Money, Employment of	109
Marriages, Early	101	Money, Enjoyment of	109
Marriages, Ill-Assorted	102	Money, Getting	109
Marriages, Late	102	Money, Influence of	110
Marriages, Misery of Late	102	Money, Investment of	110
Marriages, Comparison of Late and Early	102	Money, Leaving	110
Marriage Settlements	102	Money, Marrying for	110
Married Life and Single Compared	103	Money, Motive Power of	110
		Money, Power of	110

	Page		Page
Morality in High and Low Life	110	Passions, The	117
Morality and Religion	111	Passions, Few Noble	117
Moroseness	111	Past, Reviewing the	117
Morning, Early	111	Patriotism	117
Motives	111	Patronage	117
Music	111	Patronage	118
Music	111	Patronage, Literary	118
Music	111	Pebbles <i>versus</i> Diamonds.	118
Music Affecting Boswell	111	Pedantry	118
Mystery	111	Peevishness	118
N.			
Name, Getting a	112	Penance, Voluntary	119
National Prosperity	112	People, Common	119
Nations, Progress of	112	People, High, the Best	119
Nations, Wealth of	112	People, Nice	119
Nature	112	Perfection, Future	120
Nature, Inter-dependance of	112	Peter the Great	120
Nature, Relative Effects of	112	Philosophy and Religion	120
Navigation	112	Physical Impossibility, Prefer- ence of, to Honest Principles	120
Necessity, Eternal without	113	Physician Changing his Religion	120
Negligence	113	Physician, City, A	120
New, The, not to be Condemned	113	Physicians	120
None has all	113	Piety	121
Nonjuror, A	113	Piety	121
Novelty and Desire	113	Pity	121
O.			
Obedience, Filial	114	Place for Everything, A	121
Occupation, Innocent	114	Places, Sacred, Reverence for	121
Occupation Necessary	114	Plagiarism	121
Oddness	114	Plagiarism	122
Offence, Taking	114	Players	122
Officers	114	Pleasing Others	122
Omission of Easy Things	115	Pleasure	122
Opinion, Controverting an	115	Pleasure	122
Opinion, Differences of	115	Pleasures	122
Opinion, Public	115	Pleasure, Instantaneous Effect of	123
Originality, The Rareness of	115	Pleasure, Limits of	123
Over-suppression, Evil of	115	Pleasure of Projects	123
P.			
Pamphlet means Prose	116	Poetry	123
Paradox	116	Politeness	123
Parents	116	Politics	123
Parents and Children	116	Poor, Governed from want of	
Parsons, Merriment of	116	Unity	124
Partiality	116	Poor, Treatment of	124
Partiality	116	Pope's Noble Friends	124
Parting, Regret for	116	Portraits	124
	116	Post-Chaise, Driving Rapidly in a	124
	116	Poverty	124
	116	Poverty	124
	116	Poverty	125

	Page		Page
Poverty, Obscurity of	125	Punishments, Vicarious	132
Poverty, The Privilege of	125	Purse, The Power of	132
Poverty, The Protection of	125	Pyramids, The	133
Poverty, The Self-consciousness of	125	Pyramids, The	133
Power	125		
Power	125		
Power, Limitations of Human	125	Qualifications of a Wife, Q	133
Power and Wealth	126	Qualities, Negative and Positive	133
Practice	126	Quarreling with a Wife,	133
Praise	126	Question, Popping the	133
Praise	126	Questioning not Polite,	133
Praise	126	Quixote, Don	134
Praise	126		
Praise, Conventionalism of	126	R.	
Praise and Flattery	127	Rank Subordination,	134
Praise, Hyperbolical	127	Reading,	134
Praise, Indiscriminate	127	Reading,	134
Praise, Oblique	127	Reading,	134
Prayer	128	Reading with Advantage,	135
Prayer, Extemporany	128	Reading and Conversation,	135
Prayers	128	Reading with Delight,	135
Preaching, A Woman's	128	Reading with Inclination,	135
Precept and Practice	128	Rebellion,	135
Precept and Practice	128	Rebels, Pardonning of	135
Precept and Practice	129	Recklessness,	135
Precept and Practice, Difference of	129	Recluse, The	136
Precocity	129	Reflection,	136
Predestination	129	Reflection, A Mortifying	136
Presbyterians	129	Refinement,	136
Pride	129	Refinement, Dangers of Over	136
Pride	129	Refinement of Taste,	136
Pride	129	Reformation, Waste of	136
Pride	130	Reformers, Our First	136
Pride	130	Regret,	137
Pride and Envy	130	Relations,	137
Pride Spoiling Wit and Power	130	Relativity of Sorrow,	137
Prince of Ability, A	130	Religion, Horace's Neglect of	137
Principles	130	Religious when Sick,	137
Principles, Good	130	Remembrance and Recollection,	138
Printing	131	Repentance,	138
Procrastination	131	Repentance,	138
Profession, Time employed in any	131	Reproof,	138
Profits	131	Reputation,	138
Progress	131	Reputation, Glamour of	138
Prophet at Home, The	131	Reserve of Englishmen,	138
Proprietors, Landed	131	Resolution,	139
Prospect, A Noble	131	Respect, Insufficiency of	139
Providience, The Wisdom of	132	Responsibility,	139
Provisions, Raising the Price of	132	Rest,	139
Prudence	132	Retirement,	139
Prudence	132	Revelations, Epistolary,	139
Prudence	132	Revenge,	140

Page	Page			
Revenge	140	Shavers	148	
Rich, To be	140	Shops, Highland	148	
Riches,	140	Sick, The	148	
Riches,	140	Sickness from Home	148	
Riches,	140	Siddons, Mrs.	148	
Riches,	140	Side, Taking a	148	
Riches,	141	Singularity	148	
Riches and Poverty,	141	Situation, Physical	149	
Riches, Productiveness of	141	Sleep	149	
Right and Wrong,	141	Soldiers and Sailors, The Profession of	149	
Rising, Early	141	Solitude	149	
Rod, The	141	Solitude	149	
Rough and Smooth,	141	Solitude and Company	149	
Rules for Restoration of Health,	141	Son, A Schoolmaster's	149	
S.				
Sacrifice, Vicarious	142	Son, A Shy	149	
Sailor, Generosity of the English	142	Sorrow	150	
Sailors	142	Sorrow	150	
Satire, Advantage of	142	Sorrow, Sentimental	150	
Satisfaction, Not Sufficient	142	Soul, The Definition of	150	
Savage, Richard	143	Soul, The	150	
Savages	143	Spending is True Charity	150	
Scepticism	143	Speculation	151	
Scholar, The	143	Spendthrift	151	
Scholar, The Business of a	143	Sports	151	
Schools	144	Stage, The	151	
Schools, Boarding	144	Statuary	151	
Schools, Public	144	Story, A	151	
Scotch Character	144	Study, Dangers of	151	
Scotch in London	144	Style	152	
Scotchman, A	145	Style, Literary Art	152	
Scotchman, A	145	Style, Obscurity of	152	
Scoundrelism	145	Submission	152	
Scuples	145	Subordination	152	
Scylla and Charybdis	145	Subordination	152	
Sea Life	145	Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles	152	
Seclusion	145	Success, Elements of	153	
Self-Consciousness	146	Success and Miscarriage	153	
Self-Forgetfulness	146	Sunday Observance	153	
Self-Estimation, Avoidance of	146	Superfluity	153	
Self-Interest, Universal Sphere of	146	Superstition and Sadness, Connection of	153	
Self-Study, Advantage of	146	Suspicion	153	
Self-Thought	146	Sympathy	153	
Self, Thought of	147	Sympathy, Intellectual	154	
Sentimentality	147	T.		
Sermons	147			
Servants, Praise of	147			
Servants, Servility to	147			
Sex	147	Talents, Afraid of a Lady's	154	
Shakespeare	147	Tales, Telling, of One's Self,	154	
Shakespeare's Witches	147	Talking, Complimentary	154	

	Page		Page
Tastes Differ,	154	Unhappiness	161
Temperance,	154	Union, Want of	161
Temptation,	154	Unrest	161
Tenants, Leases to	155	Unsuspiciousness, The Joy of	161
Tenderness, Want of.	155	Urbanity, Social	162
Tergiversation,	155	Usury	162
Test of a Nation,	155	Utilitarianism	162
Theology, Christian	155		
Thief, The Potential	155	V.	
Things, Aiming at Great	155	Vacancy, Mental	162
Thought, Immortality of	156	Vagabondism, Pleasures of	162
Thoughts, Great,	156	Value	162
Time,	156	Variety	163
Time, Hardening Effect of	156	Variety	163
Tiresome,	156	Vice	163
Tit for Tat,	156	Vice and Folly	163
To-Morrow,	156	Views, Superficial	163
Trade,	156	Veritas in Vino	163
Trade,	156	Virtue	163
Trade,	157	Virtue	163
Trade, Punctuality in	157	Virtue, Notions of Moral	164
Traders,	157	Virtue and Piety	164
Traders, Opulent Retired	157	Virtue, Preciousness of	164
Trades, Jack of all	157	Virtue and Truth	164
Tragedies, Domestic	157	Virtues, Heroic	164
Translation,	157	Visiting	164
Travel,	158	Visitors	165
Travel,	158	Vow, A	165
Travel, Use of	158	Vows	165
Travellers,	158	Vulgar, The, cannot Judge	165
Travellers, Modern	158		
Travellers, Publications of Modern	158	W.	
Travelling,	159	Wages of Day Labourers	165
Travelling,	159	Walking	166
Travelling,	159	War	166
Treatment, Reciprocity of	159	War	166
Trees,	159	War, Needlessness of	166
Trial, Value of	159	Waste and Economy	166
Truth,	160	Wealth	166
Truth,	160	Wealth	167
Truth,	160	Wealth	167
Truth,	160	Wealth, Artificiality of	167
Truth,	160	Wealth, Insolence of	167
Truth, Authority of	160	Wealth and Desire, Proportion	
Truth can bear Investigation,	160	between	167
Truth Established by Martyrdom,	160	Wealth, Relativity of	167
Truth, Physical and Moral,	161	Weariness	167
Truth the Teacher of a Benefactor,	161	Weary at Home and Abroad	167
Truths,	161	Weather	168
	U.	Whig, A	168
Uneasiness	161	Whig, The First	168
		Whig or Tory	168

	Page		Page
Whig and Tory	168	Wit, A Lady's	171
Whig and Tory	169	Wives, On Choosing	171
Whiggism	169	Wives, Honey Suckle	171
Wickedness	169	Women an over match for Men	171
Wife, Loss of a	169	Wonder	171
Will, Freedom of the	169	Wonder	172
Will, Securing of Good	169	Work, Happiness of	172
Wine	169	Work for its own sake	172
Wine	169	World, The	172
Wine, Drinking	170	World, Mingling with the	172
Wine, Drinking	170	World, Respect for the	172
Wisdom	170	Worries, Small	173
Wisdom, Levity of	170	Writers, Great	173
Wit	170	Writers, Modern	173
	171		

1

2

1

1

1